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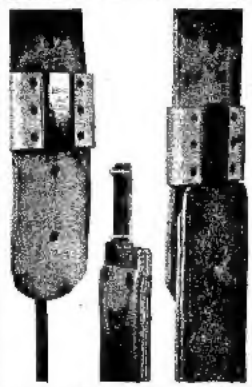

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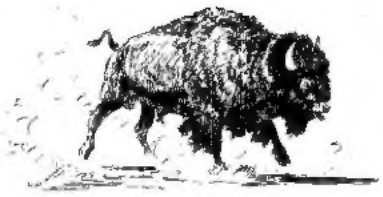

September-October, 1965
Volume 13, No. 1
Whole No. 71

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

PAT WAGNER Editor	**JOE AUSTELL SMALL** Publisher	**ROBERT SMALL** Advertising
LIZ LAWLER Production	**CATHIE WILSON** Secretary	**MARILYN SCHOLTZ** Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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True West

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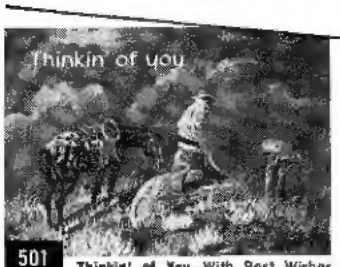


501 **Thinkin' of You**—With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season

502 **Down from the Hills**—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

503 **A Tree for the Ranch**—May the Wonderful Spirit of Christmas be with you all through the Year

504 **Greetings...from our Outfit to Yours**—With Best Wishes for the Season and a Prosperous New Year

505 ***Cow Country Christmas*** — Western verse by S. Omar Barker

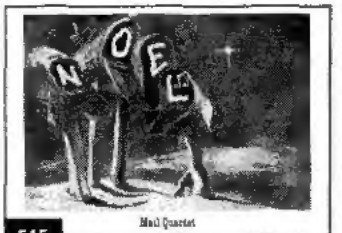
506 **Silent Night** — May the Spirit of Christmas abide with you throughout the coming Year

507 **Special Delivery**—Appropriate verse by S. Omar Barker

510 **"The Lord is my Shepherd"**—The 23rd Psalm and greeting

511 **Lost...and Found for Christmas**—Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, too!

514 **Feeding Off the Ridges**—Best Wishes for the Season and for Every Day of the Coming Year



515 **Mail Quartet**—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year in music form

517 **Christmas Eve Callers**—Appropriate verse by artist

518 **Holiday Stage**—Best Wishes for a Real Old Fashioned Christmas and a New Year filled with Cheer

519 **Peace On Earth**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you today and all through the Year

522 **Christmas Handouts**—Greeting in a warm and friendly six-line descriptive western verse

524 **The Lord's Candles**—Western verse by S. Omar Barker

525 **Appropriate verse**—Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year

527 **Wood for the Christmas Fires**—Verse accompanied by greeting—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year

529 **Christmas Eve in a Line Camp**—Merry Christmas

530 **Christmas Eve at the Church**—With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season

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Podner, we're responsible for most of the things we're accused of and probably even a few extras. But this time we're innocent as newborn babes. It's them fellers down at the printing shop. They tell me, "This is a case where the operator of the binding machine picked up a wrong stack of sections and put them in the wrong hopper." We really never did quite understand how this works since we ain't so smart, but it sounds real probable and we don't argue none.

However, when this happens, only about twenty-five of these copies are turned loose on the world since that's the average lift. Since we print over a thousand jack-loads of each rag now, it would take nineteen people twenty-one days to check each magazine before mailing out to you critters. We're running this letter in all three magazines since we don't put out spooked copies on purpose, and we want all you folks to know what's happening around here. Besides, we don't make enough money to keep our screaming younguns in milk, much less buying that vile whusky to make mistakes with.

So, when you folks get a copy that isn't all put together right and proper, just stick it in an envelope and fire it back down our way. We'll send you a copy that is pretty and clean and fresh as a spring morning on the Colorado River.—Hoss

Two-story Wagon

Dear Joe:

Some time ago I read an article in one of your magazines referring to a two-story wagon which seemed to be in question. The enclosed picture shows a wagon at Knott's Berry Farm that could have been one of the so-called two-story wagons. Here are some of its measurements: Top of wagon box to ground—12 feet; length of wagon box—20 feet; tread—standard gauge; reach or coupling pole—5¾ x 3¾ inches; brake beam—3¾ x 10 inches; brake shoe or block—8 x 8 x 42 inches; axles—3⅛ x 3½ inches; hind wheel—height 6 feet, 4 inches; tire—6¾ inches; hub circumference—51 inches; diameter approximately 16½ inches, etc. You can get a fair comparison by looking at the man who is standing in front of the hind wheel. He is 5 feet, 5 inches tall.

With a set of bows and a wagon sheet of approximately 8 to 10 feet, that would put this wagon up to some 20-22 feet—or two stories! I don't know what this wagon was used for but the tires showed evidence of much wear.

Don't mistake the hind wheel of a low underslung platform wagon which is sitting in front of the schooner as being the front wheel of the latter.—C. L. Edwards, 1141 S. Shelton Street, Santa Ana, California.

Loyal Readers

Dear Editor:

I sure enjoy FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST and start reading them as soon as I receive them. I have been getting them from the first one to the last.

I became fired up with the glamor of the West at age thirteen when my mother and two sisters and I arrived at Bliss (now Marland) Oklahoma, about four miles from the 101 Ranch. The Fabulous Empire back in Territory days was a stopping place for anyone traveling from Kansas to Texas, or just passing through.

I recall Mother's small restaurant at the south end of Bliss, where the Indians and cowboys came to eat. Dad and I used to sell groceries at the Indian Encampment when the 101 Ranch Wild West Show was put on.

The men were allowed to carry six-guns but were informed not to use them as they were for effect only. The main feature for entertainment was the shooting of an old buffalo by Geronimo with a 30-30 Winchester, and the great Ponca Indian Sun Dance where they danced from sunup to sundown, or fell out if they could not stand it.

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(Continued on page 69)

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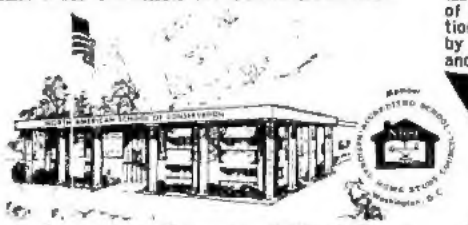

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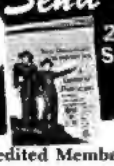

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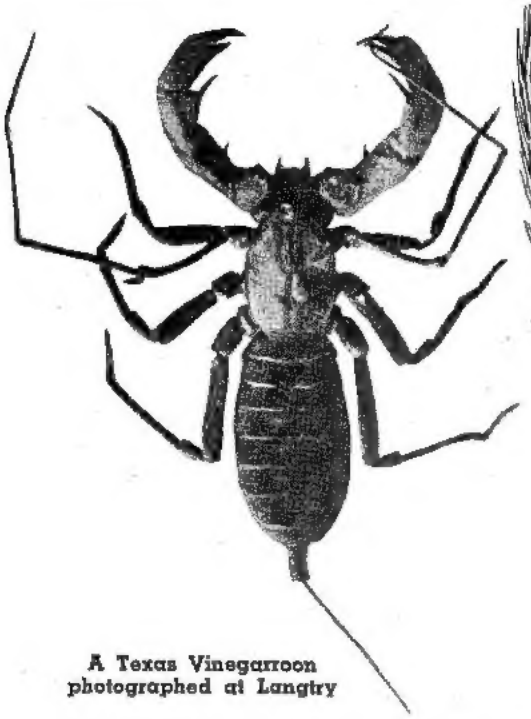

A Texas Vinegaroon photographed at Langtry

Vinegar

TRUE WEST presents the First Half of the delicate operations of a first-rate scalawag!

Author's Note: Roy Bean carved deeply into the history of the Southwest. Without realizing that he was doing anything materially out of the ordinary, he established himself without authority, save his indomitable spirit and two six-guns, as Law in the vast and lawless domain between El Paso and the Pecos River and proceeded to begin the most amazing career in the later history of the Southwest.

It is with conscious restraint, rather than exaggeration, that I have recorded here some of his deeds; for without restraint, the true record of his career would be unbelievable.—Ruel McDaniel

Judge Roy Bean

EL RIO PECOS means, roughly and liberally translated from conquistadoral Spanish, a river of violent extremes, excessive sins and the habitual trangression of all natural laws.

Down where it merges turbulently with the slightly less sinful Rio Grande, it was in a cynical mood on this particular afternoon in July, 1879. It roared its defiance to any adventurous one who might dare to ford it, with murky, growling flood waters from the far-away country of Billy the Kid lapping against drought-stricken banks that had not felt the reviving touch of rain for half a year.

A hundred yards west of the sinful Pecos a newly-marked trail divided. One arm wormed through low, parched mesquite and grayish sage swishing mournfully in the wind, toward a small clearing in the chaparral. In this opening squatted four or five mildewed tents. The other arm of the trail turned abruptly to the right, as if deliberately avoiding the motley tent village.

An adventurous one had matched his courage and physical strength against the excessive sins of the turbulent Rio Pecos that day and had won. Now he surveyed his huge prairie schooner with a critical but admiring eye to check the damage the Pecos had wrought.

"By gobs!" he exclaimed, "she swum it like she was a first-class sea-schooner. Pancho, h'ist the sides of them sheets there, and let the sun in and dry out the stuff."

He strode along the line of panting, wet mules. He slapped the sides of each animal as he passed, talking in his gruff, kind sort of way, his voice full of pride in the strength and endurance of the eight spans of heavy freighters.

Pancho rolled up the sheet on each side of the great four-wheeled wagon. "Señor Bean," he said gloomily, "the can' goods, I fear heem soaked; and the bacon—heem ver' wet, too."

Roy Bean, his short-cropped, graying beard bending slightly in the warm blast of the semi-desert wind, cringed his short, thick neck. His large head turned half around without any apparent movement of his body, in much the manner of a turkey. "How's the whiskey?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, the wheeskey she's fine. No water got at all to heem."

"Hell!" Bean exclaimed, a twinkle around his remarkably blue, cool eyes. "There ain't nothing to worry about then, Pancho. Nary a thing. When these hombres get loaded up out of them barrels, they'll buy water-logged canned goods and Pecos-seasoned bacon and think it's some new-fangled idea in peaches and sow-belly we brung from Santone!" He chuckled softly at his own appreciation of the laws of compensation. And Pancho caught on, too, his little black eyes squinting in a smile.

SIX MONTHS before, a young lieutenant of the U. S. Cavalry named Bullis had discovered at this spot on the Pecos a crossing long used by the Apaches. Because it was a hundred miles north to the Horsehead Crossing on the Chihuahua Trail—the nearest fordable spot on the Pecos—the Army was most desirous of making a trail down here along the Rio Grande. Lieutenant Bullis had petitioned the Quartermaster at Fort Sam Houston for 400 kegs of black powder and digging tools. With these supplies and the labor of his Seminole Negro scouts, he had blasted a crude crossing here on the snarling Rio Pecos, 200 yards above its juncture with the Rio Grande.

Roy Bean's thanks to the ambitious lieutenant ran through his mind at this moment; for the new crossing meant new opportunity to one whose adventurous spirit had been so buffeted and compressed under the tarnished wings of civilization and the new order of things that his whole being had screamed in outraged protest.

Today he stood at the head of his sixteen-mule team, and breathed deeply of the savage desert wind. He threw back his thick shoulders and smiled deeply to himself. Now his mild, blue eyes gazed upon the eastern horizon, dipping out there behind the rugged brown hills and

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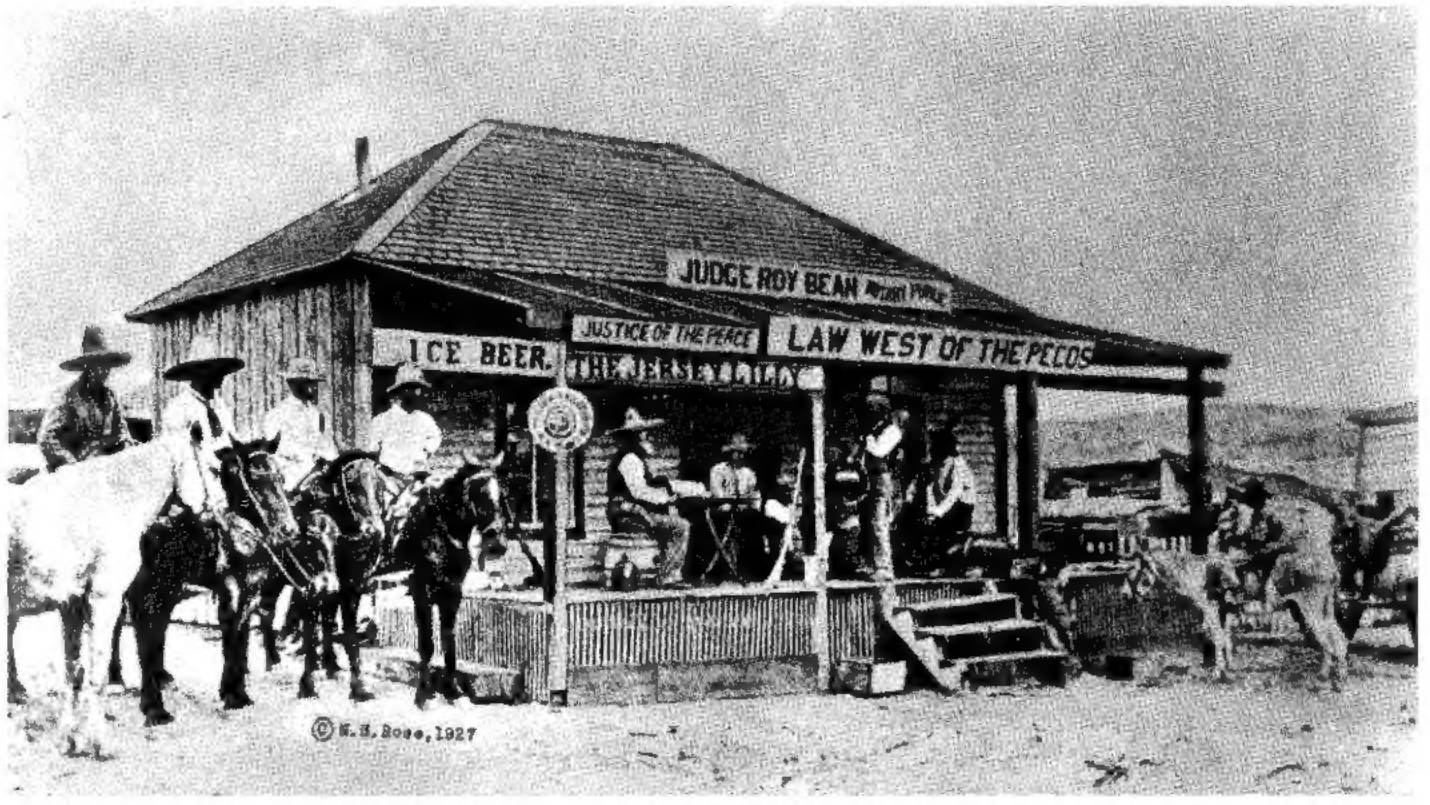
THE SAGA OF JUDGE ROY BEAN, "LAW WEST OF THE PECOS"



Judge Roy Bean, the "Law West of the Pecos," holding court at Langtry, Texas, in 1900. The defendant is being tried for stealing a horse.

rolling protestingly on toward the River of the Devil—on and on toward the civilization which he had fled. He silently bade farewell to what lay east of the Pecos, and faced to the west and its promises of new life.

A man not given to thoughts of religion or a Greater Being, he yet uttered a silent prayer, in his crude individual way, a prayer of thanks for this wild wasteland of lawlessness beyond the Rio Pecos.

He spoke gruffly to his lead team. The heavy-laden prairie schooner groaned. The mules snorted. The freighter rolled toward the little clearing and its tents flapping lazily in the wind.

As the freighter neared the spot, crushing gray sage under its wide steel tires, heads began one by one to protrude from behind the flaps of the tents. A mumble of voices swelled into awakening life.

Roy Bean guided his team to a spot on the upper side of the little clearing and halted. "Grab yore grubbin'-hoe and axe, Pancho, and clear out a place for our tent. I'll unhitch the team."

"Not so fast, my frien'." The voice was cool and faintly contemptuous. Bean looked up. Ten feet away a tall, slender fellow strode in youngish swagger toward him. "Strangers do not just move in, like that. First, we would ask a few questions about your intentions." He touched his close-cropped mustache in an unintentional gesture of vanity.

"For instance," he went on, "my padre and I—we frown *muy* severely upon anyone who might wish to open a store —or perhaps a saloon—in our new town."

Bean slowly placed his short, powerful hands on his hips, from which, low down on his thighs, swung two individually built .45s of doubtful ancestry. His gaze started at the fellow's pointed boot toes. It swung slowly, deliberately, up till his eyes came to rest upon the face of the other. His blue eyes grew frigid in their intensity as they bored into the dark ones of the younger man. Finally the fellow's gaze faltered and his eyes shifted.

"This here is State land," Bean said calmly, measuring every word. "I come over here to settle down and wait for the railroad; and I ain't aimin' to meet with any objections!"

The other touched his lips with his tongue. "I am Jesus Torres," he spoke with nervous accent. "We have a—er—lease on this site and the land around here. The whole section. We say who comes in!" He glanced meaningly over his left shoulder at three armed men a few yards back of him.

Suddenly his hands dropped to his guns.

But his movements were snail-like, compared to the action of those short, strong hands of Roy Bean's. Before Torres had his guns out of his holsters, Bean's two .45s had flashed up to shooting position. Bean stood there, feet well apart, waiting. Seeing the unexpected turn of things, the three henchmen made no move.

"Do I stay? Or should I press—for my rights?"

Jesus Torres' face blanched under the brownish hue. "We, maybe, can make room for you," he mumbled hoarsely.

It seemed that El Rio Pecos had spread its creed to the hard-bitten men who had sought its haunts; for even now the personification of the Pecos was rising up to open a chasm of jealousy and hate between two men whose lives were to write deep in the history of the Trans-Pecos country.

BEAN and his faithful Pancho methodically unloaded their cargo. In the middle of the heap were ten fifty-five gallon barrels of whiskey. Ranged around

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this keystone were boxes of staple canned goods, a barrel of crackers, cases of sardines and salmon. Here were sacks of salt pork, sogged and discolored by brackish Pecos water; wool socks, flannel shirts, a few pairs of denim pants.

Above this heap they raised a tent. They built a crude bar from emptied canned goods boxes. The newborn village's first saloon was open for business.

Two days later Roy Bean climbed upon the spring seat of the great freighter and rode with Pancho down to the edge of the Pecos. There he turned the reins over to the misty-eyed Mexican and climbed down.

"Tell Mister Scheihagan," Bean said hoarsely, "that I'm much obliged for the use of his team. And tell him—I won't be needin' the job any longer."

Back at his tent Bean turned his hand to business. To the ill-concealed disgust of Señor Torres, the camp hangers-on soon became loyal customers of the Bean drinking emporium; and now and then an outlaw rode in from the canyons and partook of the hospitality of the establishment. But naturally this handful of patrons held little promise of financial stability.

Bean, however, was a man of foresight —though that foresight might be contorted somewhat from the paths of sedate standards of right and wrong.

Over in the Davis Mountains east of El Paso the Southern Pacific was rushing construction on the western sector of a transcontinental railroad; between San Antonio and the Pecos another crew was blasting through the maze of mesquite and canyons and arroyos toward the west. Somewhere in the vicinity of the spot where the Bean tent now squatted, these two ends would meet.

On the western section hundreds of Chinese were laboring long hours, at what appeared to the Oriental calculations fabulous wages. On the other line, other hundreds of Canadian-Irish labored and grumbled at the under-pay.

Both crews would have plenty of money to spend for red-eye, and perchance a little for canned goods and work pants, Bean told himself. He went about his work with a faraway smile of anticipation on his roguish face.

There was no law west of the Pecos, until you reached El Paso, 500 miles distant (and there were those who cast aspersions upon El Paso's brand of law and order). After these hundreds of Chinese and Irish filled themselves with red-eye, there should be some sort of law to hold them in check.

"By gobs!" Bean exclaimed suddenly. His fist thudded down on the thin plank bar. "By gobs!"

He dug out from the bottom of his turtle-back trunk his only book, and read the fading title, a glint in his cool blue eyes: *The Revised Statutes of Texas —1876.*

"I'll write over to Fort Stockton—no, I'll send word over," he corrected in his mind, for he would not admit, even to himself, that he could not write a legible hand. "I'll send," his thoughts continued, "and have myself appointed Justice of the Peace West of the Pecos. But, of course, that'll take months."

Why wait? "Hey, Torres! What's the name of this here city of yores?" he yelled.

"It's got no name, yet," Torres answered sourly.

Half an hour later a vicious-looking creature that looked like a cross between a racing June bug and a centipede, long tendrils extended and flailing the air, sped across Bean's path, the needle-like tail hoisted and in readiness to plunge its stinger into anything which disputed its assumed rights.

"Biggest vinegarroon I've seen since Chihuahua City!" Bean exclaimed. "Vinegarroon . . . Vinegarroon . . ."

Late that afternoon the village's first sign appeared. It was across the front of the Bean tent. In a weird, obviously-labored style, it read:

VINEGARROON

Roy Bean . . . Barrel Whiskey . . . Justice of the Peace . . . Law West of the Pecos

ON the dock at Louisville stood a nervous-eyed youth, short for his fourteen years. He shaded his eyes from the brilliant morning sun and gazed long up the hurrying Ohio River. Then he would

Virginia Chavez de Bean (left), wife of Roy Bean, as she appeared in 1885. Below, Judge Bean, photographed at Langtry with his two sons and two daughters.

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A Del Rio street scene in the early 1880s

glance back over his shoulder nervously.

"Where you going, lad?" The voice was friendly, the speaker a tall, dark-haired man wearing a Prince Albert coat and high-topped hat.

"Down," the tow-headed boy answered. "Down maybe to New Orleans."

"Alone?" The voice was still friendly and invited confidence.

"Well, er—my—father—" The blast of a river packet whistle tore the air, jarred the earth under their feet; and nervous-eyed Roy Bean did not have to finish his answer.

His chance acquaintance, it developed, was a professional river gambler who plied the steamers between Louisville and New Orleans. The gambler felt a paternal-like affection toward the lad before the end of the journey and invited him to remain with him.

The fugitive dark-haired boy, who had run away from home because he did not relish his work in a grocery store, had no definite place to go, except that somewhere around San Antonio, Texas, was his brother Sam. In a vague sort of way Roy had expected to go to his brother.

He remained with the river gambler for nearly six months. He learned many tricks of fickle Dame Fortune, made less fickle by the deft hands of his gambler friend; and perhaps he would have remained on the river packets indefinitely had he not become embroiled in a fight while alone one night in New Orleans. The fight ended so abruptly, and so disastrously (for the other combatant) that young Bean found it expedient to remove his tracks from New Orleans without the formalities incident to departure on a long journey.

He worked his way, eventually, to San Antonio, via boat to Indianola, and found his brother. Sam was a bull-whacker, a driver of freight wagons between San Antonio and Chihuahua City, Mexico.

Even at that early age, there must have been in Roy something of that violence and transgression so thoroughly personified by El Rio Pecos and the wild country beyond; because without apparent plan or reason, it seemed to attract him like a kindred soul.

Sam took Roy with him on the next trip to Chihuahua and this trail led through the Trans-Pecos country. In Chihuahua Sam decided to remain and open a combination store and saloon. Roy worked around the establishment. The Mexicans, with their peculiar insight into the eternal fitness of things, immediately dubbed the brothers "Los Frijoles."

In Mexico then things were much as they were in Texas. Every man was a law unto himself. He lived by the keenness of his wits and the firmness of his nerve, with the time taken to flick an eyelash sometimes marking the difference between life and Boot Hill.

Roy Bean was young and adventurous and ready to meet life like that. Yet he was looked upon by the hardened fighters of Chihuahua as something of a gangling range colt, yet to be broken in and tempered to the life around him.

He suddenly changed that view.

A MEXICAN desperado was the means. Roy was in the store alone. Several customers lounged inside the crude adobe hut, with three or four patronizing the bar in their unhurried way. The tough hombre roared into the place.

He swung a machete in menacing arches. He cursed. "Thees day I keel somebody!" he boasted. It appeared he did not particularly care whom. He lunged toward one customer, who departed the establishment in speed foreign to his habits.

"I'm toughes' caballero in Chihuahua! In all Mexico!" he roared. He boasted of his many killings. He slashed at another customer. Quickly the place emptied. That is, it practically emptied. Soft-spoken Roy Bean still was there.

"That's enough, hombre," Roy said evenly, his cold blue eyes frigid in their intensity.

The outlaw glowered. He spat contemptuously. He clutched his gleaming weapon more firmly and leaped toward Roy.

To the killer's surprise, the boy did not move back. Instead, he said slowly, every syllable measured, "You better get away from here."

The Mexican came on. Roy's hand slid with the stealth of a serpent's head to his hip. The outlaw foolishly ignored the move. With blade glittering in his upraised hand, he shoved on.

Once more the boy warned him to get out. The warning went ignored. When the outlaw stalked within three feet of him, Roy's hand snapped with miraculous swiftness. The muzzle of his single-action pistol came up. It roared once.

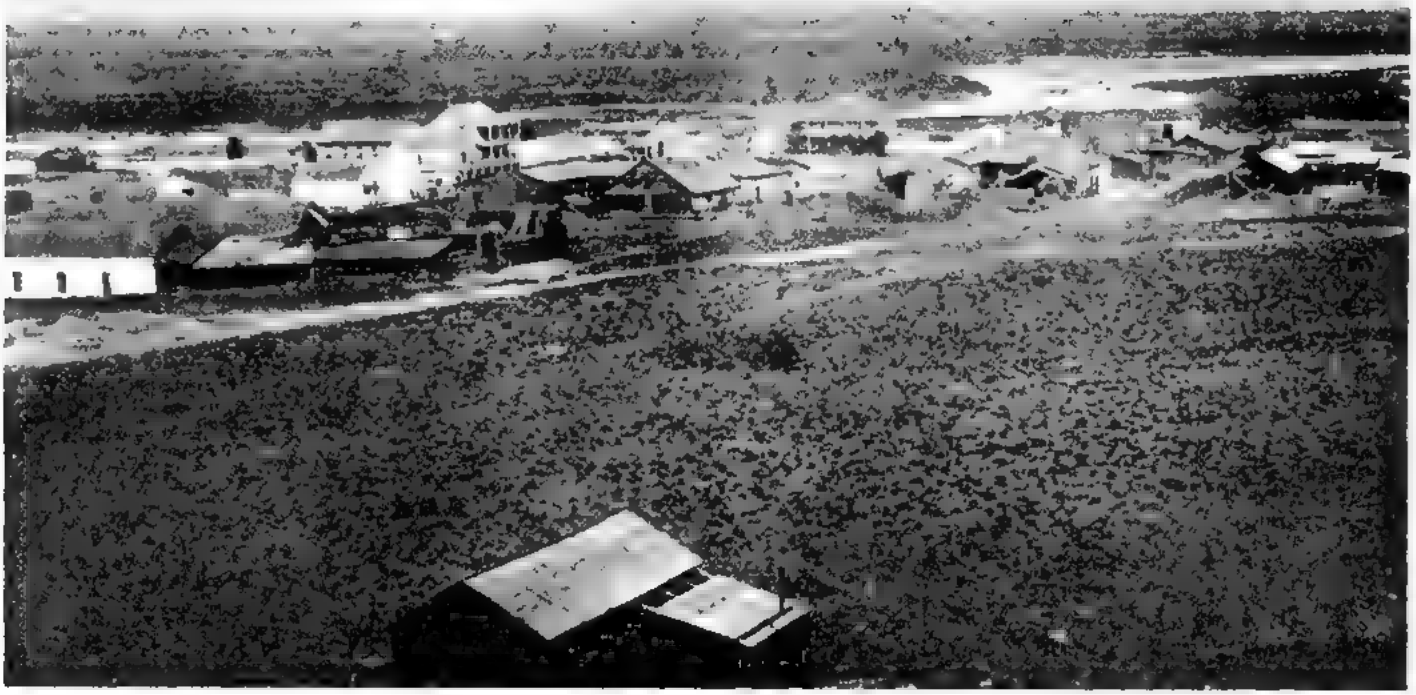
A crimson circle burst out directly between the desperado's eyes. A look of utter amazement came into his face, a gurgling sound in his throat, and he toppled forward.

Roy calmly blew smoke from his gun-barrel, reloaded, holstered the weapon and walked back behind the counter.

He had killed his first man. Outwardly it had affected him no more than if he had shot some reptile that had crossed his path

Gradually the cowed customers emerged from behind drawn blinds and eased back to the store. For several hours everything moved in a tranquil way. The natives walked slowly around Roy and gazed at him in awe. They were accustomed to seeing men shot down with less provocation than that; but this time a gangling gringo boy had faced death and killed with almost contemptuous deliberation. It was something new in Chihuahua killings. Naturally the news spread.

It reached the devious haunts of the deceased outlaw; and here it was received with neither awe nor admiration. It was all right to kill each other if they wished; but no gringo kid could come down here and murder one of their com-



Roy Bean was once a familiar figure on the streets of Old Town San Diego, photographed here in 1869.

padres and get away with it. No, señor!

Before outlaw blood was entirely drunk up by the dirt floor, a mob appeared outside. In the meantime, Sam Bean and a few other Americans had heard of the killing and had hastened back to the saloon. They were well armed, but their numbers were hopelessly few compared to nearly a hundred in the mob outside.

SAM motioned noiselessly to Roy, who stood with one eye glued to the crude facing of the single saloon window, his pistol ready. "Out through that cellar door," he whispered. "Then on to Señora Maria's shack. We'll meet you there!"

A queer smile hung at the corners of Roy's drawn lips. "You mean, high-tail it away from my own fight?" He turned his eyes back to the window, on the mob. "Thank you, Brother, no."

Sam Bean and W. T. Sanford, who later became a wealthy merchant in Los Angeles, picked up Roy and carried him bodily into the cellar and forced him through the rear door.

The mob ran amuck. Its leaders declared vengeance against Los Frijoles and all their friends. The Americans, including Sam and Roy Bean, escaped under the secrecy of nightfall. They fought the desert till they reached the mining town of Jesus Maria in northern Sonora.

Here, with a few other Americans, things went well for a few days. But the news of the Chihuahua killing, properly distorted to arouse the hatred of natives of that settlement, soon reached Jesus Maria.

The Mexicans attacked the Americans. A terrific scrap followed. All American stores were sacked and completely wrecked. Outnumbered more than fifty to one, the Americans barely escaped alive.

Roy frequently afterward bemoaned the fact that he had been the cause of so much trouble. "Mebbe I'd oughter let the dam' rascal have the saloon," he moaned.

Eventually the straggling Americans reached California, where Roy quite promptly got into more trouble.

AS the sun turned the blue of San Diego Bay into sparkling crimson, bringing out ancient Point Loma in bold and rugged relief, a striking caballero rode down the main street of Old Town, setting smugly and serenely on the bluff overlooking the rip-roaring new town of San Diego at her feet.

This caballero sat majestically astride a sleek, proud roan. He sat in a new saddle ornately decorated with silver conchos. The roan's bridle sparkled with bright silver mountings. The animal pranced, his proud neck majestically arched, as if he were keenly aware of the many eyes that were upon his master.

The rider was dressed in the gayest fashion of San Diego gentlemen of the time—tight-fitting black velvet trousers, dress boots, silk shirt, flowing kerchief and high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat. As he passed friends, he removed his new hat and bowed with due dignity, exposing an unusually large head crowned with soft, dark hair, immaculately groomed.

Hearts of aristocratic señoritas of Old Town beat faster as they watched behind drawn lattices the handsome horseman riding past. Dark eyes of Spanish blades smouldered with resentment and jealousy as they saw unmistakable admiration on the faces of their ladies.

Since his unceremonious departure from Santa Maria, Roy Bean had made much progress, sartorially and financially. By now he was proprietor of the exclusive Headquarters Saloon at old San Gabriel, where the patronage of free-spending Army officers provided ample and ready funds. He had gained much in experience with people; and he had acquired a certain brash polish.

He had developed, too, a quaint sense of showmanship and a faint touch of vanity. He gloried in the spotlight; and he had a sensitive appreciation of beautiful women.

So now young Roy, the pseudo-Spanish caballero, was in his glory as he sat astride this proud roan and noted the smiling eyes meant for him.

But there were eyes in Old Town that were not smiling. There was one pair, for instance, which not only failed to smile but held a glint of intrigue and hate. These eyes belonged to a tall, blond-haired Frenchman, slightly older than Bean. He uttered words to match his eyes.

"Oi!" he exclaimed, his long thin hands flashing, "who he think he is? Scum! I tell you what—scum! But the women—they go crazy for him. Crazy women! But what we do? We cannot sit aside, my gentlemen, and watch him make fools of the señoritas!"

Truthfully, it was not the pride of the señoritas which so worried the gallant son of sunny France, but his own. Before this young Americano had come to Old Town, all feminine eyes were for him; but now—"the women—they go crazy!" So the gallant felt called upon to do something about it.

He took great pride in his horsemanship. Mounting or dismounting was a sort of ceremony with him. Riding, he held each arm just so. Technique, no end.

And he had a local reputation for expert shooting from the saddle. He had performed on occasions for the elite of the town; and feminine hearts had beat faster in the presence of his performance.

Things, he concluded, had reached a limit. This Americano should be shown up for the fraud that he was. So he badgered Roy into a shooting match with revolvers, the match to be staged on horseback.

Roy first pretended to avoid the match, grinning secretly as the friends of the Frenchman taunted him for poor sportsmanship.

"Well," he finally said, "I'll accept yore challenge; and since I've been asked to take part in this here shootin' match, I guess I have the right to choose the targets?"

"Most certainly, my friend," the gallant acquiesced graciously.

"By gobs, pardner, that's white of you. Tell you what we'll do. You'll be my target; and I'll be yores!"

A groan went up from the intimates of the challenger. But the rest of the on-

Bean in an old-time two-wheel cart poses in front of his Opera House, Town Hall and Seat of Justice.

lookers thought it was a great idea. They yelled for its acceptance.

The Frenchman was in the end of a figurative box canyon. He either must accept or suffer social disgrace. He extended his hand. The crowd roared.

News of the proposed match spread to the farthest bounds of Old Town and on to the haciendas beyond. The day had been set and rules had been drawn up.

Sheriff Harathzy called the prospective combatants together. "We'll mark off a place in the street," he explained. "You two stay inside that square. We'll rope off one end and one side, and keep the spectators away. You've got to confine your shooting to those two sides, so's you won't hit anybody but yourselves—if any. Understand, the first man that plugs a spectator goes to jail!"

THE MATCH was the talk of the whole section for days before the appointed time. The sheriff considered it more or less a joke and believed it would be called off; but he did not particularly care. If it went off as scheduled, so much the better. It would draw hundreds of people to town, and that would be good business for merchants.

Each marksman appointed his seconds Each dressed in his most handsome clothes for the event

The combatants took positions at opposite ends of the arena. The sheriff fired his pistol and the horsemen dashed toward each other.

Roy leaned low over the pommel of his saddle, his fiery roan plunging forward in the spirit of the thing. Roy headed directly for the Frenchman, his guns out and ready for action.

The gallant plunged onward, too, his guns shifting nervously in his fingers. When he was within ten yards of Bean he fired twice.

Roy grinned and pressed his spurs gently to the roan. The Frenchman nervously prepared for his next volley.

The roan plunged to within six close yards of the other animal. At this point Roy suddenly wheeled his mount to the left. He squared off and raised his guns. He slowed his roan, raised up deliberately and fired with coolness. The Frenchman looked about wildly. His eyes bulged; his face blanched.

Roy pulled the trigger once. The Frenchman tumbled to the dust, with neither dignity nor ceremony.

The prim señoritas cheered with a lustiness quite unlady-like; they swarmed upon the field of honor to greet the handsome Americano.

Roy holstered his gun, a wry smile playing faintly about his lips. He was a young man who believed in using his brain as well as his weapons, and that smile was in appreciation of himself. He had maneuvered around in such position that the Frenchman could not fire again after that first burst without firing into the crowd!

The son of sunny France had received a lead slug in his right arm and the wound soon healed, but his injured pride never did.

In the meantime, with the crowd dispersed and heading for home, some of the leading citizens gradually began to feel that the dignity of the city had been outraged, the feeling coming on after there was no more business to be had from the fight crowd. They suggested to the sheriff that Bean ought to be arrested. He was a "foreigner," a young upstart who should be put in his place. The sheriff was a little outraged, too, and agreed that the young American ought to be locked up—and, anyway, the Frenchman was a friend of his.

Bean became one of the first inmates of a new hoosegow, a structure which was creating a furore among Coast builders because it had been constructed of a brand-new type of material: concrete.

Roy had formed a few friendships among the younger males of Old Town: but apparently these friendships were of the fair-weather kind, for none of the young men made any serious efforts to obtain the prisoner's release. If the truth were known, likely they joined the avowed enemies of the newcomer in gratitude that he had been removed from the social scene.

But there was nothing fair-weather about the admiration of Old Town's soft-eyed señoritas. They felt that the law had gone entirely too far; that the fight was a fair one and the best man had won. So they set out to do something about it.

On the second evening of Roy's incarceration he received a heaping plate of steaming hot tamales! and some of these tamales were considerably larger around than their mates. Significantly, they were at the bottom of the heaping plate.

Inside these swollen tamales were sharp-pointed, keen-bladed knives. No directions accompanied the cutlery, but Roy needed none to start him to work on the new concrete wall.

Hours later when he had cut a hole large enough for his supple body to slip through, he found his horse tied at the back of the jail. The animal was saddled; at the pommel of the saddle were tied a pistol and three days' grub. Neither did Roy need directions to tell him what to do with these.

A LONE RIDER dismounted. He removed his high-pointed sombrero and beat the dust out of it. He flailed his pantaloons and tight-fitting jacket. Traildust billowed up in a miniature cloud. He removed his kerchief and rubbed it across his sharp-toed boots. Next he drew the other side of the orange kerchief across his sweat-caked face and ran it through his hair.

Shading his eyes, he peered down into the elm-dotted valley, verdant in contrast to the seared hillside. Down there stood a tiny log hut, with a small American flag waving from a short pole atop. He tightened his belt, mounted, and spoke to his horse.

The roan moved with tired gait among the ore-colored boulders, on down the slope. Two men, pistols swinging at their sides, stood in front of the cabin, grim-faced, questioning.

The rider dismounted. "Gentlemen," he spoke smoothly, "I can ride and I can shoot and I don't like Joaquin Murietta.

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Lily Langtry

I want a job as ranger."

The two heavy-jawed men eyed him slowly and deliberately. "Think you're a scrapper, eh? Well, what's yer name?" the larger of the pair spoke bitingly.

"Roy Bean. Just rode up from San Diego. I——"

The big fellow's face gradually broke into a wrinkly smile. "Yore the gay caballero what made that Frenchy bite the dust. Yeh, we heard about you. Seems you kinder left t'hout tellin' the sheriff goodbye. Come on in."

Only four years before, California had been over-run by goldseekers and those hangers-on who sought the gold of goldseekers. The gold rush had subsided. The best of the gold hunters had moved on to other fields, leaving the dregs to harass the new settlements

At this time, too, there was much trouble between the old Spanish Dons, who held vast areas of rich ranch land from the era of Spanish grants, and enterprising Americans who dwelt on technicalities more than morals. It was largely the job of the California rangers to thin out gold-rush dregs and to keep peace between usurping Americans and the hot-blooded Dons.

In a new state well-populated with outlaws drawn from the far corners of the world, one man—a native—had cut a swath of cruelty and vengeance and bloodlust, till at this moment he was the most feared man in all California. He was Joaquin Murietta, a dashing young Spaniard who took up the sword and the gun to right a real or fancied wrong and who, sensing the pulsing of his wild heart at the kill, continued his reign of banditry for the sheer love of murder.

And so any young man who had nerve and two ready guns was welcome with the California rangers.

Roy Bean quickly proved his boast. He became a valuable ally. His cool, deliberate way of facing a hunted man, his viper-speed draw, established him as fearless among those who themselves knew no fear.

He took the trail frequently in pursuit of the elusive and bloodthirsty Murietta; but despite his strenuous and multiple professional duties, he found time for social pursuit.

Up in the hills from the ranger camp was a quaint Spanish settlement of Old World simplicity and customs. Here young Bean, his sartorial splendor dimmed none by the colorful attire he now affected as a ranger, became at once the focus of admiring, though timid, feminine eyes.

Because of his distinguished appearance and the social standing accorded any ranger whose deportment was moderately decent, young Bean soon was accepted in the best circles of the conservative and socially exclusive Spanish families of this section.

There was a distinct lack of timidity about Roy when it came to pursuing his own social fortunes. What the timid-eyed señoritas lacked in boldness, Roy graciously supplied. Thus it was but a matter of time until he was basking quite serenely in the sunlight of the smile of one of the settlement's most desirable young women.

PRIOR to the young ranger's coming, there was a certain young blade who enjoyed almost exclusively the company of the señorita; he was entirely acceptable to the young woman's family - which was vitally important—and he was a Don in his own right. That situation might have deterred some Americans, but not confident Roy Bean. He enjoyed any sort of contest, whether with guns or hearts. He faced both gunpowder and facepowder with equal zest.

Although other Spanish blades of the community secretly envied the young Don his position as accepted suitor of the beautiful señorita and possibly would have welcomed a dose of lead poison for the fortunate chap, they gladly came to his side in the face of an outside threat. The outraged Don mumbled to them of the insidious ways of this questionable Americano and suggested that if he were permitted to continue, why there probably would be no end to his foreign invasion of the sacred pedestals of young Spanish womanhood.

The eventual outcome of his mumblings was a suggested necktie party—with Roy in the chief role.

Young Bean had been meeting the señorita at sundown in the far part of the garden back of the hacienda. By careful questioning, the injured Don had learned that Bean was back this particular day from four days' quest of bandits, and he knew from the evasive answers of his cooling loved one that the ranger would be in the garden again that evening.

He passed the word along to the other young men of the settlement.

The meeting must have been most congenial, because Roy whistled a merry tune as he mounted his roan and jogged down the hill toward his own quarters.

Suddenly from behind a large redwood two young Dons stepped, guns in hand. From a boulder opposite, three more appeared. The five advanced stealthily toward the ranger. A sixth man crept up from behind Bean. A rope swished through the air. The ranger flung up his hands to ward it off.

"Oh, no, my frien'," the most injured Don muttered. He poked his guns against Roy's backbone. "Please dismount!"

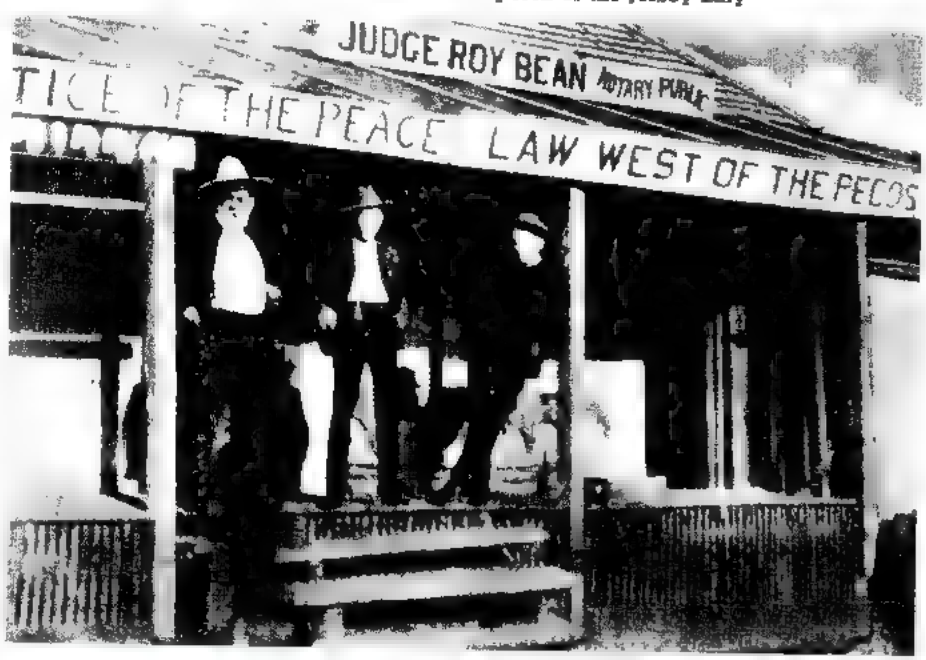
They escorted Roy, with due ceremony, to a nearby poplar limb. They tightened the rope, bringing the knot snugly behind Roy's left ear, in the latest hangman's style.

They then forced Bean back on his horse. They tied his hands behind him. At a given signal from the leader, Roy's horse was struck with folded bridle reins.

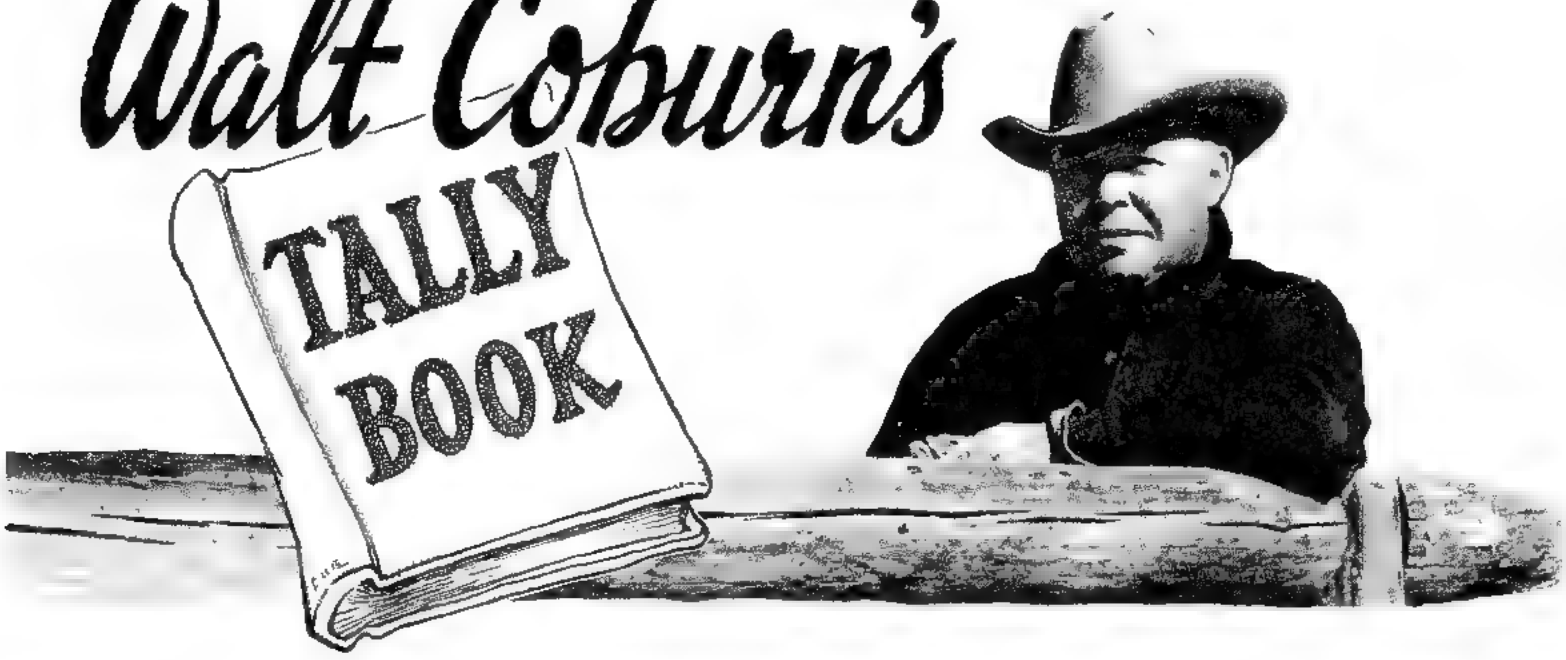
HOWEVER, the roan, apparently vaguely aware that everything was not well with his master, did not enter into the spirit of the party. He moved forward, but not with the speed desirable for such an occasion. The horse moved sufficiently to drop Bean from the saddle; but the drop was devoid of the suddenness essential for a perfect job.

(Continued on page 63)

Bean and two friends on the porch of the Jersey Lilly



Walt Coburn's TALLY BOOK



HE WENT under the name of Bill Lorne the fall he worked with the Bear Paw Pool wagon. I'll always remember him as the man who got me into more trouble than a crew of cowhands could drag me out of. Bill Lorne shore liked to devil kids and I was the only kid on the big general roundup that worked the county with five roundup outfits. I was about fourteen then and it was my second beef roundup.

While I'm gray-headed now, I can still remember just about how Bill Lorne looked, how he sat his saddle, half-rumped, with his weight in his left stirrup. A six-footer, he was lean, with the coarse black hair of an Injun, and a twisted grin that squinted up his left eye, like he was winking to share some hidden practical joke that was about to pop.

There must have been around 150 good cowhands, all told, with five roundup outfits working. The wagon boss and one or two top-hand ropers did all the calf roping in the afternoons when we branded. The Bear Paw Pool always sent Bill Lorne in to heel 'em. And he seldom missed a loop. He was what you call a natural, without a single wasted motion. It looked easy the way Lorne sat his saddle, his old hat cocked jack-deuce, a cigarette hung in one corner of his mouth. He might be talking—swapping windies—with one of the other ropers, but he had an eye on a cow and calf belonging to one of the Pool outfit. His loop cocked. Dipped down. Pulled taut. Lorne headed for the branding fire with his calf caught by both heels. And he'd call back across his shoulder to finish the talk.

My job was tending the branding fire. My father had given me a brand-new tally book and an indelible pencil. He told me when I started on the roundup that he expected me to keep tally of all the branded calves. Not only the Circle C calf tally, but the Long X and Circle Diamond and P Cross Square, and every iron in the half-dozen brands that made up the Bear Paw Pool.

"One of ourn!" Bill Lorne would sing out as he dragged up his calf.

I'd be in a sweat till I got a look at the brand on the cow that had followed her dragged calf to the branding fire. And by that time a Long X roper or a P Cross Square man would drag up another calf. And I'd cuss Bill Lorne for not telling me which one of the Bear Paw Pool brands was on the cow.

A KID on a roundup comes in for a lot of hoorahing and deviling. Bill Lorne was the worst of the lot when it came to deviling a kid. He'd get put on early morning circle and he'd take me along. I rode a little fat white cow pony called Snowflake, wiser than a treeful of owls when it came to cow savvy. Bill Lorne would stop in the middle of a word or some yarn. Pull up from a trot. By the time I got Snowflake pulled up, he'd be off his horse and picking up a leg of my white pony. He'd have a sharp rock or a horseshoe nail palmed in advance in his gloved right hand. He'd show it to me.

"Can't you tell, button, when your pony goes lame? You just as well be afoot as ridin' that Injun pony, as far as that goes. How come the Circle C don't give you a real string of horses to ride? I'd quit that dammed outfit. The wagon boss keeps you on day herd when you're supposed to be learnin' the cow business. They tell me he put you on cocktail and had you called fer last guard. Then moved camp before you got relieved to go to breakfast. Boys already gone on circle. Only thing you could do was go back on day herd on that same laig-weary white pony. No wonder he's showing signs of ringbone. On all four legs."

Bill Lorne ribbed me into quitting the Circle C and going to work for the Bear Paw Pool—on the promise that the roundup cook always made a son-of-a-gun in the sack—suet pudding—every night.

He gave me a string of horses. He'd rope a horse out of the cavvy. By the time I got my saddle on, some Pool cowhand would ask me what I aimed to do, steal one of his horses? Did the Circle C send me over to steal horses? Let it go this time. But don't let it happen twice, button.

I'd saddle another Bill Lorne caught for me. One by one the cowhands would quit whatever they were doing to watch me saddle.

"You'd orter know better, Lorne. Stakin' that Circle C kid to a spoiled horse. He'll sull, then come over backwards. Like he done when he run that saddle-horn clean through that feller's belly this spring."

When I got my next look at Snowflake there was one of the Pool brands on his left thigh, probably put on by Lorne for a laugh. The brand was just scorched and it haired over in a few weeks but there it was, big as a signboard.

"Least said the better, button," Bill Lorne said. "The feller that owns that white pony is shore ringy. It was his kid's pony. Some breeds run him off and sold him to the Circle C. Lucky you ain't up fer horse stealin'."

Bill Lorne helped me steal Snowflake, my own pony, that night, from the Pool remuda. I hightailed it for the Circle C camp. I knew better than to trust him but I always went back for more of his practical jokes.

Bill Lorne had his own private horse in the Pool cavvy. A strawberry-roan quarterhorse called Corbett, after Jim Corbett, one-time heavyweight champ, noted for his fast footwork and boxing science. Bill Lorne could slip the bridle off Corbett and cut cattle on him or rope off him. Once in a while Lorne would let me ride Corbett. And I'd ride along, watching my shadow.

I HAD to go back to Great Falls to school after the first beef shipment in early September. One evening about supper time the telephone rang and I answered it. That was in late October.

"Is this the Circle C kid?" I knew that voice over the telephone. "This is Lorne, that feller that deviled you so much on the roundup. I stopped over a-purpose fer me'n you to paint the town. You ketch the next street car. I'll be in front of Sid Willis' Mint Saloon." He hung up before I could answer.

I told my mother a lie. I said it was one of the kids asking me for supper. I had enough saved out of my $40-a-month summer's wages to keep up my kid's end like a man. Providing Bill Lorne could slip me into a saloon.

Bill was dressed in his store clothes. A new hat and new boots. Shaved and his

(Continued on page 60)

LICENSED TO ...ORG
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DAWSON:
PARIS OF THE NORTH

Dawson, fabled city of the Klondike rush, sprang up almost overnight where the Klondike River (left) joins the muddy roll of the Yukon (right). While most of the Klondikers who struck it rich took their fortunes outside to spend, some of them built fine homes in Dawson such as the one below. They were filled with the best of furnishings, shipped in from all over the world.

A FUR TRAPPER, having heard only vague rumors of a gold rush, came upon Dawson in 1898 and stumbled through the streets in amazement. He thought he was dreaming or had gone mad.

Two years before there had been only a swampy flat by the river, where on occasion small bands of Indians camped while fishing. Now, in the dusk of a winter noon, light blazed everywhere—from hotels, dancehalls, stores, hospitals, saloons and cabins. Violins played chamber music in restaurants where wealthy miners dined on *paté de foie gras*, lobster Newburgh and chutney, and shared bottles of vintage champagne with women attired in Paris fashions. Only months before, many of these same men had been racked by scurvy, having only enough beans and moldy bacon to keep them alive to work their claims. Horse-drawn wagons now glutted the frozen streets, while swarms of men surged up and down boardwalks.

Dawson boomed to a city of over 30,000 almost overnight. Isolated from the rest of the world, it had newspapers, churches, electric lights, steam heat, dramatic societies, and shops and stalls where one could buy everything from pink lemonade to opera glasses. One dancehall girl sold herself for her weight in gold.

It was a never-never land, where birds, dyed every color of the rainbow, flapped on falsefronts, a whimsical transformation reportedly perpetrated by the volunteer fire department. Gold was every-

Third in the series of "Ghosts Along The Yukon"

By MICHAEL JENKINSON

Photos by Karl Kernberger

During Dawson's prime, 1898-1900, this same thoroughfare surged with buggies and wagons, and the boardwalks were jammed with people.

where—the mainspring. It flowed into town in tobacco cans and canvas pouches; was poured onto scales in saloons where bartenders put treacle on their whiskers to pick up a little dust for themselves.

Gold—and the perseverance of gaunt and dying Father Judge—built a hospital from whose doors none was turned away. Gold built the steamboats, floating palaces that crowded the waterfront.

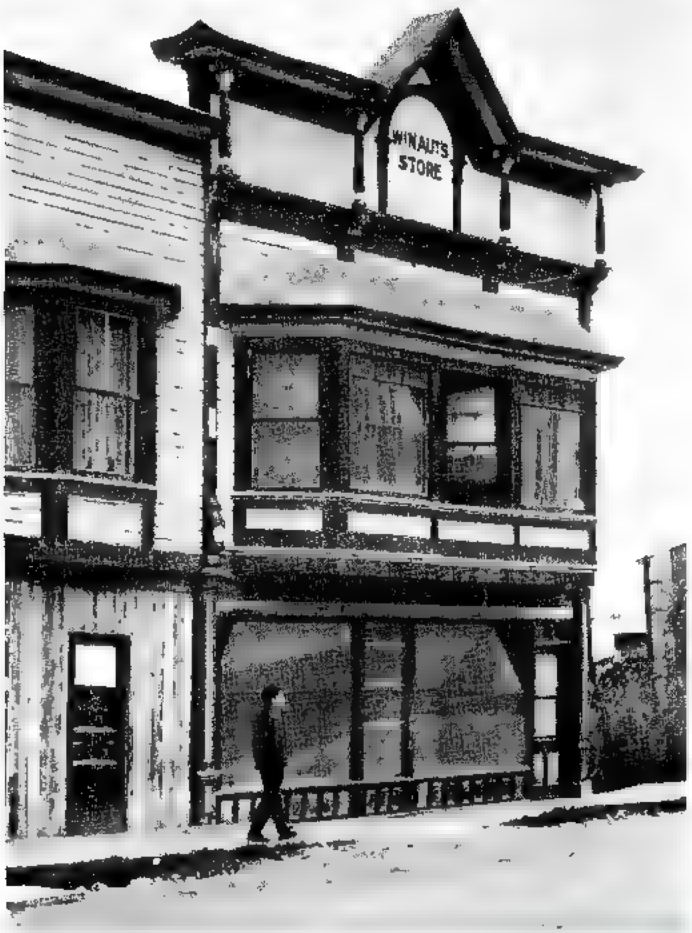
Few of the "stampeders" became wealthy; the best claims had been staked by men who were already in the Far North when the strike was made. But most late-comers remained in Dawson throughout the winter of 1898-1899, hypnotized by the spectacle, by the barkers and the showmen, by the flings of those who had struck it rich.

They watched Silent Sam Bonnifield lay down four kings in a poker game one night—and calmly rake in a pot of $150,000. They gaped at a saloon show where a man mounted a scaffold, hands tied, and then allowed a noose be placed around his neck. The platform was then shoved out from under him and he dropped into space. As his face purpled, a curtain was drawn. Just to what degree this was staged was never known, for a different "victim" was used every night.

WHEN Dawson's business district was in its gaudy heyday, every third door opened into a saloon. It was there that gold changed hands most quickly; it was there that Diamond-Tooth Gertie danced, as did Nellie the Pig, so named because she once bit off the ear of a bartender who offended her. Laughter, the music of fiddle and ragtime piano, the pop of champagne corks. One man filled a bathtub with champagne for a comely dancehall thrush to bathe in. He was not, as he had hoped, allowed to scrub her back. Another sport spent $1,700 on champagne in the Monte Carlo one night.

If the cry of "drinks on the house" was a frontier institution, so was the tradition

A young man walks past one of the ornately styled buildings of early Dawson (below). The Canadian Government recently renovated the Palace Grande Theater on the right. It was built during the gold rush by Arizona Charlie Meadows. This flamboyant frontiersman once grappled hand to hand with Geronimo, and could shoot the spots on playing cards at thirty feet.



More faded business houses that once helped transform a lonely moose pasture into a city of more than 30,000 within two years' time. Below, the cabin of Robert Service, whose poems immortalized the spirit of the Klondike Gold Rush. Verse such as "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" made Service wealthy and famous.

of the whiskey-cadger, generally an old sourdough who would find a warm niche in a saloon where he would reminisce the days away, stimulated by the frequent philanthropies of those who had struck it rich.

Each Dawson saloon had at least one such hanger-on, fondly referred to as the "old man," and by custom the bartender would set up his first drink of the day.

One morning, a bartender who was new in town startled the regulars by refusing an old man his opening dram, and ordering him to show his money or get out. There was some angry muttering and harsh glances directed at the bartender, but the old fellow who had been denied merely shuffled meekly out of the place. Some time later, when the saloon was gorged with customers, he returned, brandishing a dynamite stick, the fuse of which sputtered dangerously close.

"I will blow you to hell, damn you!" he screamed at the bartender. The saloon was emptied within seconds, even though it was 60° below outside. The crowd milling about in front of the saloon told a Mountie what had happened, and that official cautiously eased in between the swinging doors.

The old man was behind the bar pouring himself a third glass of the best the saloon had to offer. Seeing the Mountie, he yelled, "Come on, Sergeant, and take a drink on the house with me."

The "dynamite stick," resting harmlessly at his elbow, turned out to be a ten-inch cut of bologna into which the now burned-out fuse had been thrust.

Although eggs were $3.00 each and a single melon sold for $40, few men actually went hungry. Even when a man's claim was only rock and frozen mud, he could

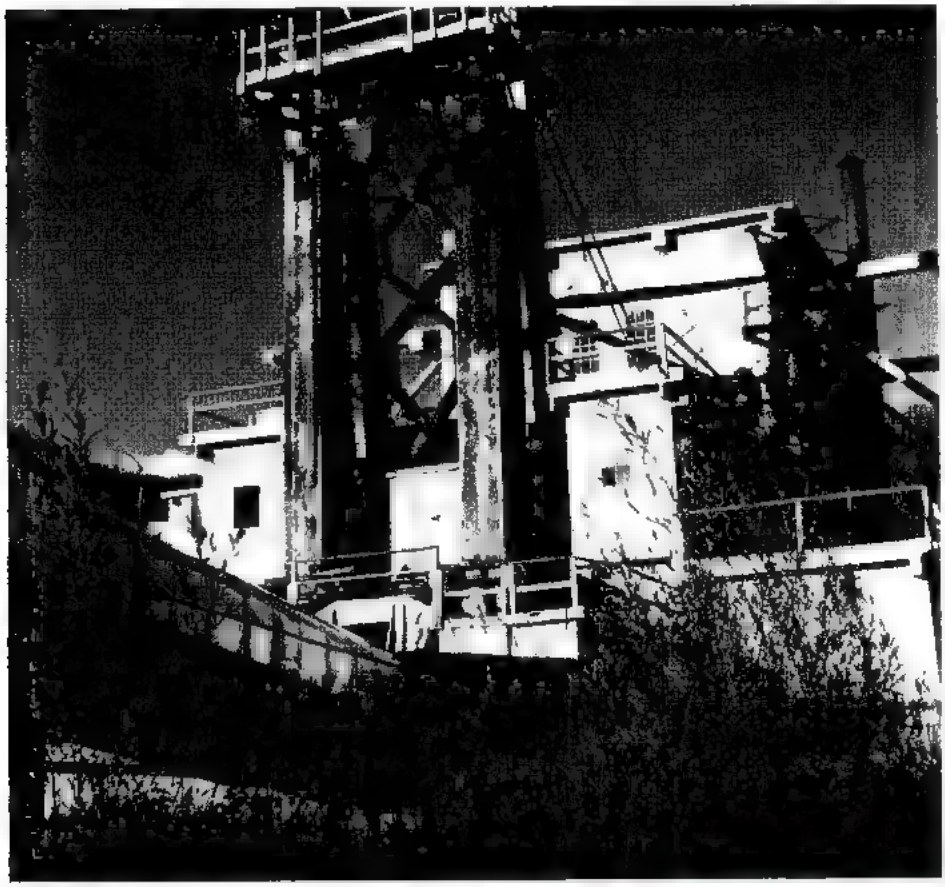
still make a living. Peddling papers, elsewhere at that time the domain of hungry-eyed urchins, could be highly profitable in the Klondike. One man sold a thousand an evening. Another delivered a paper to a miner who had hit pay dirt—and received a tip of $50 in gold.

After fires swept through Dawson, as they frequently did, fortunes were panned from the ashes. Dawson itself was like a fire that burned so hot and fast there was soon no fuel to sustain it. Within a year of its zenith, men by the hundreds and then by the thousands began to leak away. Steamboats were dragged up onto beaches, where young willows grew around their keels. Building after building was padlocked, and cabins deserted.

Years passed and the padlocks rusted. Snow drifted in through broken windows, warping floors worn by the feet of a thousand vanished dancers. Today the former "Paris of the North" is scarcely more than a village in population—but shadows of the past are everywhere. Massive, empty buildings, tilted grotesquely by permafrost, line quiet dirt streets. On slopes above the flat wedge where once a city stirred, willows, currant bushes and alder soften the appearance of cabins unused for sixty years.

Steamboats, their decks warped and superstructures sagging, jut out of undergrowth across the river from Dawson. And two miles out of town is a silence in the forests such as existed before the first shout of gold startled the world into fever for the Klondike.

The gold dredge (above right) still operates in the Klondike hills, although indications are that it will cease operations in about four years. The pan (inset) contains nuggets taken from a sluice box by one of the few remaining miners. Nearby where this picture was taken, a prospector once casually washed $800 in gold from a single panload of dirt. When the abandoned dredge (below left) was built, it was the world's largest. The monstrous chain links (right) were once a functioning part of an abandoned dredge said to be the second largest ever built. After the first wild years of the gold rush, most of the Klondike claims were bought up by dredging companies which have extracted millions of dollars' worth of gold over the years.



Liver-Eating

By RAYMOND W. THORP

Photos Courtesy Author

Liver-Eating Johnson, aged 73, one year before his death. Photo courtesy Flash Studios, Red Lodge, Montana, where in his last years he served as marshal.

Author's note: Actually, his father was a Scotsman, therefore his true name was Johnston, but the Mountain Men of the Old West were contemptuous of conventions, and they made a Scandinavian out of him. Regardless of his bloodlines, he was one of the boldest Anglo-Saxons who ever lifted a redskin's scalp. The Indians knew him as "Dah-pih-ek Absaroka," the Killer of Crows, since he sent several hundred of the latter to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The Crows had killed his squaw wife and unborn papoose, and to convey humiliation to them he had cut up and eaten the livers of his victims—raw.

In later years he had buried the hatchet, and was their comrade in arms against the Sioux, Cheyennes and Blackfeet. His proudest boast was that he had never found it necessary to kill a white man. After thirty-nine years filled with narrow escapes, he rode back into an untrod wilderness on his last gruesome trail of blood.

THE BIG MAN who closed the door of his office in Coulson, Montana, in October, 1882, had been the deputy sheriff of Custer County—later Yellowstone County. John Johnston had sent in his resignation to Tom Irvine, the sheriff, who lived in Miles City. The Liver-Eater was getting ready to travel because of the recent visit of an old comrade of former decades, known as Wind River Jake. Another old-timer, Arkansas Pete Arnold, had located a trapping site on Milk River in the Assiniboine Indian country, and hoped that Johnston would join him there.

"Pete's buildin' a cabin up thar, an' he's makin' it big 'nuff fer both o' ye," Jake had told him.

After Jake had ridden away—as he said, "back ter ther Platte" -the Liver-Eater had thought over the proposition, and decided that, after all, he was never "intended ter be a town galoot." It was inevitable, he thought, that he should return to the wilderness for one last foray.

The Liver-Eater was leaving his "town clothes" behind, and had donned a suit of fringed buckskins made for him by his friends, the Crows. For thirty years he had killed Indians to get buckskins and even horses, and it felt peculiar to him to wear something that he had not gained with his rifle or his knife. Swinging from his waist was one of Mr. Colt's Peacemakers and a Bowie knife with a ten-inch blade.

He walked over to his horse. There were no spectators, as he had kept his business to himself, and his little office was on the outskirts of Coulson, one little aspect of wilderness life that he had been unable to give up when he became a town galoot. A year later would hear Coulson's death knell, when it would pack up lock, stock and barrel, move a few miles and become the town of Billings.

The horse was a fiery, coal-black stallion about four years old and powerfully limbed. It had to be powerful, for the Liver-Eater was a man who ordinarily weighed 265 pounds, and the soft life in town had added about ten pounds. The color of the animal was traditional with Johnston, who had started out with a black pony in 1843 and would not use any other color in a mount.

Old Joe Robidoux had sold him the first animal when he first entered the Western mountains with John Hatcher, famous trail-breaker and one who had taught him much. This last mount had been given him by a rancher on the Yellowstone whom the Liver-Eater had saved from an unscrupulous gambler. It wore the saddle which had formerly been the property of Big Anton Sepulveda, who had been killed by the Nez Percé Indians. The saddle was newly covered, and had a new boot affixed which held the Liver-Eater's famous needle gun, a powerful Plains rifle of .56 caliber; a buffalo gun that he had carried for years.

Johnson's LAST TRAIL

No other mountain man could match him in loyalty—especially to his enemies—he never forgot them!

THE LIVER-EATER was now ready to leave. He checked his bedroll behind the saddle, his supply of salt, sugar, tobacco and coffee and his few utensils in the canvas bag depending from the saddle horn. Ammunition for his rifle and revolver was in his saddlebags.

"Git on, ol' coon," he grunted, and rode due north from the Yellowstone toward the Musselshell. As he went, he was cogitating on something Jake had told him. Jake had said that his old and tried partner, Del Gue, was down on the Platte, "an' when I tell him ye're gwine ter join Pete, I jist bet he'll foller."

Del Gue, with the walrus mustaches, had been with him on nearly all of his adventures. Del was a French-Canadian trapper who had joined him early in his career. He didn't know it, but Del would some day keep his name alive in a Boswellian manner.

One afternoon he rode into some timber in the Big Bend of the Musselshell, one of his old haunts. Here were the ashes of a cabin he had built for a crazed white widow whose family had been killed by the Blackfeet in that long ago. She had starved to death one bleak winter, and the Crows—who hated the Blackfeet—had built her a grave of stones. Three rotting poles now stuck out of the ground—a fourth had caved—for in 1846 when the Indians struck, Crazy Woman had charged among them while they were raping and killing her daughter, and accounted for four of them with an axe. She had decapitated them and jammed their heads down on top of the poles after Johnston had erected them. The attack had occurred near sundown, and each day during her life thereafter her screams could be heard in the Big Bend. Johnston was not superstitious, and the sun was still high, but he told the stallion, "Let's get away from here, child," and spurred out of the timber growth.

When the giant rode out of the Big Bend he pointed his mount a little to the west, heading for Fort McKenzie. Had he stayed on his due north course it would have taken him to the Little Rockies, where a famed partner, Bear Claw Chris Lapp, had been murdered by the Blackfeet while he sat in his cabin. He and Hatchet Jack Ireland had avenged that murder in a gruesome manner. Jack had scalped them with his hatchet and plucked out their eyes with his Bowie before he killed them. All of these things the Crow Killer must have felt as he rode across land where he knew every point of rocks.

He was a little surprised to find that settlers had entered the country. At one little settlement of about twenty-five hard-bitten men and their families he dismounted from his horse to buy some tobacco and salt. He said nothing except signifying what he lacked, but several scraggly children followed him to and from the little store, and one boy of about fifteen asked him, "Mister, are you a trapper?" to which he grunted in assent, "Yes, laddie, fer a long time."

His fearsome size and appearance had intimidated the men, but the boy had opened the way, and a tall, gangling man asked him, "Ye air Liver Eatin' Johnson, ain't ye? I useter live down at Taos when I war a young feller, an' heerd about ye frum Bill Bent."

Johnston looked him over carefully before replying. "I knowed Bill Bent," he said. "Took in a ketch thar now an' then. Ol' John Hatcher war my pardner then."

Letting this suffice as an answer, he mounted the black and rode away. The man who had queried him was also named "Johnson." He was Ed Johnson, and from him was molded the character of "The Virginian," and he told of the meeting many years later.

"I guess he knew I was lyin'," he said, "I never knew Bill Bent—jest wanted to make talk an' look him over."

JOHNSTON moved west past old Fort McKenzie, taking his time and killing game along the way. One day a catamount climbed a rock above the trail and was brought down by the Liver-Eater. The big cats were always considered the best of fare by the men of the mountains, and that night cat steaks sizzled over his fire, and made him think of earlier times.

He met a hunting party of Piegans north of the fort, and they greeted him as an old friend. One of their princesses, Waving Grass, had once traveled with him during the Indian wars, and was the only person who had ever found it necessary to save his life. Johnston had not forgotten it, and when she left him to go to the stockade at Knife River, had loaded two packhorses with presents for the Piegans. They told the Liver-Eater to watch out for the Assiniboines, who were said to be on the warpath even now.

Snow fell as the famous trapper reached the Canadian line, and the going became rougher; but the big black Montana horse had been born to hard winters, and found it no problem. As for Johnston, he knew it was good trapping weather, and looked forward to meeting Pete.

Warned of the Assiniboines, Johnston kept his eyes peeled as he reached the Milk River and rode west along its banks. At last he saw Pete's cabin, which was situated behind a low bluff, and as he was the greatest man-tracker the West had ever known, he used extreme caution, changing his course to come up behind it in a stretch of heavy willow growth. The day was coming to a close, and he wondered why there was no smoke coming from the chimney. He could see that Pete's horse stockade was empty, and feeling now that something was wrong, spurred the stallion forward. As he dismounted in front of the cabin, he noticed vultures behind him, on the bluff.

Quickly entering the cabin, he saw that it had been ransacked. He marveled at the size of the place. Pete had built for two, and his crude furniture included a pair of wide bunks. Beyond the big room there was another smaller one, evidently built to hold a season's catch of furs. The Liver-Eater saw this all at a glance and then went out and rode his horse to the

Johnson's last home, three miles south of Red Lodge, where he lived while he was marshal. The cabin was transformed into a garage by Pack-Saddle Ben Greenough, one of Johnson's hunting partners.

Yankee Judd, whose murder by Cheyenne Indians was avenged by Wild Ben Raymond

top of the bluff. There he found a mutilated corpse scattered all around. The grinning head with one missing tooth he identified at once as Pete's.

"Some red coon has been hyar," he muttered, and then he saw the open Bible nearby. He knew the story of that Bible, and surmised that the Arkansan had been "reading" it when he was killed. Mormon Jake had once stolen two of the good books from a church and had given one to Pete. Neither he nor Pete could read, but more erudite companions had marked passages which they had memorized.

Johnston examined the body, finding that Pete's entire chest had been smashed to smithereens by a heavy bullet. "Needle gun," he said to himself, remembering that a former partner, Hatchet Jack, had captured and hanged two white traders who sold such guns to the Indians.

The Liver-Eater surveyed his surroundings, and noted that below, on the river side of the bluff, a dense copse of willows could have hidden the murderer. A quick search disclosed that he was right, and he also learned that the assailant was an Assiniboine. He judged that Pete had been killed the day before. "Thet red devil has got a good start on this child," he told his horse, "but me an' you kin get him." He was glad that the Indian was not with a war party.

GOING BACK to the cabin, Johnston unsaddled and unpacked his horse, and let it roam in the stockade after watering the animal, and feeding it from Pete's stock of dried oats.

After the Liver-Eater had explored the cabin, as he said later, "gittin' madder an' madder" when he saw all of Pete's preparations gone to naught, he built a small fire in the huge fireplace, gnawed on some dried pemmican from his pack, and eating a few of Pete's biscuits that the Assiniboine had overlooked, made his plans. Then, finally, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, lay flat on his back on the floor, and slept.

He was up long before daybreak, and went to the top of the bluff, gathered up Pete's bones and skull, placed them in a feedbag, and brought them to the cabin. Putting them in one corner, he said, "I'll bury ye when I git yer scalp an' the topknot frum thet Injun." He knew that Pete would rest better, knowing that. He did not take food along with him, since the Assiniboine was well fixed in that respect. When the red ball of the sun shone through the haze on the river, the Liver-Eater was on the trail. Nothing but an act of God could save the murdering redskin now.

Johnston knew that the main camp of the Assiniboines was on the Saskatchewan River, and he knew that the murderer would head that way. He saw the wide trail that the Assiniboine was making and noted that it was headed toward the river; five horses made a wide swath, and a tenderfoot could have followed it. Since Pete was living alone, the Indian never dreamed of what was behind him, or of the terrible Red Death that was on his trail, so he rollicked along, taking his time.

On his first night out, the Indian oiled and hooped Pete's scalp, admiring it by firelight; the coup would give him an eagle feather and much honor. That night brought the first piercing cold of the season, and the honks overhead told the murderer that the geese were going south. The next day he fired into a V-shaped flock with his needle-gun and scored a hit.

On the second night out, the Assiniboine camped on the banks of a small stream. He cleared away the snow from a large space, freed the mosses and lichens there, and staked out his remuda of horses. Then he chopped a hole in the ice in order to get water and built a roaring fire from seasoned driftwood.

With his steel tomahawk he mashed some of Pete's treasured coffee beans on a flat rock and made coffee in the stolen pot; he mixed Pete's flour with water and made browned biscuits in Pete's bread pan. The legs of the goose he spitted, and was ready to wash the dough from his hand when he heard a voice behind him. Transfixed, for he had not known there was anyone else in that vast wilderness, the warrior turned slightly and saw the Liver-Eater casually warming his hands on the other side of the fire. "Kin I git invited fer supper?" Johnston asked.

The brave considered his situation for a brief moment. His rifle was leaning against a tree closer to the intruder than to himself. His tomahawk lay ten feet distant, where he had pulverized the coffee beans. His knife was in his belt, but he hesitated to draw it because of the dough on his hands.

"Go on, red coon," Johnston told him, "jist wash yer hands. I got plenty o' time."

The Assiniboine was proud, and there was nothing cowardly about him. Quickly he snapped the dough from his hands and drew his hunting knife. His giant adversary reached over and seized his arm and snapped it at the wrist, dealt him a terrific blow across the back of the neck, and saved him from falling into the fire with a terrific kick in the groin. Johnston followed up his advantage by seizing a burning brand and striking the brave across the eyes, and as the latter staggered back, broke his neck with a blow to the jaw. As yet the Liver-Eater had not drawn a weapon, but now he scalped his foe with his Bowie.

AFTER the Liver-Eater had eaten the two goose legs and finished off the coffee in the pot, he rounded up the remuda, and throwing the big black in with the others, hobbled them in the lee of the creek bank. Each was given a portion of the stolen shelled oats that the Assiniboine brave had taken from Pete's cabin. He could see that a giant blizzard was forming, as great gusts of wind came in from the prairie. He wondered why the warrior had not hurried on toward his tribe, and said to the stallion, "Red coons ain't got no brains."

Thinking to leave his trademark at the camp, he soon had one last Indian liver in his hand. He couldn't eat it, as he had no feud with the Assiniboines, and until he could think of some use for the memento, he placed it in the crotch of the tree. Giant snowflakes were sifting down when he pulled some large logs from the creek bank to keep the fire going through the night. Then he smoked one pipe of tobacco, rolled himself up in his buffalo robe, and went to sleep.

On the following morning the snowflakes were so close together that he could hardly tell it was day. He reopened the hole in the ice, let the horses drink, gave them more oats, made up their packs of Pete's goods, retrieved the Indian's liver—now frozen like a rock—saddled and mounted the black, and started out for Pete's cabin. He was in no hurry, but even if he had been, it would have been to no avail with the snow touching the horses' bellies. He would have to figure out for himself what he would do when he reached the cabin, for his plans had been to trap with a partner.

On the morning of the fifth day of riding—he had figured the goose would last that long—he saw the long, snowy stretch that was Milk River. When he came toward Pete's bluff, he stopped and detoured.

Leaving his little horse herd on the river bank near the copse from which Pete's killer had operated, he crawled to the top of the bluff and looked down toward the cabin. Smoke was issuing from the chimney, and he wondered who was there. When he took the trail of the brave he had carried only his knife, knowing that the killer had plenty of guns, including Pete's rifle and revolver. Now, looking over the bluff, he had the Assiniboine's needle-gun in hand.

He cuddled it against his long red beard, and as he saw a movement inside, the three sharp clicks denoting his cocking it made the occupant jump back.

"Well, so it's thet ol' coon," exclaimed the Liver-Eater. As he cocked the rifle he had noted a jug-headed horse inside the corral, and he knew that only one man in the whole West was partial to jug-headed mounts. He brought the remuda up the bluff and down to the cabin and was soon shaking hands with Del Gue, his old *compañero*.

"I lef' ther Platte afore Jake got back," Del told him. "If'n ye hadn't been so quick on ther trigger I'd have rode up with ye."

"I jist hed ye in my sights, an' didn't pull it," Johnston reminded him.

The two partners of old stayed all winter in the cabin, running Pete's trap lines. Pete had selected all the trapping

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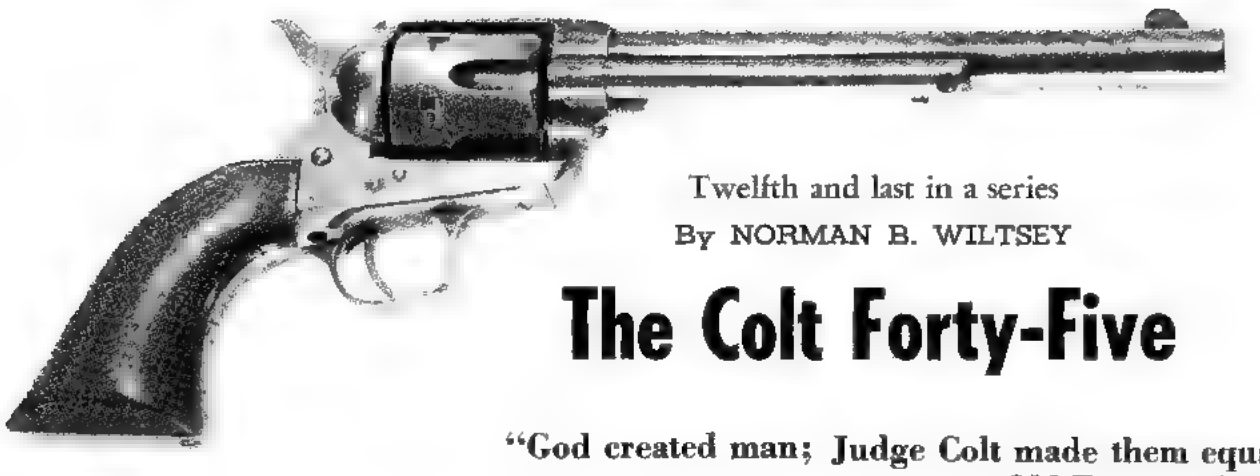

Twelfth and last in a series

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

The Colt Forty-Five

"God created man; Judge Colt made them equal."
Old Frontier Saying

45 caliber Army Colt
Courtesy author

THE .45 caliber center-fire single action Colt, manufactured in 1873, quickly became famous on the frontier as the "Peacemaker" and it was in this caliber that the arm achieved great popularity in the West. The weapon was also called the Army Colt, as the military bought 16,400 as sidearms for troops in the field. The Army Colt was a six-shooter with seven-and-a-half inch barrel; walnut stock; weight, two pounds five ounces. The finish was blued; nickel or silver plate cost extra. The 235 grain bullet, propelled by 40 grains of black powder, packed a hefty wallop. Ammunition loaded with 28 grains of powder was naturally less effective.

Later the 1873 Colt was chambered for the .44-40 cartridge also used in the famed '73 Winchester and dubbed the "Frontier," a fact covered in the preceding chapter of this series in *True West*. Eventually, as its popularity grew, the 1873 Colt was chambered for other calibers and in a variety of barrel lengths. All told, Colt turned out 320,000 of the 1873 model, making it the most popular cartridge revolver ever manufactured. Through the years it picked up other titles, including the "Equalizer" and the "Pacifier," but none caught on like the Peacemaker.

I once asked Jack Shropshire, an ex-lawman in the Texas Panhandle along the Oklahoma border, how a weapon designed to kill could possibly be called a Peacemaker. The 88-year-old Texan chuckled as he fondled his old Colt. "Simple, son," he said. "You just whopped a badman alongside the head and that made him real peaceful in a hurry."

"Did you ever have to shoot anybody?" I asked.

"Hell, no!" snorted Jack. "The sight of me comin' at 'em with the old hogleg in my hand made the most ornery ones calm down *muy pronto*."

Wyatt Earp used the same method with his 12-inch barrelled "Buntline Special." Despite all the wild claims you may have read, Earp did mighty little man-to-man shooting with his extra long barrelled Colt—a *gift from "Colonel"* Buntline, the flamboyant Wild West story writer of the period. Like any careful, sensible man, Earp preferred a double barrelled shotgun loaded with buckshot when he had to face some hard-case gunman aiming to perforate his hide. The success of his tactics may be judged by the fact that in 1929 he died in bed at age 83.

Incidentally, dime-novel writer Buntline also presented one of his Specials—made to order for him at the Colt factory—to lawmen Bat Masterson and Bill Tilghman in Dodge City, Kansas, in the fall of 1875 when he similarly gifted Wyatt Earp. Each Colt bore the name NED carved on its walnut butt, and fitted smoothly into a fine hand-tooled holster. Each was also provided with a demountable stock and buckskin sling. The value of this fancy extra equipment was obscure until Buntline explained that if "a man was caught out on the prairie, surrounded by hostile redskins, he could quickly convert his six shooter into a rifle and make the rascals bite the dust." Earp, Tilghman and Masterson were unconvinced but, of course, they accepted the expensive Colts.

Masterson and Tilghman waited until the colorful Colonel left town, and then cut the barrels of their Specials down to eight inches. Earp kept his Special intact. The weapon was lost in the Yukon in 1901 when Wyatt lent it to a friend who dropped it overboard in a river when his boat capsized in a storm. Private collectors are believed to have acquired Tilghman's and Masterson's Specials at their deaths.

SINCE the days of Ned Buntline's tales of a Western frontier that never existed except in his lurid imagination, there has been a heap of hogwash written about the quick draw. Wild Bill Hickok is popularly supposed to have been a wizard at the quick draw, yet one of his most publicized killings was not a product of the fast draw. For example: Bill killed Dave Tutt in Springfield, Missouri, in 1865 at a range of seventy-five yards across the town square. Tutt drew first and got off four shots, missing Hickok with all four slugs before Wild Bill, steadying his Colt with both hands—some say on top of a post—fired one shot that drilled Tutt dead center.

All current arguments about the speed of today's quick-draw artist as compared to the old-time gunfighter is, in my opinion, sheer nonsense. One simply cannot compare the two. Today's fast draw expert benefits from superior equipment and the comforting knowledge that he won't feel the tearing shock in his vitals of an opponent's bullet if his draw is a shade slow. Yet in the old wild days, as exemplified in the Hickok-Tutt affair, the man who drew first was often the victim of the gent who took time to aim *after* he drew. So the controversy remains unsolved and shall so remain.

In 1941, the Colt firm stopped making the grand old gun because of the war. But the storied single action six-shooter refused to remain merely an indissoluble part of our American frontier heritage, a valuable heirloom of wild old days faded into history. Hand-gun enthusiasts began besieging the Colt factory with requests for new single action weapons, and a few years back the Colt people somewhat dubiously acceded to their requests.

The manufacturers needn't have worried. The fabulous Colt mystique was still as potent as ever, and this appeared to be a fact because the present single action Army Colt is an exact replica of the weapon as it was made ninety years ago when it was helping mightily to win the West.

Otherwise there are significant changes indicative of the times. In the old days a man could exchange one ounce of gold, worth $16 even up, for a Colt single action. Gold is now worth about $32 an ounce, but a new single action Army Colt costs $125. The Buntline Special costs $140. This model is also made in .38 Special, .357 Magnum and .44 Special.

The Colt single action "Army-New Frontier" .45, with such modern improvements as flat-top frame, ramp front sight and target rear sight adjustable for windage and elevation, sells for $150.

Other single action Colt revolvers include a limited production of a "Sheriff's Model" at $139.95 exclusively for the Centennial Arms Corporation and Colt Frontier Scouts in .22 LR or .22 WRF Magnum from $49.50 to $74.50 according to weight, finish and barrel length.

Colt officials are delighted but still a

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Al Wetherill of the MESA VERDE

The Wetherill brothers, from left: Al, Winslow, Richard, Clayton and John

Square Tower House in Mesa Verde Park

TO REACH the Mesa Verde Cliff Dwellings today, the traveler drives his car along a wide black-top highway that climbs upward along a series of switchbacks. The rider is given spectacular views of the mountains and valleys that abound here, and when he arrives at the top of Wetherill Mesa, all the conveniences of the modern city, including restaurant, store, motel and museum, await him.

It is especially difficult, therefore, for the same traveler to realize the hardships a gallant band of five brothers endured to reach these same cliff dwellings some eighty years ago.

There were no trails on this remote plateau to aid the Wetherills when they decided to explore the ruins. Rumors brought to them by trappers, prospectors and Indians about some old Indian ruins in the canyons excited their curiosity. They read everything they could find in government reports about the region, and that was very little. Al's first trek to find one of these rumored dwellings for himself opened the door to years of hard, and often baffling, work.

The tools and supplies the brothers needed in their explorations had to be packed in by horses. They broke trail themselves through the forest of juniper trees that covered the countryside. They frequently had to lower themselves by ropes, for this was a country of steep cliffs which had a way of appearing abruptly and offering no way of circumvention.

A burning desire to see how these ancients had lived drove the Wetherill boys to make the first exploration of one of America's greatest archaeological discoveries. In doing so, they gave to the American public, without thought of personal gain or glory, the first knowledge it had of early American civilization.

Al Wetherill was my friend. I liked and admired him, and have sat listening many times as, fifty years later, Al told of those explorations of long ago. I have watched this quiet, retiring man's blue eyes (faded by long years of looking great distances, facing the desert sun) light up as he told the things he had seen and done in the early 1880s and 1890s. It gave one the feeling that here was a man completely selfless. What the Wetherill brothers learned and the heritage they gave was an archaeological knowledge that was the basis for what is known today of the Cliff Dwellers and their predecessors, the Basket Makers.

Twenty years of unpaid work, the loss of Alamo Ranch, and the realization that practically no one cared still left no bitterness in Al Wetherill.

By uninformed and probably jealous people the Wetherills have been called pothunters and destroyers. I have my own opinion of my friend, who was a dedicated and unappreciated man. The following is from his personal notes—this man who considered himself a failure.

Here was a man who never believed that Indians were the same—yesterday, today and tomorrow

By ARTHUR H. SEIGFRIED

Photos Courtesy Author

"PERHAPS the very beginning of this discovery of a bit of history was when a dark-skinned people struck out for an unknown world beyond the sunset. Less than fifty years ago, historians were still saying that probably the natives of America had always been here and scoffed at the possibility of a migration from another continent.

"Now they have definitely agreed that there was a migration. Most of them hold out for a trek from Asia across Siberia. They are fairly certain that the early Indians were of Asiatic origin. But before the Indians? The Ancients had varying degrees of culture and were so widely scattered, they may have reached America in a variance of ways. Perhaps they did come by land down from the North; perhaps they did as the Polynesians and trusted their light craft to the immensity of the oceans.

"During the first dynasty of the Egyptians, there are indisputable records of colonies established in the 'Sunset Land'—and there are many words of the same meaning in ancient Peruvian and Sumerian dialects.

"Then, there are even a number who agree with the Wetherill theory of seventy-some years ago, that they may have originally crossed on the sunken continent of Atlantis. Let your imagination run riot. Who were they? Phoenicians? Egyptians? A lost tribe of Israel? It's an intriguing question.

"Carbon tests have done much for archaeology, and new discoveries bring new allurement. It's too bad that so many of the early explorers thought only of gold and carried destruction wherever they went.

"What is the difference between a culture and a civilization? Cultures are stepping stones from primitive savagery to civilization. Culture implies knowledge of crafts to make life more pleasant and leads toward a communal form of government, so a study of a culture and the hopes or dreams we have are the gist of my present thinking.

"I think perhaps this dream had its beginning back in the very early 1800s, when Richard Wetherill turned his face westward and leaving the Old Continent behind, took his young wife, Ann, and sailed for the Quaker colony of Philadelphia where they had relatives and friends.

"Then the next brave seedling of adventure came when Richard and Ann's grandson, Benjamin Kite Wetherill, shook the family tree to its roots. He announced he was going to the California gold fields.

"Instead, he visited friends on the way who were living in Clear Lake, Iowa. There, he met Marian Tompkins, also of Quaker parentage, and they were married.

"They migrated only as far as Leavenworth, Kansas, where there was another Quaker settlement. Sometime in the 1870s, Benjamin Wetherill was appointed trail agent for the Osage Indians with headquarters at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, now Oklahoma.

"His job was to keep peace and assure fair dealings between the Osages and the cattlemen. He liked the wild country and the Indians. The only drawback was that he couldn't keep his family with him. So he gave up the appointment and went to work in the lead mines in Joplin. That offered far better wages than anything else at that time.

"He wasn't physically or emotionally geared to lead mining and quickly contracted lead poisoning. He didn't want to acknowledge failure and take his family back to Philadelphia, where he would have been welcomed—after a certain amount of penance—into the family fold. So once more they went westward, to Colorado, to endless expanses of wild country peopled by wilder Indians and settlements of Mormons.

"Benjamin Wetherill, his wife Marian, and their children—Richard, Alfred, John, Clayton, Winslow and Anna—ages seven to twenty—homesteaded. Eventually they bought more land, a little at a time, until they had a thousand acres which they called Alamo Ranch, the Ranch of the Cottonwoods.

"There were desperately hard years trying to make 'the desert blossom like the rose.' But eventually the cottonwood slips that Marian Wetherill planted on both sides of the irrigating ditch which ran through the yard, grew into strong young trees; the yellow climbing roses from Kansas disputed with Colorado clematis for ownership of the fence; the alfalfa grew tall and sweet on land that had produced only sagebrush and tumbleweeds, and the scraggly scrub cattle began to give way to registered Durhams.

"The hills had big bands of wild horses and we boys learned to break and ride the range horses as if we were molded into the saddles.

"It was heartbreaking work, for there was a mortgage and very little money, but we were getting ahead. But the hills had something else in them, too. Ranchers were too busy to pay much attention to such 'foolishness' as old Indian ruins. The Mormons, a God-fearing, clannish group, were not at all interested; and the Paiutes, the Indian nomads of the section, only whispered of the hillside houses and the cities in the sky where the Ana-sazis lived. It was the old 'sourdoughs'—the prospectors and the trappers with their bumps of curiosity—who really brought the stories to us of the 'old Injun ruins' up and down the canyons where they went hunting for gold or furs.

"ALMOST everyone went to the Alamo Ranch. Being Quakers, we took no sides in quarrels. Also, being Quakers, we brought about a peaceful settlement of many of the differences between Indians and whites, thereby gaining the trust and confidence of both.

"Trappers in the winter, prospectors in the summer, always brought in stories of ruins in the canyons. You must remember that at that time, in the early 1800s, archaeology as a study and a science was less than seventy-five years old. Furthermore, it was concentrated on Egyptology and the other ancient civilizations of the Old World. The Southwest, in fact the entire North American Continent, was not

Sandal House, so named because of the many pairs of sandals found in these ruins

Al Wetherill was ninety when this picture was taken in 1950.

considered worthy of notice by scholars, for after all, Indians were the same—yesterday, today and tomorrow.

"We Wetherills had already read everything we could find from government and university sources about the region. We studied Hayden's report of the years 1874 through 1879, when he and his party were making a topographical survey for the Government. Hayden described some of the better ruins in the high cliffs along the river in Mancos Cañon. He mentioned that the people always built on the side of the canyon where they could get the first rays of the morning sun, and must, therefore, have been sun-worshippers.

"We later decided the Hayden party had not gone into the side canyons where the buildings were in any suitable cavern, no matter which way it faced. Neither did Hayden's map of the region show Cliff Cañon as being anything but a mere stub of a break in the mesa.

"Even before Hayden, Nuno de Guzman, head of such affairs in Mexico, mentioned strange ruins in 1539. They were later seen by Cabeza de Vaca and then Coronado. Then not until 1848 were they again noticed when Lieutenant Simpson made a report of 'deserted ruins of cliff dwellers in Chaco Cañon.'

"Two men in the Hayden expedition, Mr. Jackson—a photographer, and Mr. Holmes—a geologist, took pictures and made some reports on ruins in Mancos, McElmo, Hovenweep and Montezuma Cañons. But excepting for the depredations of occasional 'pothunters,' no one was interested enough to give any further thought to the sleeping cities.

"Then one day, around 1882, some trappers came to Alamo Ranch telling about ruins they had seen just a few miles away down the Mancos. We boys talked about the ruins with the trappers and made up our minds to see for ourselves.

"Trying to make a go of a big western cattle ranch didn't leave much spare time, so it was several days before I decided to go anyway. I caught a pony about noon and left without saying anything to the others or taking any camp equipment.

"Toward evening, I reached the ruins that we later named 'Sandal House' because of the quantity of sandals found there. I scouted around a bit, not knowing quite what I was looking for and having an uneasy feeling that I was an interloper being subjected to the scrutiny of unseen eyes. I took note of the circular wall that had a few annexes and some broad white stripes painted on them.

"I was tired, so I spread my saddle blanket on a nice smooth rock and tried to sleep. It didn't take many such trips to learn to scoop a hole in the sand, cover the bottom with weeds or boughs, build a fire on the windward side, and then the cold dropping down from the mountain top didn't bother.

"I returned to the ranch the next day and told the other boys what I had seen. We renewed our resolutions to explore the maze of canyons before long. Our father was too ill to either help on the ranch or take an active part in explorations, but both Father and Mother encouraged us.

"It took another trapper to get us started. He said he had found a piece of cloth in a loom sometime before and said he had cut it out. That did it! We boys and Charles Mason, sister Anna's husband, appointed ourselves custodians, guardians and caretakers of the ruins of the Mesa Verde.

"IT WAS QUITE an undertaking. Mesa Verde is a high plateau, cut off from the main slope of the La Plata Mountains by the Mancos River. In the canyon thus formed and its miles of tributaries, are found the houses of the Ancients—the Cliff Dwellers. They are almost hidden away in the many natural caves and under the overhanging cliffs, more than a thousand feet above the bed of the canyon.

"In the construction of the buildings, no regular plan was followed. Rooms were added as needed. The masonry was good, bad or indifferent, just as our houses are now—depending upon the construction man's pride in his work. Mud plaster covered all defects in either case. Many modest one- or two-room houses were stuck around in available crevices or ledges. But to be thoroughly fashionable, a home required at least one circular room or *kiva*. Generally, this *kiva* was built at a lower level than the main rooms of the building. Some of the ruins show as many as twenty of these *kivas* and they probably represented as many different clans, clubs or ceremonial orders.

"Often the altars were still in position and the walls of the rooms were decorated with figures of animals or symbolic designs, the most common being the 'T' or 'Tah'—emblem of eternal life.

"The ruin where the trapper claimed he had found the cloth was an interesting structure from an architectural viewpoint. We named it 'Balcony House.' It was doubtful if either the loom or the cloth ever existed, because the room the man referred to nearly always had water standing in it. Cloth would have rotted or have been carried off by trader rats centuries before. Balcony House was located in the main part of Cliff Cañon and because it was easily reached, it was pretty well cleaned out before we ever saw it, probably by pothunters. Hayden did not mention it in his reports.

"We reached the building by climbing jagged rocks in front of the main ruin. The inhabitants themselves had used notched poles. We also found a part of a ladder in Balcony House left there by the Ancients.

"Brownstone Front and Balcony House were the same ruins. Brownstone Front was about the first explored. Like in Balcony House, the pothunters had removed whatever was loose in the rooms. These two large ruins, as well as the smaller ones in Cliff Cañon, had been thoroughly raided of the surface treasures. Fortunately, pothunters come in the same category as other 'souvenir swipers'—they seldom go beneath the surface.

"We cleaned out the debris carefully and began making discoveries. To get the first collection together represented endless hours of cautious labor under difficult working conditions. By the time we reached a stopping place, we felt that we had passed the first introductions and were on friendly terms with the folks who had lived there—'once upon a time.'

"A lot of the excavating literally meant digging out specimens with tablespoons and knives in order not to damage anything. Each piece was listed by number as it was removed. Then there was the packing with plenty of shock-proof insulation to get the pottery out of the canyons on horseback. We worked, studied and made notes of our observations.

"When the first collection was bought, it was for a very nominal sum, certainly not wages for five men. We didn't expect to get more money than just enough to be able to stock what supplies we needed (that couldn't be raised on the ranch) to go down into the canyons again. So feeling encouraged, and firmly convinced that we had opened a new door to the world of archaeology, we went back seeking old worlds to conquer. Thus began eighteen years of hard, grueling work, but to us a labor of love.

"IN MANCOS Cañon we found the Round Tower, and what was more intriguing, the cliff above was covered with hieroglyphics. However, Navajo Cañon and its branches—*that* was our own—our own first original discoveries. None of these groups had been incorporated in the Hayden reports or the Jackson photographs, possibly because of the inaccessible location or because of hostile Indians.

"We let the ranch slip into secondary consideration. We went forth prepared to blaze trails. We took care of the Indian situation by feeding them. Not many called, however, because of their superstitious fear of the proximity of the dead, regardless of the era of interment.

"When we rode into Navajo Cañon and found the ruins there, we felt that our world was rolled back unknown centuries. It was so much like treading 'holy ground' to go into the peaceful looking homes of a vanished people. It is something you have to experience to appreciate. It recurred again and again as we found new houses, untouched through all those long years.

"Everything seemed to be as the original inhabitants had left it. We knew if we did not break into that charmed world, someone else would, sometime—someone who might not love and respect those emblems of antiquity as we did. It was a strange feeling—that perhaps this had all been given to our keeping to care for, at least until someone else would do it more capably than we.

"There in Navajo Cañon was the Square Tower House. Directly across the canyon was the Watch Tower, and just above them—Spruce Tree House. In a branch canyon were Spring House and Step House, both evidently under the supervising guardianship of the Watch Tower which overlooked the territory for miles around. On up the canyon was Long House and there were smaller dwellings in a group in Mountain Sheep Cañon.

"Our father was never able to take an

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active part in the work among the ruins because of his poor health, but his interest was steadfast. He and I decided it was time to acquaint the general public with the archaeology of the Southwest.

"SPURRED by our father's encouragement, we went at the second collection with fresh enthusiasm. We swallowed dirt, dust and dried-up cliff dwellers until we could almost read their hieroglyphics on the walls of the caverns and mud-smeared rooms and *estufas*.

"We carried equipment up cliffs, down canyons, over mesa tops, through mud and snow; and at night camped under the overhanging cliffs where we could let our imaginations run riot.

"It was a great deal more exciting than hunting gold because we never knew what we might find next. The beautiful, fragile pieces of pottery had to be carefully wrapped and carried on foot down to the main canyons where our horses were. There was no way to hurry the job without damaging something, so we worked slowly. When our exhibit was ready, we catalogued the articles, packed everything, and shipped the exhibit to Durango, all ready to educate the public.

"To our complete dismay, the public didn't particularly care about being educated. We opened our exhibit, gave a few lectures about it, decided Durango was too small to be interested in anything excepting civic betterment activities, and went on to Pueblo. We lived through a short session there, meeting indifference verging on ridicule.

"We simply couldn't believe it! We were too young, all in our twenties, and too inexperienced to know when we were licked. So, with 'heads bloody, but unbowed,' we decided to take Denver by storm, sure that we would find enthusiastic audiences there.

"I shudder to think of Denver, even now. We needed a smart press agent, and advance bookings, I guess. Anyway, just before leaving Denver, flat broke, we met with the art director of the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition. He decided we had just what he needed to fill out his part of that exhibit. He paid us what we thought was a fair price and we were grateful. We didn't have money to pay the freight on our exhibit back to Mancos, or even to get back there ourselves.

"He later reserved space at the Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893, erected a fairly good replica of a cliff with a cliff dwelling and placed everything in as near the original positions as the people, themselves, might have used them as could be done—pottery, baskets, implements of bone and stone.

"Richard went to Chicago and worked with him on the exhibit, then stayed with it as he was the most fluent talker of the bunch, and being the oldest, always represented the rest of us.

But that finished our excursions to educate the public!"

Author's Note: The Government Awards book of the Columbian Exposition published in 1901 makes no mention of this exhibit, bearing out the evidence that the Wetherills stated the ruins were of no consequence in the eyes of the Government.

Spruce Tree House. Note the overhanging ledge.

"IT WAS about six years from the first excavations until the discovery of Cliff Palace. One day in 1887 or 1888, Richard, Dr. Cummings and I started out to see what new ruins we might find. We left the horses and scattered out, each taking a different route.

"I went up and around and across canyons and mesa tops until nearly dusk. I was all in, but thought I would make just one more climb to see what there might be in a branch canyon I'd passed earlier in the day. I entered the other canyon, dog-tired and deciding I'd better meet the others before dark.

"Then I looked up and saw the towers and tops of the buildings of Cliff Palace. In the blue dusk and the silence, it had all the appearance of a mirage. The solemn grandeur of those outlines was breathtaking. I walked in close and stood looking up at the ruins in surprised awe. I had hoped to find some unexplored dwellings, but this discovery surpassed my wildest dreams. I gauged the steep walls of the canyon against my tired legs and the ebbing daylight and turned slowly away. It would wait . . . it had waited for hundreds of years for the moment of discovery.

"I met Richard and Dr. Cummings near the mouth of the fork. They had become anxious and started out to look for me. I told them about the ruins and we intended to return promptly, but the pressure of ranch duties took over, so we had to postpone the exploration. That is why it was several months later before they were 'rediscovered.'

"Charles Mason and Richard were hunting lost cattle along the rim of the canyon. Their search took them within sight of the cliffs where my huge ruins slept in the winter sunshine. They recognized the ruins immediately from my description, but then, even when they carved their names to mark the discovery, there was the feeling that the eerie sight could not be a reality. When they excitedly brought the story home, the ranch was once more relegated to second place.

"Looking over the magnificence of the ruins, Richard titled them 'Cliff Palace.' More than ever, we experienced the strange feeling that comes when you know you are the first to set foot in homes that have been deserted for centuries. We felt the owners watching us curiously, wondering who these aliens were that invaded their sanctuaries, and why?

"Things were arranged in the rooms just as if the people were out visiting somewhere and might return any minute. Perfect specimens of pottery on the floors and other convenient locations—stone implements and household equipment where the housewives had last used the articles; evidence of children 'playing house' even as children do now. The *kivas* where the men congregated still had the ancient ashes of fires long dead. There was no indication of violence toward the people themselves, but the greater part of the immense building had been pulled apart and the timbers in the roofs and floors removed.

"We wondered about the Spaniards and their insatiable search for gold being responsible for the depredations. It wasn't pothunters, because the ordinary household articles were untouched. Nor were there any signs of fire. The timbers had plainly been taken out and carried away, leaving the walls standing and everything else completely unmolested. Mummies found indicated natural deaths. To complete the evidence of absolute isolation of the dwellings, there was a buzzard's

(Continued on page 52)

Geronimo and some members of his band who did surrender

"THEY SHALL PERISH FROM THE EARTH"

By DAVE HOPKINS

Photos Courtesy Author

THE MORNING of October 15, 1927, a group of people were riding through a forest in the occidental Sierra Madre range on the border of Sonora and Chihuahua, Mexico. It was Indian Summer. Brooks were full from recent rains, flowers were in bloom, bees and butterflies were to be seen flitting about in the sunlight as rancher Francisco Fimbres and his family rode along toward their mountain ranch. The party consisted of the father, his wife, a boy of four, and a baby girl in arms. They were traveling on horseback and were quite weary, having departed from the village of Nacori Chico several days before.

Fimbres and his wife were aware that there had been rumors of a band of Apache Indians in this locality. As they made their way uphill, the wife was ahead with the four-year-old son riding behind the saddle. Fimbres followed with the baby. He was leading his mount to save him all he could for the long day's ride ahead.

Suddenly and without warning, the Apaches turned a fusillade of rifle fire into the climbing party, felling Mrs. Fimbres first. Mortally wounded, she rolled several yards down the hillside. The boy fell from the horse and began screaming from fright. Fimbres, with the baby still in his arms, snatched his rifle from the scabbard on the saddle and, in the thick of the shooting, made his way down the hill to cover without being hit. He started returning the fire to the treacherous Indians, sending them into certain retreat.

When the firing ceased, Fimbres observed that his wife was dead from a bullet and that her head had been nearly severed by a knife. His son was missing, and Fimbres felt sure he had been taken captive.

He sadly mounted his horse and retreated in the direction of his home village. Upon arrival there, on his fatigued horse and with a terrible heartache, he was met by indignant neighbors.

Without rest or food and accompanied by many angry companions, he returned to the mountain to bury his wife and to try for revenge on the Apaches.

AFTER the burial, a group of experienced trackers and woodsmen struck out on the trail of the wary Indians. This was not to be an easy assignment, as the older members of this band of renegades were Geronimo-trained, having escaped far into the Sierra Madre when Geronimo surrendered to the U. S. Cavalry troops at Skeleton Canyon, Arizona, near the Mexican border.

Several days' effort to locate the renegades produced nothing but sign where Indians were in hurried retreat, having observed the posse en route to the mountain.

Fimbres and his men returned to their home at Nacori Chico, acquired fresh mounts and another supply of food, and returned to their pursuit, but this time under the leadership of Fimbres' father-in-law, Felipe Grajeda.

The Sonora State Government had amply furnished them with arms, ammunition and supplies, but in December this expedition encountered terrible cold and privations and were forced, after a few weeks, to return home for more food and to let their horses rest.

Several assaults were made between 1927 and 1930, when a new expedition was formed with its object set at vengeance and death to the Apache band, and an oath to exterminate the Apache tribe of the Sierra Madre and the murderers of Mrs. Fimbres. Leading the posse again was the able-bodied Grajeda, with Fimbres at his side burning with a desire for revenge and a chance to regain possession of his captive son.

THE FIRST SIGN to be observed was a huge column of signal smoke which left no doubt that the Indians were near. The men also saw horse tracks shod Apache style (a cowhide boot over the horse's hoof). This practice had earned them the name, "Moccasin John" Indians, by the Diamond A cowboys whose camps the Indians were accustomed to raiding for food and tobacco at times.

The tracks led off in the direction of the signal smokes and the posse divided into singles and doubles to file through the forest in the direction of the enemy.

This being June 19, and at a time when summer rains were due, a sudden cloudburst washed out all tracks and sign, and put out the smoke signal fires. Due to the difficult terrain and sharp ridges, progress was slow as the posse plodded silently ahead.

As the going grew slowly worse for horseback travel, the men dismounted, tying their horses in the thick brush. Being out of sight of each other, the horses soon started to whinny, and at that instant a mounted group of the enemy could be seen high on a ridge above.

A lone squaw stood behind a rock for breastworks and fired into the ranks of the posse to delay them so that the raiding Apache band might escape into the higher reaches of the mountain. One of the more daring of Fimbres' men slipped to within good firing range of the rear guard. Spurred on by cold-blooded determination, he shot the squaw through the center of the body, felling her to the bottom of a ravine.

The Indians were headed toward the protection of the caves and recesses of the Sierra Madre. Their trail was marked by food that had been abandoned by the fleeing band. Farther on, some horses and pack mules were found, as well as the horse that Mrs. Fimbres had been riding the day she was killed. The posse also found a third dead Indian and blood trails indicating more were wounded, but the chase had to be abandoned.

The men returned to the deep ravine, recovered the body of the squaw, and before burial the elaborately made buck-

Fimbres made this vow and kept it. Six long years of waiting—ten perilous trips into the Sierra Madre—nothing could deter him from his oath to kill . . .

skin dress was removed from her body. This and several other Apache artifacts were presented by Fimbres to the Sonora State Normal School in Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico.

The possemen made their way back to their home base on weary mounts, grateful that they hadn't lost any of their number in battle. While having their first evening meal on their homeward journey, one of the expeditionary band, for what he took to be a good joke, removed an Indian's head from a burlap bag he had tied to his saddle, unbeknown to his comrades, and commenced rolling the head toward one of the other men with the remark that this was a tasty new dish and to have a helping of it. About the third roll, it went in the direction of Grajeda, who pulled his gun and demanded that the joke come to a halt and that a hole be dug and the gruesome trophy buried.

AFTER a few months, Fimbres, unable to forget the death of his wife and his son captive in the hands of the Indians, became restless. But these expeditions into the mountains were expensive and no one in the village was financially able to furnish supplies. Fimbres decided to again ask help from the Governor of the State of Sonora.

After several days on horseback he arrived at the capital with the Indian squaw's dress and other artifacts hanging from his saddle horn. He was met by the Governor and was given a substantial grant to carry on the war against the Apaches. In a few days Fimbres was home and rested, and ready to organize another party for the perilous trip into the Sierra Madre.

Fimbres, however, failed to take into consideration that the rains were again due in that area. The men traveled and slept in wet clothing and blankets, and their horses had difficulty traveling in the deep mud. But Fimbres, with Grajeda at his side, was on his tenth expedition with the intent of bloody revenge.

The rains were merciless, but the posse saw tracks and signal smokes and other indications of the Indians. About midmorning one of the men discovered something strange hanging from a tree. Going near the object, he recognized it to be the body of Fimbres' son hanging there dead, dressed in tribal clothing. The boy had been struck with sharp objects about the head and there was evidence of several blows which could have brought death to the youngster, now seven years of age. But his face was left untouched to enable the father to make positive identification.

Tears streamed down Fimbres' face as he gazed upon his murdered child. The posse pushed on with renewed vigor, but once more were unable to make contact with the enemy. The villagers returned to home base with the boy's body wrapped in canvas for burial.

Fimbres felt there was need for another immediate assault. For this, sturdy volunteer mountain men were plentiful, but financial assistance to arm and feed these men who were so willing to help at the risk of their own lives, was lacking.

In the month of August, 1932, Fimbres rode to the capitol at Hermosillo to see the Governor about more aid for food and supplies, but was allotted only enough to finance his return trip home. After this experience, Fimbres was terribly discouraged and passed the next year figuring out a plan by which the Indians could be exterminated.

THE RENEGADES, not having been molested for some time, became very brave and began to raid the ranches near the village and drive away horses and cattle. They made the mistake one evening of raiding a ranch named "The Laurels," and its ever alert owner, Garcia, saw them driving away his stock. The Indians were frightened by the cowman's rifle fire and departed swiftly in the direction of their mountain retreat, leaving one of their band behind, dead.

Garcia, at the side of the corpse, discovered a child crying for its dead mother, having been tied to her back during the raid. He took the child in his arms so it would not wander away and followed the fleeing savages into their brushy hideout, firing into their ranks at short intervals.

When Garcia rode into the village with the papoose and gave the story of the raid on his ranch, the indignant people called another expedition and placed Ramon Hurtado in charge. He was accompanied by twelve volunteers, men seasoned in the saddle. The sturdy Garcia was one of the twelve.

In April 1933, this new posse departed in the direction of the Indian hideaway in the Sierra Madre range. Citizens of the neighboring village of Bacadehuichi heard of it and decided to send a group to assist Hurtado, under the supervision of their own Isidro Mora.

On April 17, at the very break of dawn, the Mora men observed mysterious figures moving in the brush a short distance ahead. Shortly, murmuring conversation could be heard and, at that very instant, blazing blistering rifle fire came whizzing over the heads of the possemen. With haste Mora divided his men into groups to intercept the movement of the Indians.

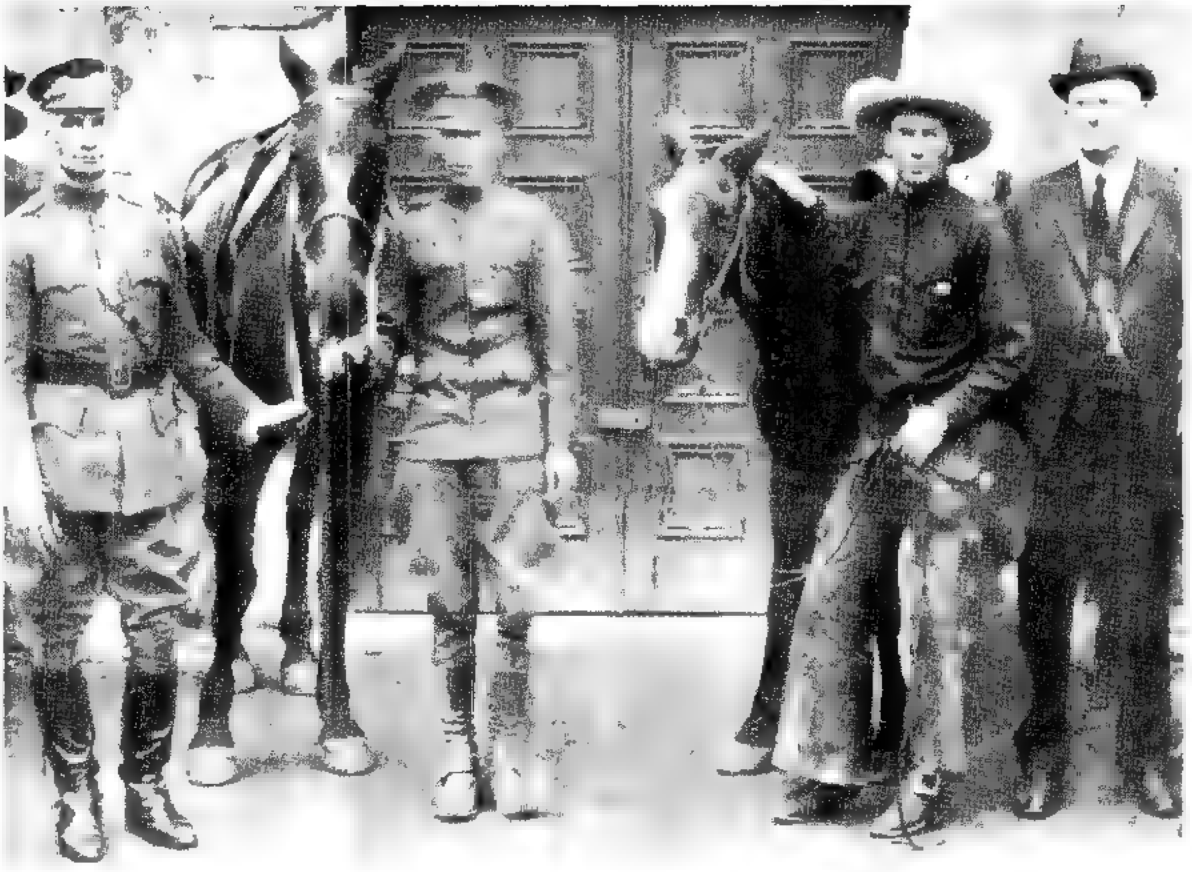
Very soon the battle for supremacy was in full blast, with the savages behind rocks and bushes, and possemen trying to gain advantage via some small ravines. Mora's effort to penetrate the stronghold was terribly hot and slow on account of enemy rifle fire, but he succeeded in affecting a man-to-man struggle. On several occasions an Apache woman could be heard screaming in the semi-darkness as a Mora man plunged a knife into her body or shot her brave to the ground.

When the firing ceased, about twenty Indians were dead and three were wound-

(Continued on page 57)

These pictures taken in the Sierra Madre show clearly the wild and rugged terrain which faced the search parties. The man below is Juan Pedrego, a guide.

Both in riders and in horseflesh, it was a competition of champions and it settled an old argument in the Southwest!



The contestants were photographed at the end of the race. From left: Major Allen, Coronado, Sergeant Linden, A.W.O.L., and Key Dunne. The fourth man is believed to be promoter Tex Austin.

Cavalryman versus Cowboy

THE RACE which was to prove once and for all whether the Cavalryman or the Cowboy was the better horseman took place January 13-17, 1922. There were two starting points: Dallas, Texas, and a neighboring city, Fort Worth. The end of the race was to be the Remount Depot at Camp Travis, just outside Fort Sam Houston at San Antonio, Texas. The routes were chosen by the promoters with checking points all along both.

Since frontier days there has been an argument, wherever cattlemen and cavalrymen have gathered, as to who was better on horseback. The Cavalryman, sent west to protect rancher and settler, has always been noted for his horsemanship and appreciation of good horseflesh. The Cowboy, whose living was made "on the back of his horse" has similarly been recognized as an expert horseman and a lover of good horses.

It took a young army officer stationed at San Antonio, Texas, and Key Dunne, famous rodeo rider from Sierra Blanca, Texas, who at one time had been the wagon boss of the well known 4,000,000-acre T. O. Ranch in Chihuahua, Mexico, to settle the question.

In a recent interview with General Terry Allen (Retired), who represented the Army, and who now lives in El Paso with his gracious wife, the former Mary Frances Robinson, I got a story of sportsmanship which shed credit on both contenders in this exciting contest.

MAJOR TERRY ALLEN had been transferred, at the request of Colonel Philip Corbusier, to San Antonio. The Colonel hoped that the young officer would bring honors to Fort Sam Houston with his expert polo game. Polo in the 1920s was just as much a part of a cavalry post as target practice, drill or maneuvers. Horse shows and polo matches were a "must" at all sizable posts and afforded great entertainment for all the country.

"I well remember the morning," General Allen said, "that I was summoned to the office of Colonel Corbusier. He said that both Tex Austin, rodeo promoter, and the Cattlemen's Association President, wanted to put on a riding contest between a cowboy and a cavalryman. I said it sounded like an interesting idea.

"'Who will represent the Army?' I asked.

"'You will,' the colonel replied nonchalantly, adding quickly, 'We expect you to win, of course.'

"That took the wind out of my sails for a minute," the General admitted, "but I knew, of course, that I'd ride the race. It was a challenge worthy of any horseman."

Colonel Corbusier explained that the race was to last from Friday, January 13 to Tuesday the 17th, with the rodeo continuing another week. The race would cover 300 miles, and its promotion was expected to bring huge crowds to San Antonio for the rodeo and to provide much excitement for all the towns along the route.

The riders were to meet at the Alamo in San Antonio on Wednesday, January 18, when the winner would be officially announced.

"To make the match as fair as possible, we were given about ten days to prepare the horses for the long ride. I was allowed to choose any mount from our regular Army stable. I chose a big black horse named Coronado who was a combination of quarter horse and thoroughbred, one of the finest breeding combinations. The quarter horse is quick, very fast for a short distance, and very trainable; the thoroughbred has magnificent speed and stamina.

"In height and weight Key Dunne and I were about even. But I've always thought I had an edge on the race because Sergeant Linden, the man who had charge of Coronado, was the best horseman I've ever known. Before coming to the United States he had been in the Swedish Cavalry, and he knew his animals.

"I drew Dallas as my starting point—the Adolphus Hotel. My route was from Dallas to Waco, Waco to Temple, Temple to Austin, Austin to San Antonio. Each rider had complete charge of his horse all during the race."

"Were you allowed to ride as many miles as you wanted to each day?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the General, "we were given that privilege. I'm sure the judges knew we wouldn't punish our horses by riding hard without giving them rest and feed. One of the points we were to be judged on at the finish of the race was the condition of our mounts."

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By KNOLES-PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Authors

A recent picture of General and Mrs. Allen taken in their El Paso home

Key Dunne's friends, knowing him to be a top-hand who spent many hours every day in the saddle, were betting on Dunne and his mustang, A.W.O.L., as having the most "staying" power. Also Dunne would be riding a Western saddle while the Major would be riding the regulation Army saddle for which the majority of cowboys had little appreciation.

Major Allen had recently returned from active service overseas, where he had proved he had endurance beyond that of most men—and he liked the Army saddle.

People in San Antonio were going wild with the spirit of the race, and money could be had on either man. Some oldsters who still remember the race claim that enough money was bet on it to have built "a dang big battleship."

IN OUTWARD APPEARANCES, at least, on that morning of January 13, there was great contrast in the riders. Key Dunne wore a gay plaid shirt and 'kerchief, cowboy jacket, fine chaps, Stetson hat and fancy, handmade boots. His saddle and bridle were trimmed in silver. He was a colorful figure.

Major Allen wore the regulation Army uniform with polished cavalry boots, stiff-brimmed banded hat, and plain leather gloves. His bridle and saddle were regular Army issue.

Crowds of well-wishers gathered to see the contestants off, both in Dallas and Fort Worth, with newsmen and photographers present to take pictures for newspapers along the way. The small towns turned out to a man to greet the riders as they passed through.

The weather had been cloudy and drizzly, and General Allen remembers that there was a torrential rainstorm on Sunday which lasted until mid-afternoon, when a feeble sun burst through the clouds.

"I had huddled down in the saddle all day, cold, wet and miserable. Coronado slid and splashed through mud and water on roads that, for the most part, were unpaved.

"During the afternoon, after the sun began to shine, we rode by a small house where a Mexican woman was preparing to wash. Several kettles and tubs of hot water were waiting for her rubboard when I rode up and stopped beside her. I offered her three dollars for the hot water and some rags to rub my horse down, and she accepted with alacrity. After giving Coronado that good hot bath and rubdown, I got back into the saddle and my horse pranced down the muddy road with the energy and enthusiasm of a young colt. I think that was the best bargain I ever made."

It was a race that no one in the Dallas-Fort Worth, San Antonio or Austin area was ever to forget. The San Antonio *Light*, Sunday, January 20, 1952 carried a re-cap of the event.

"It was 30 years ago this month when Terry Allen, then a Major in Uncle Sam's Army, bested Cowboy Key Dunne in a 300-mile horseback endurance race from Dallas and Fort Worth to Alamo Plaza.

"More than an hour before the race was scheduled to finish, a crowd gathered at Alamo Plaza and lined both sides of the streets as far as Avenue D, several blocks to the north.

"Cheers heralded the arrival of the two riders and their escort of a half-dozen cowboys led by "Tex" O'Reilly.

"That neither animal showed signs of injury spoke well for the care each rider gave his mount. The condition of the riders was evidenced by the fact that Dunne followed his ride by taking part in the bronc-busting contest all four days at the Speedway while Allen played an important game of polo at Camp Travis the very afternoon the race was completed.

"Old-timers still agree the decision brought to an end one of the most grueling tests of riding endurance ever held in the U.S."

It was 2:45 o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 17, that Major Allen rode into the Remount Depot at Camp Travis. He had ridden the distance of 300 miles in 101 hours and 56 minutes. Key Dunne arrived at the Remount Depot at 10:30 o'clock on Tuesday night, 7 hours and 34 minutes behind Major Allen.

There was a warm, hay-bedded stable and good feed for both horses, and willing hands were waiting to give both mustang and cavalry horse the care they deserved. *(Continued on page 48)*

The photograph below was made in front of the historic Alamo when the winner of the race was announced.

KING of the California Wilderness

By GARY L. ROBERTS

Photos Courtesy Author

CUT INTO the gnarled trunk of a huge oak tree at the top of the *Canada de los Uvas* (Grapevine Canyon) near the site of old Fort Tejon in the lower San Joaquin Valley, California, is this inscription: "I H S (cross mark) PETER LEBECK KILLED BY A X BEAR OCTr 17, 1837." This ancient oak marks the first burial place of a white man in Kern County.

Lebeck, as far as can be learned, was a member of a party of Hudson's Bay trappers led by Michel La Framboise. Lebeck had fired upon and wounded a grizzly, which had turned upon him and killed him beneath the tree. The Southern California or Sonora grizzly (largest and most ferocious of all bears) was known to the early inhabitants of California as an "X" bear because of a darkening of the hair along the back and shoulders which formed an X. Whether they were aware of it or not, the Frenchmen were in the very heart of the "big bear" country. Since the main food of the grizzly, when not on a meat diet, was acorns, and this was the acorn season, it is probable that a herd of the beasts were foraging beneath the oak when the ill-fated shot was fired.

Lebeck did have his post-mortem revenge however. The wounded animal died on the spot, for various records state that the skull lay beside the grave for many years. The *Canada de los Uvas* was a hunters' resort, and in 1853 Major Pierson B. Reading counted scores of skulls in the immediate vicinity.

Until the coming of the white man and during the Spanish occupation, grizzly bear hunting was not a pursuit in California. As Governor Arillaga wrote in 1810: "The only business we had with the huge beasts was to keep distance between us and them." This safe course of action accounts for the fact that few encounters with grizzlies are recorded in the history of Spanish rule. Later, Indian vaqueros, when assailed, used their lariats to capture and "wrap" the animals into submission while a companion administered the *coup de grace* with rifle or knife.

The *Californios*, big, blond, blue-eyed Spaniards, made a sport of this pastime by lassoing and tying the beasts, and transporting them to the settlements such as Los Angeles. There they were matched against bulls in pits. Thirty years ago the outlines of one of these pits was still visible in the section known as "Old Los Angeles," at the lower end of Castelar Street. The pit itself was originally about twelve feet in depth and thirty feet in diameter; its inclined runway had a huge oaken drop door at the bottom.

The spot where Peter Lebeck was killed, showing the tree that bore the story of the tragic events. The inscription was copied word for word into the stone monument in the foreground.

THE HUNTERS who came later fit into several categories. Owners of the big ranchos were sportsmen of the first order, but they combined the sport of grizzly hunting with hard-headed business acumen, coupled with a sort of hatred for the giant beasts. This is understandable, since a larger number of cattle were lost to grizzlies than to all other sources.

With the advent of gold mining, market hunters entered the field, despite the fact that boot soles were more edible than grizzly meat!

The widespread eating of grizzly bear meat in the mining camps came about by accident. During the winter of 1849, a Negro miner was passing through some underbrush near the settlement of Mud Springs (later Eldorado), when he came face to face with a grizzly. Horrified, he whirled about to run. The bear struck him a glancing blow with one paw, stripping his clothing down to his ankles, and lacerating him in a horrible manner. The Negro did not own a gun, but quickly drew his Bowie knife and stabbed the bear. He fled the scene and soon ran into some fellow miners. After having his wounds dressed, he returned to the scene with a heavily armed group of men. They found the bear dead on the ground, its heart severed in half. The beast dressed out at over 1,100 pounds, and sold at $1.25 per pound. The Negro quickly disposed of his claim and tools, purchased a rifle and revolver, and became a market hunter.

Alexander Godey, who later became chief hunter for Fremont on his first two expeditions, was a connoisseur of bear meat. Shortly after the death of Peter Lebeck, he and four friends went into the Tejon country to "kill off a herd or two." His companions were famous men, who would never settle for small Monterey bears as had the Negro hunter, but who were after the king of beasts—*Ursus magister*.

In addition to Godey, there was John Nugent, who held the record for killing grizzlies with a total of 184; James Caperton, who was next in line with a total of 172; Edward Beale, who later became a famous Indian Commissioner; and Captain Jack Hays, who was to become one of the most famous Texas Rangers. Within a week they sighted more than 200

Grapevine Canyon has been called the grizzly's slaughterhouse. It was there that the great beast killed—and was itself killed—with a viciousness rarely found in the annals of North American hunting

grizzlies, and killed 21. Finding themselves short on food, they decided, against the advice of Godey, to prepare some steaks from a young female bear.

Godey swore that he would eat "anything that walks, crawls or flies—except grizzly." He watched gleefully as his comrades attempted to eat the steaks. When they finally gave up in disgust, he cut off and cooked the bear's feet, which, he informed them, was the only part of a grizzly that could be eaten.

ANOTHER category of grizzly bear hunting was represented by only one man, James Capen "Grizzly" Adams. He arrived in the Golden State, as he himself said, "with a total capital of one old wagon, a yoke of oxen, a Kentucky rifle of a caliber that shot bullets weighing twenty to the pound, a Tennessee rifle with a bore one-third that size, a Colt's revolver, several Bowie knives, and several blankets." This unique man devoted his life to capturing and exhibiting the most powerful American beast, the grizzly.

The old hunter was sorry that, in order to capture the cubs he wished to train, he had first to kill the mother. Following a thousand wild adventures, he founded the Pacific Museum in San Francisco, where he exhibited some of his bears. Early morning risers in San Francisco often came upon Adams leading one of the giant bears through the streets, and promptly gave him the right of way. Adams named his bears and would call them by name. Two of them, Benjamin Franklin and Samson, were suckled by a greyhound. The dog he named Rambler, and it accompanied him, along with Ben Franklin, in his quest for other cubs.

Upon one occasion, when Ben was only a yearling, Adams was charged by a wounded she-grizzly. The young bear heroically took the charge, and was cuffed to the ground by a powerful blow. With the greyhound yapping at her heels, the old bear was distracted, and Ben Franklin sprang again to the attack and was again smacked flat. Bloody and bruised, the young bear ran away, but Adams had gained time enough to reload, and shot the old grizzly through the heart. At the museum, the hunter often pointed out Ben and remarked, "That bear once saved my life." Whenever Adams camped in the mountains overnight, Ben and Rambler took turns standing watch.

In 1860, Grizzly Adams went back to his old home to live out his life. He had tamed and made friends with beasts of a size and ferocity far superior to that of lions and tigers. In speaking of the old hunter's death, *Hutching's California Magazine* stated in December, 1860: "James Capen Adams, the old, quaint-looking hunter and mountaineer of our state died of an old wound at Neponset, Massachusetts. Poor Adams could stand the cold and exposure of our mountains, but was obliged to succumb to the oppressively hot days and nights of the eastern states."

LIEUTENANT J. W. REVERE of the U. S. Navy was stationed in California in the 1840s, and his favorite sport was hunting grizzlies. The bears had not yet become acquainted with firearms and feared only one animal, the skunk. The dexterity of the vaqueros with horsehair riatas surprised the naval officer. Revere wrote: "When hunting once we noticed a commotion in the brush, and upon approaching discovered a huge grizzly lying therein. . . . He was flat on his back and playing with his paws in the manner of a kitten. Pinole Colorado, our Indian guide, fired two arrows into the beast, which rose to its feet and charged upon us. I emptied two pistols into him without halting the charge, whereupon a half-breed vaquero named Hidalgo threw a riata about his head and soon dispatched him. We had no means of gauging his weight, but his tracks were 22 inches in length and 18 inches across the ball of the foot."

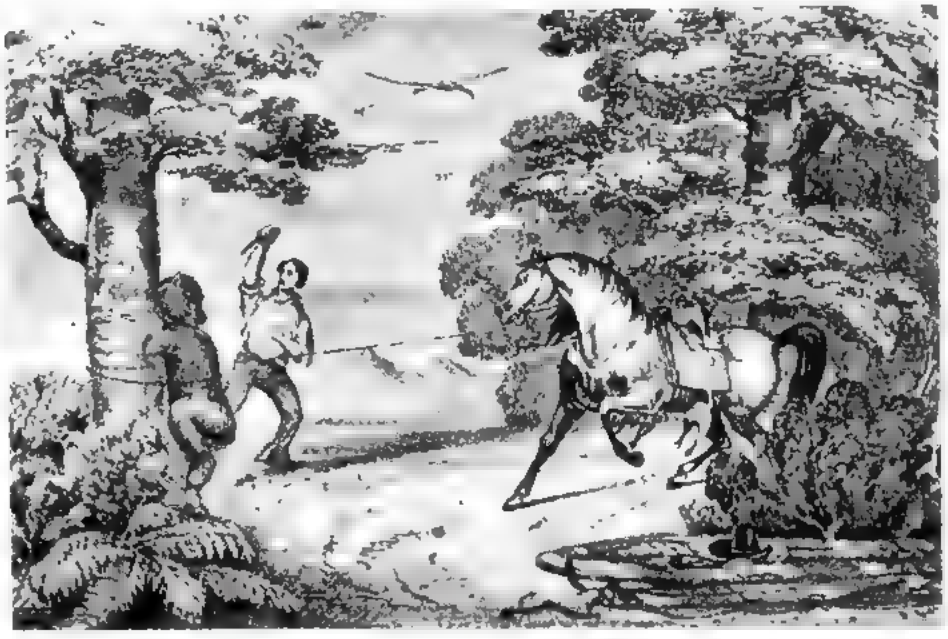
"Baiting" was a common practice among bear hunters. On one occasion Revere took several cronies with him into bear country. They used the carcass of a mare as bait, but nothing happened, and with night coming on, all of the men lay down for a nap. About midnight they were awakened by savage growling. At about the same time the grizzly learned of their presence and came roaring among them. A sea captain went berserk and leaped upon his horse without first untying the animal. His comrades shouted to him to cut the riata, but the frantic seaman paid no attention to them. Finally with the hot breath of the bear in its face, the horse snapped the tether and raced away.

The bear came among the pack-horses, and with two smashing blows, killed a couple of them. Hidalgo, the vaquero, was the only man left on the scene. He sat coolly on his horse, riata in hand, and when the bear showed itself, the vaquero lassoed the huge bear. Maneuvering his horse to keep the slack out of the rope, he called for help, and several men came up and poured a fusillade into the grizzly.

It is probable that Colin Preston killed more grizzlies than any other one man. He was a large, red-bearded native of Arkansas who came around the Horn to California in 1845. He purchased a large rancho near San Luis Obispo, in the heart of the "wild oats country," a haven for the big bears. A great sportsman, he hunted

Adams and his bear, Ben Franklin. The illustration is from Hutching's California Magazine, September 1860.

An 1849 print showing the method used by vaqueros to subdue a grizzly by means of a lariat and a horse. Bears for pit fighting were also captured alive in this manner.



nothing but grizzlies. It was reliably reported that in 1850, his best year, he killed 210 of the animals.

Six years later he lamented that he sometimes had to ride twenty miles to kill a bear! He claimed that in some respects the animals had as much or more sagacity and brain power than men, and sought to prove it by saying that a wounded bear would always head for a patch of greasewood, and pack the wounds with this herb. "All hunters know," he stated, "that greasewood has great medicinal value."

Scores of accounts tell of the method used by the grizzly to bait cattle within reach of killing blows. In a field of wild oats where cattle grazed, and with the wind in its favor, the bear would lie down and roll over and over, causing the tops of the grain to wave. Finally this commotion would attract the attention of the lead bull, and he would come closer and closer. With no other way to solve the enigma, the curious and enraged bull would paw the earth, and charge.

The grizzly would rise to its full height and take the charge upon its chest, and the animals would go to the ground, bellowing and roaring. By the time the bull realized the folly of his actions, it was too late.

DR. CLEMENTS, a medical doctor of San Luis Obispo—and one of the few then in the state—was also a grizzly hunter of note. He was of the "shooting platform" school. One day in the early fall of 1853, he and some friends built a platform in an open field of wild oats. A rider then dragged a dead calf in a half-mile circle, finally tying it to the bottom of the platform. The hunters mounted the stand, ate a prepared lunch, and rested. Nothing happened until the moon rose; then suddenly the platform began to shake violently.

A huge grizzly was pulling at the dead calf. Fearful that the shooting cage would topple, the entire party simultaneously fired their muzzle-loaders through holes in the platform floor but only one of the bullets struck the bear. Roaring with rage, the beast seized one of the corner posts and fairly lifted both men and platform, hurling them to the ground. The doctor fell, directly in front of the beast, and the grizzly seized Clemen's neck and bit through the spine, almost severing the head from his body. Clemens died instantly.

The other men escaped through the oats and made their way to the horses. From that time on no one used shooting platforms. Those who wanted to shoot bears from a height confined themselves to the branches of a sturdy oak. The doctor should have asked the advice of his neighbor, Colin Preston, whose considered opinion it was that the power of a full-grown grizzly was greater than that of a team of oxen.

Several months before this harrowing incident, Colonel William Butts had a remarkable experience with a grizzly in the same neighborhood. On March 29, 1853, he had saddled a horse and was preparing to ride to San Francisco when suddenly one of his servants, an old Mexican man named Pacheco, came running to him breathlessly.

"An old *madre* bear, *Señor!*" he exclaimed, pointing a bloodstained hand toward a nearby ravine. "See, she has bitten! She is wounded, but I have escaped."

Butts' sportsman blood was mounting, and besides he had recently lost several cattle to the bears. He ordered Pacheco to bring his rifle, a famous Kentucky piece,

An old-time bearhunter of Tulare County, California, given the colorful nickname of "Siskiyou Sam"

and shortly the two were riding toward the ravine. Butts rode too close to the edge and the bank gave way throwing him directly in front of the grizzly. He attempted to climb the side of the gully, but the bear was too close. Butts could not fire, for that required time, so he turned quickly and struck, breaking the stock from the rifle. The maddened bear knocked the rest of the weapon from his hands. Pacheco, his own rifle in hand, sat on his horse and did nothing to help, in spite of the Colonel's pleas to shoot.

The old bear crunched Butts' left leg in her teeth, then left him and walked away and sat down. The Colonel again begged Pacheco to shoot, but the servant made no move. The voice, however, seemed to anger the bear, and she came back and again seized the leg in her jaws. Crazed with pain, Butts drew his Bowie knife and stabbed, cutting the left eyeball of the grizzly completely out. The bear retreated, and again the rancher called on his servant.

As before, his voice set the bear on the move, and she again seized his torn leg. The anguished man realized that he could expect no help from his servant, so he made another stroke with the knife, hoping to cut out the remaining eye. The Bowie knife missed its target, but sank into the neck of the bear, severing an artery. At this the bear repeated his onslaught on the lacerated leg, crushing the hip.

The pain was so great that Butts fainted, and when he regained consciousness the bear lay nearby bleeding badly. Thinking that Pacheco might now help him, he called again to his servant. The bear, at the sound of his voice, attempted to rise again, but she was so weak that her hindquarters trailed on the ground. Moaning with rage, and using her forelegs, she dragged herself painfully up to her enemy.

Butts reached up and seized the short hair on both sides of her head. He was pushed backward by the animal until his hands lost their hold, and as the grizzly continued crawling over his body, he reached upward with his knife and ripped out her entrails. He tried to roll clear, but was not quick enough. As a last act the grizzly turned her head and closed her jaws around his skull. Her strength was gone, however, and instead of crushing Butts' head, she tore away only the right ear and part of the scalp. Then the grizzly rolled over and died.

Pacheco, sensing that the animal was dead, now came down to give his master a hand. He carried Butts to a nearby spring where he washed the wounds. The Colonel asked Pacheco why he did not help him. Pacheco smiled and replied, "Each time you called, the bear was not fighting you. If you had not called out, the bear would not have returned each time; therefore, it is certain, *Señor*, that you brought all the trouble on yourself!"

The mangled leg and hip never healed entirely, and from that day on the Colonel had to use a cane when bear-hunting. One ear was missing, and one side of his face was permanently paralyzed.

IT IS NOT STRANGE that men have had more deadly fights with grizzlies in California than in all other western states put together. There were more grizzlies in California, and back in the Sixties and Seventies a common question was, "How did you lose your arm (or leg)?"

The common reply was, "B'ar got it."

John Searles was victor in a bloody hand-to-hand fight with a grizzly. He was a market hunter for miners after the Mother Lode was gone, and the Kern River gold fields had come into being. Searles left the brand new town of Visalia one day in 1857, and went into the mountains in search of game. He found a nice deer, a buck, which he shot. The deer rolled into the ever-present ravine. Dismounting, he peered down into the wash and saw that a big she-grizzly was nosing around the buck. Searles quickly reloaded, took careful aim, and placed a bullet in the bear's brain.

He rushed down to claim both prizes, only to find himself facing the mate of the dead bear, which reared up before him. Searles tried to reload his muzzle-loader, but his fingers were almost frozen and the bear was almost upon him, so he did the next best thing and shoved the rifle down the bear's throat. Angered by this, the grizzly smacked the weapon away and charged. Searles tried to run, but slipped on the snow, and was cuffed flat. The blow broke both his jaws. He tried to draw his knife, but the bear seized his shoulder and crushed it, tore off Searles' biceps, raked his chest, ripped off his scalp, and knocked out his remaining teeth.

The hunter rolled over and over in the snow, out of reach of the animal, and finally succeeded in drawing his knife. Even though he was weak, he met the charge of the bear, driving his knife to the hilt in the bear's chest. Surprised to find so much fight left in his enemy, the bear backed away. Searles followed, driving the knife into the back of the bear's neck again and again, slashing the spine.

With the grizzly dead, the wounded man crawled out of the ravine toward his horse, but the bear scent that he carried with him frightened the animal, and it bolted and raced away. Searles fainted from loss of blood.

Several hours later, after a light snowfall had almost obscured him, two prospectors found the wounded man and rigged up a hammock between their horses in which they carried him to Visalia. They thought he would surely die, but a skillful doctor there saved the arm and wired Searles' jaws until they were healed.

Within a month the hunter was hobbling about with the aid of a cane, and

(Continued on page 69)

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Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

TWO MINUTES TO LIVE

By DEN GALBRAITH

Old John wasn't a claim jumper and he wasn't a gunman, but he found himself in deep trouble and there was nobody—seemingly—around to help!

AN INCIDENT in the Mimbres Mountains in the summer of 1883 made a "believer" out of John Sanderson, an old prospector who headquartered in El Paso during the off-season.

"A prospector gets some queer ideas in his head when he's out all alone in the mountains," Sanderson said. "Half of them believe in ghosts, nine out of ten in signs, and about all of them in luck. My own experience has changed my views in a good many particulars, and, for one thing, it has made me a firm believer in special Providence. It didn't come about gradually, but through a marvelous escape from as awful a death as, I believe, ever falls to man."

During the late summer and early fall of 1882, John had placered a bit in streams heading up in the Mimbres Mountains, northeast of Silver City, New Mexico. He found no rich placers, but had colors in nearly every pan. When winter threatened, the old-timer cleared out for El Paso. Thinking it over that winter, he hankered to get back to the Mimbres and find the "parent ledge" that "threw off" the fine placer gold. Sanderson discussed his ideas with Charley Burke, an old-timer friend. Burke agreed to throw in with Sanderson.

Early in the spring, they purchased burros and the necessary tools, and started out. The country about the Mimbres was still wild, desolate, and a far piece from town. Working their way upstream, John and Charley panned and counted colors until they came to a stretch of stream which proved barren. Backtracking to the last show of colors, they began pitting and trenching along the sides of the gulch. One morning Sanderson's pick sank into a vein of crumbly, rotten quartz, streaked with thin "yellow threads."

"Charley!" he yelled, all afire. We've struck it!"

Charley dogtrotted over to examine the outcrop. For a few minutes the partners gloated over their success. Before they exploited their find, they tried to determine the strike of the vein. It led them uphill. As they followed the vein along the slope, they came across a shaft with a discovery notice which had been posted by Peter Summer and Joseph Klautzy on the Big Six claim. With a bit of checking, the partners found the Big Six covered the entire outcropping vein, even possible extensions on either end.

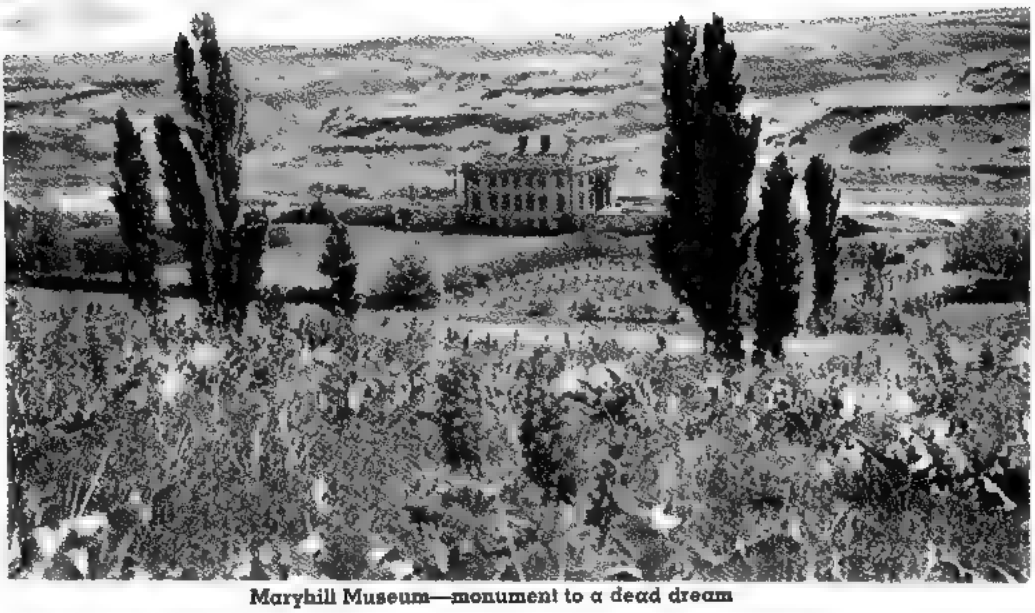
Disappointed and disgruntled, the old-timers sat down to debate about their rotten luck. Then Burke had a thought. Maybe the shaft hadn't been dug deep enough for the original locators to hold their claim for a year, as required by law. They measured the hole. Sure enough, it was only half deep enough, making the claim invalid with respect to the locators. The two prospectors took possession and went to work immediately, calling their claim "The Treasury."

THEY BUILT a crude cabin, rigged up a windlass, and began to sink the shaft deeper. Before long, they found values rich enough "to make a man's head swim," and getting better with depth. Both miners begrudged the time spent sleeping and eating. Often they wondered what became of Summer and Klautzy. After a few days their provisions ran low. With good ore showing up, they hesitated about both leaving the prospect at the same time. So John stayed on. Burke took the two burros and headed for the nearest settlement, fifty miles away, estimating he would be gone a week.

John continued work on the shaft. He rigged up a cross-bar ladder, going through the monotonous routine of climbing down, filling the bucket, climbing up, windlassing the bucket to the surface and dumping it, then repeating the cycle again and again. It was slow, tedious, hard work, but he didn't mind when he could see visible gold in the quartz.

After lunch the second day, John left the cabin to head for the shaft. He hesitated. He thought he saw a man crossing a shallow gulch in a clearing about a half mile away. It was only a fleeting glimpse, so he sat down and kept looking. Finally he decided he had made a mistake, or maybe had seen a deer. Sanderson lowered the bucket, climbed down the shaft, filled the bucket, climbed out, and began to

(Continued on page 56)



Maryhill Museum—monument to a dead dream

Sam looked at his gorgeous surroundings and decided to drink a toast to a land where "the rains and the sunshine meet." If only he'd filled his glass with water instead of Scotch, the life of a whole countryside would have been altered

By FLORENCE BARTHOLOMEW

Photos Courtesy Author

MARYHILL CASTLE

THE MARYHILL MUSEUM stands alone on a high bluff overlooking the Columbia River in Washington. It is known locally, however, as "Maryhill Castle," and people from all over the world sign its guest book.

This huge, cement structure represents a man's dream, a dream that didn't quite come true. Built by Samuel Hill, of railroad fame, it was planned as a home for his wife, Mary. In it he expected to house the fine silver, china and art he had collected from all parts of the world. It was also to have been a monument to his achievements, for Sam Hill was an egotistical man who did not want his name to be forgotten.

Ironically the Castle was never completed while Mr. Hill lived, nor did the town he hoped to build ever materialize. His wife was not interested in living so far from civilization and her friends. So, for years it stood unfinished and desolate against the skyline, a subject for conjecture by the chance passer-by.

While I knew Sam Hill only by sight, I knew well the woman whose stubbornness had been behind the building of the Castle on the spot where it now stands.

Mr. Hill could be a ruthless man as well as a benevolent one and when he spoke, his power was such that men generally jumped like puppets. Understandably, when there came into his life a small, frail woman who could not be swayed by either money or threats, it made a very angry man out of Samuel Hill. It was she who changed the history of a town, dividing it into factions and all but shattering his big plans.

WHEN Hill began toying with the idea of building a monument to himself, he took his time. He wanted something that would endure for centuries, something that future generations would point to with awe and say, "Sam Hill, the great railroad man, built that."

He was still toying with the idea when he went to visit friends who were staying at a summer resort called the Jewett Farm. His arrival coincided with the time of the year when the grounds were at their best. There were acres of lawns with beautiful flowers and shrubs. Paths wandered off to secluded nooks amid pools and giant trees. Hill is said to have remarked that he had never seen a more breathtaking place in all his travels.

He set out at once to explore this paradise. The first path he took led to the edge of a high bluff. The view was incomparable. Far below, the Columbia River seemed to inch its way to the sea. To the south, snow-capped Mt. Hood towered over an exquisite, green valley. In the west were verdant forests and to the east, the beginning of the brown velvet of arid rolling hills.

It was there on that awe-inspiring spot that Hill said that his motto—"Where the sunshine and the rains meet"—came

The Sam Hill Monument (below) overlooks the Columbia River. In the background is the Sam Hill Memorial Bridge. At right, Sam Hill from a portrait.

Aunt Jennie and her husband, A. H. Jewett. She was a small but determined woman who was not intimidated by money or prestige.

to him. It was there also that he made his snap decision to buy this piece of land and erect his monument.

Since Sam Hill was a man of action, he went immediately to the owner with an offer. Mr. Jewett was not to be hurried and said he must discuss it with his wife, Jenny. Hill did not know it, but Aunt Jenny Jewett was to become a festering thorn in his side. Offer after offer was made only to be turned down by the lady of the house.

Finally the parties came to terms and, while the price agreed upon was exorbitant, both sides were well pleased. Hill was so elated with the verbal agreement, he rose from his seat, ran to his cottage, and snatched up a bottle of Scotch. In his excitement he had forgotten, or ignored, the signs posted in each room and cottage. The signs pronounced: "Absolutely no intoxicating beverages of any kind on these premises."

When Hill came running back, he was holding high the bottle and laughing like a boy.

"Let's drink a toast," he proposed.

It was a moment before he was aware of the icy stillness.

"The transaction is off, Mr. Hill. You may pack and leave at once!"

Now Sam Hill had not been ordered to do anything by anyone for many years. His first surprised bluster turned to loud protestations, but even the first explosion was lost, for Aunt Jenny Jewett had taken her husband by the hand and left the room.

For weeks Hill's lawyers tried to open negotiations. Finally the Jewetts agreed to a meeting. Hill arrived, flanked by his attorneys. He had been advised to let them do all the talking and he had prudently agreed.

"Yes, we will sell," Mrs. Jewett said, "but only on one condition."

"And that?" the lawyers queried politely.

"That there shall never be any intoxicating beverages allowed on the property. It must be so stated in the deed, with the proviso that, if at any time in the future liquor is brought thereon, said property will revert to the original owners."

SAM HILL was so astounded he could not speak. This stillness lasted only a moment; then he forgot his promise to his attorneys and bounded to his feet.

He told the Jewetts what he thought of them; what he thought of a man who let his wife dictate his business decisions; the harm they would do to the town if they passed up this opportunity; and finally, "He'd be dammed before he would sign such a paper!"

The last words were lost on his audience, however, for by this time the Jewetts had left the room and he was once more yelling into thin air.

When the townspeople heard of the impasse, some took it upon themselves to talk to Aunt Jenny. Everyone was vitally interested, for Sam Hill had publicly made the statement that he intended to build miles of paved roads—this when paved roads were few and far between. He had also boasted of other fabulous things he planned to do for the town. Most civic-minded folk were concerned lest this golden opportunity get away.

Mrs. Jewett's stiff W.C.T.U. back was not influenced by her friends' arguments any more than it had been by Mr. Hill's. Sam and his lawyers tried every enticement short of accepting the liquor clause, but to no avail.

Finally in frustration the beleaguered purchaser roared, "I'll find another place on the Columbia and build my own town!"

"Go ahead," Mrs. Jewett answered primly, "and it will probably be a disgrace to the State of Washington—with a saloon on every corner!"

Sam Hill sent men up and down the Columbia to search for another location for his project. When it was found, he did as he had promised. He built miles of paved roads even though at that time they started nowhere and led to nothing. They turned out to be an engineering marvel of those days, and even now are in surprisingly good condition.

He was so enamoured with his motto, "Where the sunshine and the rains meet," that even though it was not apropos to the new site, he had it put on all his stationery and brochures. It was used prominently in a huge advertising campaign instigated to attract residents. His hope was to build a town the likes of which Jenny Jewett had never dreamed.

Though Hill's dream fell somewhat short of his and his wife's hopes, the Castle, correctly known as Maryhill Museum, majestically overlooks the Columbia River for present generations to gaze at with awe. And, who knows, perhaps a few point at it and say, "Sam Hill, the great railroad man, built that!"

Do you wonder if Aunt Jenny Jewett ever regretted her decision? I asked her once before she died.

"I certainly do not!" she answered testily, "even though we've had to sell the place piece by piece to live."

Her eyes flashed again with the old W.C.T.U. spirit.

And what of the little town that lost its chance to have a windfall because of one woman's stubborness? It is down the river about fifty miles from where the Castle keeps its lonely vigil. It sleepily watches the Columbia wend its eternal way to sea, and where it clings to the Cascade Mountains, the sunshine and rains actually do meet. Its name is White Salmon, Washington.

The famous Jewett Farm Resort overlooking the Columbia River Gorge. It was here that the rich and elite gathered before and after the turn of the century.

The afternoon sun shines through some of the bottles from the author's collection, all of which are from sixty to one hundred years old.

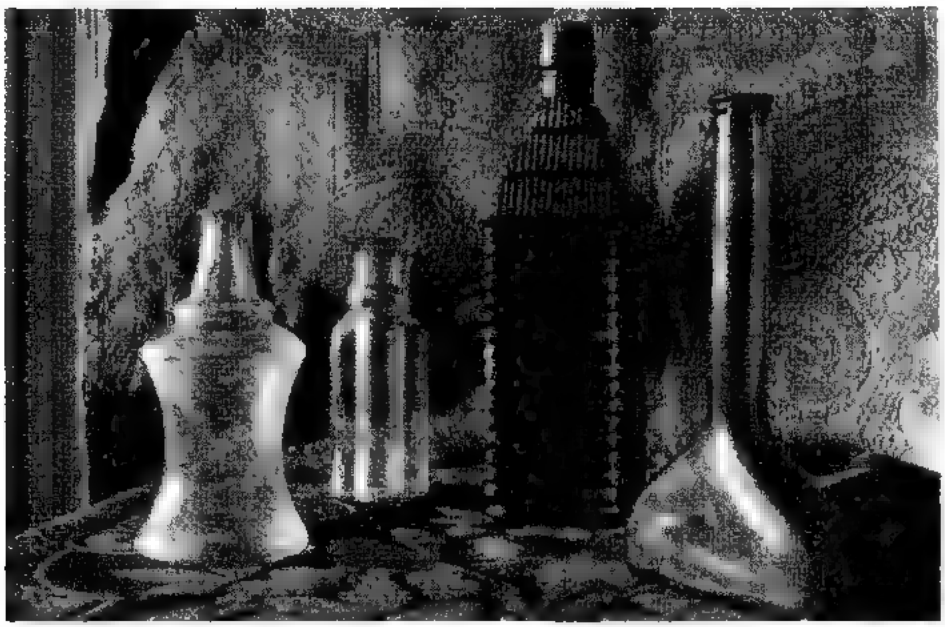
THE SOUND of digging resounds once more from the ghost mining camps! A new type of treasure seeker, the bottle hunter is at work. The "gold" of this collector is the old bottle or flask discarded in the dump of an abandoned town. "Bottle Bugs", in ever increasing numbers, seek out the old refuse heaps and, with a lot of muscle work moving moldy earth and rusty tin cans, uncover the treasured glass.

The collector finds these old bottles interesting partly because of the curious, and sometimes downright odd, embossing on the sides. A few of the more distinctive are Thedford's Black Draught, Dr. Kilmer's Swamproot, J. E. Combault's Caustic Balsam and Dr. Kennedy's Rheumatic Dissolvent.

Sometimes the bottles are beautified by embossed animals, figures or elaborate trademarks. A Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is a highly coveted find; the name with the outline of a safe is set into the glass.

The widely varying sizes and shapes of antique bottles are another attraction of this hobby. One of the more unusual is a bourbon bottle in the form of a cabin with the chimney for a spout.

Fairly common finds are hip pocket whiskey flasks best described in bottle collector's jargon as "pumpkin seed" flasks. Bottles with six or more sides

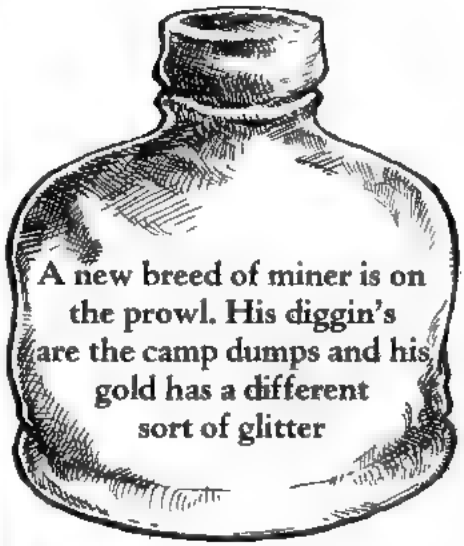


Varying shapes of the antique bottle-collector's finds are evident in this group. The triangular one on the right held imported German bitters. The bottle shaped like a log cabin held Plantation Bitters. It is not known what the two bottles on the left contained.

are more unusual. A three-sided poison vial is equally rare. Sodas with rounded or pointed bottoms are curiosities that are sometimes unearthed; these bottles could only be set on their sides, making it impossible for the cork to dry out and shrink. The varying shapes, plus a vast color range from crystal clear to black, makes bottle collecting a fascinating hobby with something new at every encounter.

Woe to the collector who cannot distinguish modern bottles from those of the last century. The real finds are rough and imperfect with numerous bubbles or flaws. By examining the mold marks or seams on the side, one can roughly determine a bottle's age. If the seam only goes part way up the neck and disappears, the bottle was made before 1903 when the automatic bottle machine was introduced. If the seam goes all the way over the lip of the bottle, it was made after this date and is of little or no value to the collector.

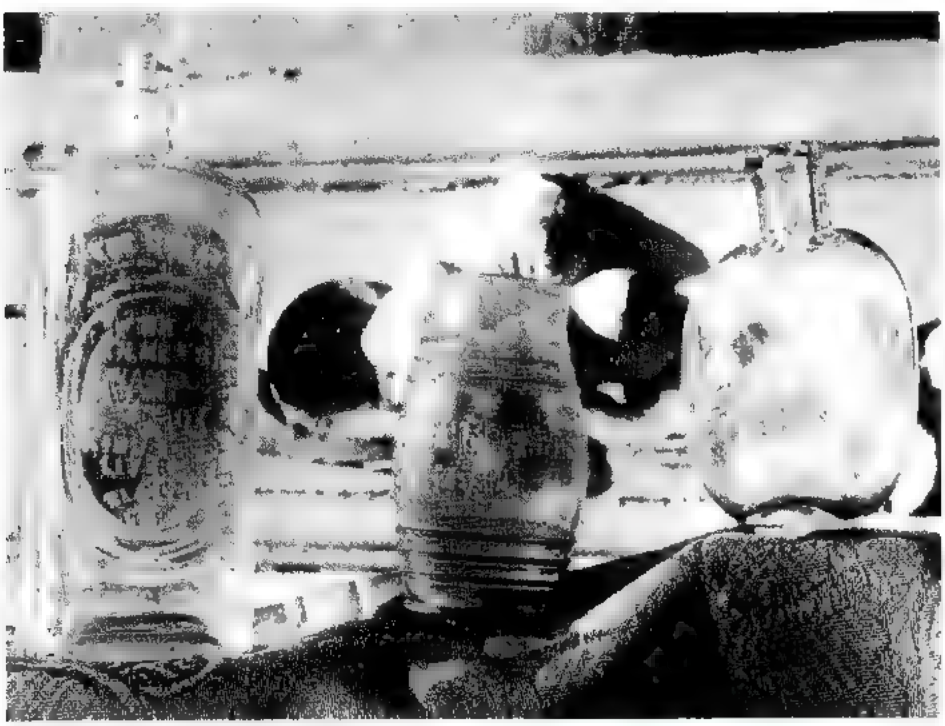
If one finds a "good dump", he may



turn up hand-blown bottles highly esteemed by collectors. These flasks have the tell-tale marks of their making, such as circles around the sides and, more rarely, a rough pontil mark on the bottom. This mark was formed when the pontil rod used to handle molten glass was broken from the finished product. Some blown bottles have chip-shaped patterns on the sides, caused by rough, hand-carved wooden molds.

THE BEST place to look for bottles varies with different localities. In

More unusual shapes may be seen below in one of Dr. Kilmer's Swamproot bottles, a barrel shaped mustard bottle, and a hip pocket whiskey bottle called a pumpkin seed by collectors. Bottle embossing is shown at its best on the "Warren Safes" (right). Note that the pattern of the safe was reversed during the different molding processes.



Sauce bottles add interesting shapes to a collection. The six-sided one in the center is commonly called a Cathedral bottle by collectors. Panels shaped like a Gothic arch are characteristic of all such finds.

In dry areas, especially the desert, some bottles still have tattered labels like the ones above and below.

the West, many people have built entire collections from bottles found only in ghost mining towns. Others have done equally as well searching around homestead sites, abandoned railroad stations, logging camps or any other place that was inhabited over sixty years ago. When exploring such sites, look for half-buried tin cans or concentrations of broken glass and metal. Nearby gullies nearly always have good potential. The common garden hoe and the shovel are the most useful tools on a bottle dig. Sometimes it takes a little scurrying around to find the dumps; the person who is not afraid of getting as dirty as his bottles, however, has a good chance of starting a collection that other bottle bugs will drool over.

For those who think bottle digging sounds too much like hard labor, there are a large number of antique shops that have numerous bottles to choose from, but most collectors would rather dig their own, for no one can put a price on the expectation and excitement of the bottle hunt.

The finds from a 1963 vacation trip through Nevada ghost towns

Oklahoma Indian School Magazine—April 1932

Wheelock Academy as it appeared at the time of the story. Jonio Walters (inset) photographed on the Wheelock campus.

Fine Feathers Are For The Birds

By GEORGE M. CLARKE

Photos Courtesy Author

Jonio can understand why brothers will fight . . . and why they will darn near beat each other to death. Jonio makes it sound most logical...

"WE'RE holding a pal of yours," the voice said over the phone. "Anytime you can get to Hugo and pay his fine, we'll turn him loose. The sooner the better. This critter's contrary."

Those were familiar words. I could depend on hearing them almost verbatim on any Monday morning after Jonio had been off for a weekend. There was one time when the sheriff added, "Bring him a pair of shoes. If he had any, they're gone."

Jonio was an Indian, a full-blood Choctaw. "Jonio Walters" he was enrolled; one of those incongruous names given out by army officers years ago while registering the tribe. Whenever difficulty arose in pronouncing a native name an officer would say, "Okay, from now on you're Murphy." Or it might be Jones or Caldwell or O'Brien. Be that as it may, this one was as broad across the shoulders as an ox yoke, medium tall and, for all his slimness, tough as top-grade rawhide.

Ours was a strange friendship. Strange? Well, for one thing, until I was twenty-one the West meant only some vague Badlands beyond Hoboken. All I knew of it came from fleeting glimpses of Wild West magazine covers, on which gaudy pictures displayed frantic, goggle-eyed horses pawing the air as they strove to unseat big-hatted men in funny clothes. Around them the landscape was made up of spiraling dust and grotesque cacti, armed but fingerless, standing over grinning cattle skulls.

The only wild Indians I'd ever seen were those which cavorted on the same enameled covers. A strange people usually decked with feathers and always clutching gore-spattered tomahawks in one hand and soggy wads of blond hair in the other.

Going west had never entered my mind in those days. Riding on the ferry to the opposite shore of the Hudson River was a western trek that satisfied all my urges for adventure. Then the situation abruptly altered.

After a year of enforced loafing in the depressed '30s, a good job unexpectedly popped up. It meant, however, emigrating to Oklahoma, a hazy region somewhere beyond the Mississippi River.

Never will I forget that journey west in mid-July. Three days and two nights on a train that hadn't heard of air conditioning. The only cool breezes came in the sleepless nights and carried with them cargoes of soot, ashes and stifling, sulphurous fumes.

One blazing afternoon I was deposited on a splintery, weather-beaten platform surrounding a shabby eight-by-ten depot somewhere near the Red River in southeastern Oklahoma. There I stood, dirty, discouraged and bewildered. A few dark-skinned men and women boarded the train. Others lounged in the station's meager shade. These were Indians? Not one was shrouded in a blanket. Nor was a single feather visible. I saw no moccasins or braided hair.

"Where is the touted Wild West?" I thought. Somewhere I'd been misled.

MY WORK, in agriculture at a government Indian school, later brought me into close daily contact with these people, the Choctaws. All with whom I had intimate association were thoroughly likable. They were genuinely friendly and good-hearted.

I learned a few words in their language—such as, a jackass is "oxobish-falier." That's the way it sounds; the original spelling is beyond me. Nishkin is a star and a turkey is a tall chicken. Only "turkey" in Choctaw comes out an unprintable English four-letter word.

At the school I was given several Indian assistants. Foremost among them was Jonio, a happy, ever-grinning Choctaw. We became good friends and shared a tiny, two-room converted shed.

For all his pliability Jonio had one failing. He was a barroom devotee. Most Saturdays he vanished to his own secret bacchanalian rendezvous. I couldn't imagine what happened during these weekend bouts but evidently he was fair game to the gendarmerie in every nearby town. Just let him weave ever so slightly across a city line and he was a sure bet for the "clink." I've often wondered how many of his fines I paid. The "Law" knew when it had a good thing going.

There was a period of four parched months when Jonio didn't leave the school grounds and saved his money. One morning in April he said laconically, "I like go see my brothers in Kiamichi Mountains. They poor fellows, not got much. I like bring them something. You get car, I pay for gas."

At that time I was car-less so while Jonio made his preparations, I sought out another employee who generously lent us his heap of obscure vintage. That it ran at all was surprising. To venture into the glowering Ouachita range where roads quickly crumbled into trails meant either intrepidity or ignorance.

Such a dazzling sight as Jonio made, I've never seen the like. Grinning broadly he appeared in a new gray ten-gallon hat straight from the box, uncreased. An over-sized shirt with startling, wide purple stripes billowed above rump-hugging Levis. These in turn were tucked into brand new, yellow, high-heeled

(Continued on page 50)

ORG
ELEC ON PROHIBITED

By AUGUSTA L. PHILBRICK

Photos Courtesy Author

The lower camp is pictured above, with the manager's home on the hillside to the right. Inset is a front view of the rambling house.

The MAGIC ISLAND

"Where there is abalone, there you will find magic"— and maybe even gold!

IF THIS IS SO, it may be the reason for the enchantment we felt on Cedros, a little island off the coast of Lower California and Mexico. For we not only had abalone, but every kind of fish one can imagine, a perfect climate with a temperature ranging from 65° to 80° the year round, almost perpetual sunshine, rugged and beautiful scenery, and a gold mine thrown in for good measure

The first day's landing. There was a cable between ship and shore because the surf was rough and high.

It was not just because I was a girl in my teens with nothing more serious to think about than the next day's fishing and swimming; the magic was felt by all who came there, and our visitors were many. Except for the people who had work to do, life on the island was like a perpetual holiday at a beautiful resort. Hunting abalone among the rocks, prying them loose with an iron bar flattened at one end, and later polishing them to bring out their hidden glory of color, was a favorite pastime.

Cedros Island has usually been associated with skin diving and the abalone industry, but this article is a true story of a mining venture there.

My father, Thomas R. Lombard, a mining engineer, first became interested in Cedros in 1893 when he saw an account in a New York paper about a solitary caretaker placed on the island to guard a dormant mine.

Investigating, he found that most of its stock was held by members of the Esperanza Mining Company. Before buying, he hired an expert to report on the mine and conditions. Then details for the power house had to be worked out with the Union Iron Works in San Francisco.

Father also learned that an English company, the Lower California Development Company, owned 26,000,000 acres on the upper part of the peninsula, and was established in Enseñada. The company also owned a 600-ton steamer, the *St. Denis*, which he was able to contract for, to make regular trips to the island every two weeks.

In those days at Enseñada not only the hotel, but a large wholesale store, the bank, and almost everything else were English-run, except the Mexican jail, the house of the Governor of Baja California, and the Customs House. There was a small population of Mexican working people and Yaqui Indians; and Mexican soldiers with their band practiced daily in the center of the town and played the same tunes in a concert on Sundays.

My father did not start work on the island until the fall of 1898, and my sister and I did not go down there until the following summer.

Father decided that the mine had been abandoned because of improper handling of the ore. One report revealed that the ore, shipped from the island in gunny sacks by sailing vessel to the smelter in Vallejo, near San Francisco, "was manhandled seventeen times from the mountain tunnels to the ultimate gold brick."

Father believed the ore could be processed on the island, and this he later proved. He and some of his friends bought stock in the mine, but could not get a controlling interest, so Father went to the island as manager, and my stepmother and brother went with him.

There were only a few abandoned buildings on the island and the only water was from a foul-tasting spring up a canyon. The small steamer, chartered to come twice a month, brought freight, mail, and passengers. This was our only means of communication with the mainland.

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Because of the rocky coast, the steamer had to anchor far from shore; freight was loaded on lighters and brought in at high tide close enough for a huge crane to swing the crates and boxes to a landing place.

THE FIRST machinery installed was the distilling plant which changed the salt water to the purest drinking water. Then a passable road had to be built before pipe could be laid to send water 1,500 feet up the mountains to the mill which was located near the mines.

Anyone who has ever built even a small home today and has had to cope with the delays, can imagine what it must have been like on an island which was a three-days' trip from San Diego and served only by a steamer.

Yet, miraculously, a power house was installed and electric lights bloomed at both the upper camp near the mines, and at the lower camp on the shore. A telephone line was run between the two camps. A stamp mill was installed with its huge rock-crusher and 1,000-pound stamps, and screens so fine that when the ore finally reached the large silver plates, coated with quicksilver, it was the texture of powder. It spread over the plates—the mercury absorbing the metal and the fine sand flowing off into the canyon and down to the sea.

Close to the power house a storeroom was built. The walls and roof were covered with thick layers of gunny-sacking, over which ran a perpetual stream of cold ocean water. The room was as cold as a refrigerator, and here fruits and vegetables, brought down on the steamer, eggs and milk from the island barnyard, and butchered steers which had been brought down alive from Enseñada, were all kept perfectly.

The island fisherman and boat builder, called the "Commodore," saw that both camps were supplied with every imaginable kind of seafood. Catching jewfish was one of the main sports on the island, but these were only eaten by the Mexican miners, as was the abalone meat. There was no vegetation on Cedros except cactus, with a few cedar trees that could be seen on the tops of some of the highest mountains above the mines.

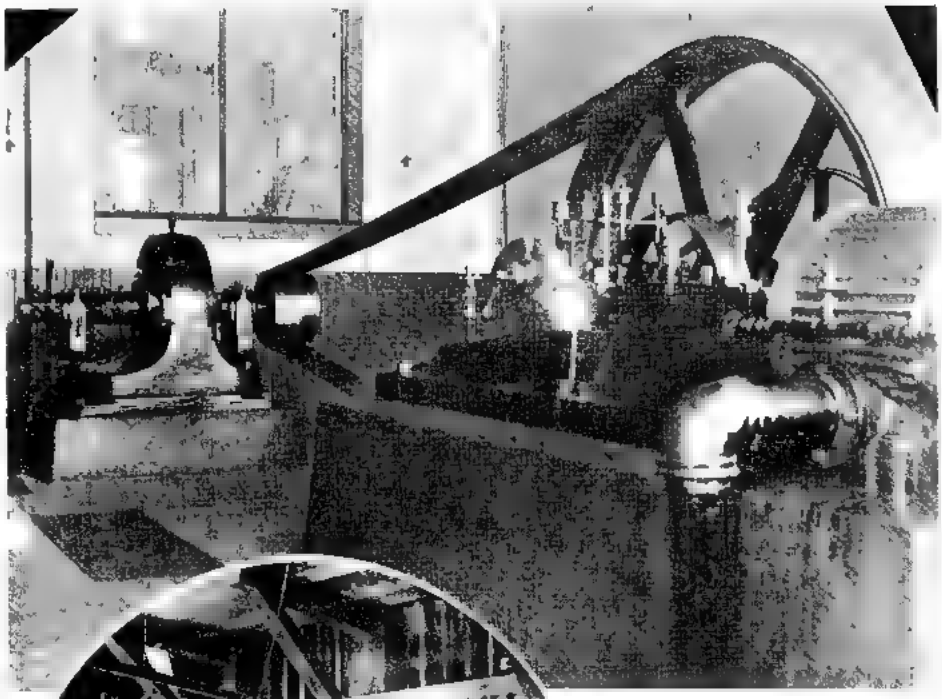
Bunk houses and mess halls were built at both camps. At the upper camp were the mill and assay office, and a gravity tram ran above the camp which brought the ore down from the tunnels in the mines to the mill. At the lower camp was the commissary, or company store, with the doctor's and bookkeeper's offices and the power house. A little apart from the rest, and at the foot of a thousand-foot-high mountain, was the manager's house.

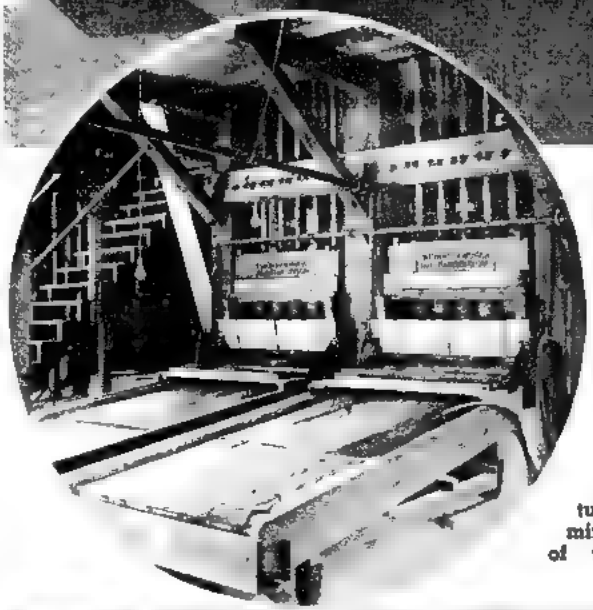
This was where we lived and, in spite of the fact that the house was crudely built and unattractive, my stepmother managed to make it very homelike. The table was always set with her wedding china and silver and linen.

We had a Chinese cook, Gee Wan, a very small man with a long queue and a very wide grin, who sometimes startled visitors by dashing down the hill from the house to the power house, brandishing a large butcher knife and yelling in Chinese. How could they know he was only on his way to cut a steak for their dinner?

One time Wan managed to startle even those of us who were used to him. He and the Japanese camp cook had no love for each other. On Christmas Day we had guests for dinner and were having a traditional meal, so my father

(Continued on page 56)





Inside the powerhouse (above) these engines generated power to run the stamp mill and to pump water 1,500 feet up the mountain. At left is the stamp mill and the plates for catching gold. Lombard made a little discovery about the plates that saved hundreds of dollars worth of gold. The manager who replaced him evidently did not realize that the plate could eat up all the profits. Below is a tunnel on the lower level of the mine. T. R. Lombard is the larger of the two men on the right.

BLOOD

By HAROLD SCHINDLER

Photos Courtesy Author

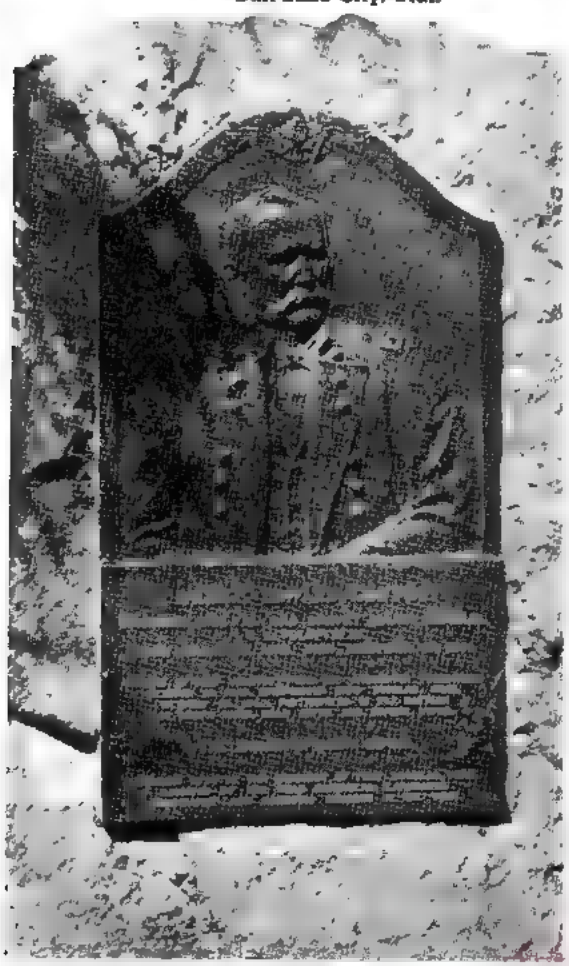
General Patrick Edward Connor

CORPORAL HIRAM S. TUTTLE of the California Volunteers stared numbly around him and tried to shut out the cries of his comrades who lay dying in the bloody snow of the Bear River in Cache Valley. Fatigue racked his body as he stumbled to the river's edge and soaked a handful of ragged shirts in its icy waters. Tuttle shuddered as the cold raced through his aching arms and he dully thought of death which covered the valley like a shroud that night of January 29, 1863.

Tuttle plodded back to the makeshift camp and fell in the snow beside another Californian, who screamed from the pain of his frozen feet. As the corporal packed wet rags against his companion's limbs, he let his mind brush away the horrors he had witnessed the past four days, and dwelt upon the circumstances that had plunged him into this nightmare of agony.

The California Volunteers had arrived in Utah Territory and established Camp Douglas on the east bench of Great Salt Lake City on October 22, 1862, under the command of Col. Patrick Edward Connor to "protect the property of the telegraph and overland mail companies, in or about Independence Rock, where depredations have been committed."

However, Brigham Young, president of the Mormon Church, felt that other motives were behind the decision to send federal troops to Utah and immediately made his feelings known. A rumor reaching Col. Connor that President Young had announced the Mormons would forcibly resist what they considered an invasion of their land of Zion, brought forth a reply from the doughty Irishman that he would "cross the river Jordan (on the outskirts of Great Salt Lake City) if hell yawned below him." Col. Connor's success on the battlefields of Mexico were a strong indication that he had a habit of keeping his word.



Inscription on the marker at Connor's grave, located in Fort Douglas Cemetery, Salt Lake City, Utah

At any rate, the arrival of the Volunteers was met by a chilly, but otherwise uneventful, reception. The colonel marched his troops in parade fashion through the city's wide streets and made directly for the east bench, a maneuver which was to cause Brigham Young much distress, since the location commanded a clear sweep of the city and a direct view of the Lion House, President Young's office. Col. Connor wasted no time in setting up his cannon so that it would be immediately available in case of trouble from the Mormons. His action caused a good deal of consternation among the city's inhabitants, but they soon became accustomed to the fact that the soldiers were there to stay.

HARDLY had the troops begun to labor at their new post than a new development occurred. It was a problem which appeared routine, but one which subsequently was to end on the banks of the Bear River and a sea of blood.

Zachias Van Orman reported to Col. Connor that he had journeyed to Cache Valley in search of his nephew, a boy of ten, who had been captured by a band of Snake Indians near old Fort Boise the summer before. At the time of the capture, the father, Alexis Van Orman, the mother and an older son had been massacred by the Snakes. The uncle told Col. Connor that the boy was being held by a band headed by a chief named Bear-Hunter and "I want him back!"

Col. Connor assigned Maj. Edward McGarry to head a detachment of sixty men and rescue the youngster. The Major headed for Cache Valley on November 20, and two days later closed in on the Snake camp. For his trouble, the major captured two squaws and a lone buck who had been careless in escaping from camp with the others. The band had chosen to retreat to higher ground to make a fight and at eight o'clock in the morning appeared on the slopes of a nearby canyon and taunted the cavalrymen with war-whoops and battle cries.

In the struggle which followed, Bear-Hunter and four others were taken prisoner and held as hostages for the ten-year-old. The exchange was made and Bear-Hunter was released along with his four companions. But the fat was in the fire. Bear-Hunter, humiliated by his capture, increased his harassment of the nearby settlers in the days to follow and Maj. McGarry again was sent to deal with the situation. But this time, he vowed to make a more lasting impression on the Snake band.

Arriving at Empey's Ferry on the Bear

On bleak Bear River the California Volunteers faced two enemies—the Snake Indians who aimed for the heart—and a driving winter storm that aimed for the fingers and ears. It was a hellish way to fight a battle!

FOR BLOOD

Lehi, and that nearly a thousand Snakes and Bannocks had gathered in the valley near the mouth of a stream some twelve miles west of the settlement of Franklin. The chiefs had pledged an oath: "Blood for Blood!" to avenge the deaths of the four Snakes.

Unaware of the boiling anger of the Indians, a party of miners, including David Savage and William Bevins, came down from the Salmon River country for supplies. Losing their way in a blinding snowstorm, the party missed the ford of the Bear River near Franklin and followed the west bank of the river to a point near Richmond. As they crossed the raging water in a boat fashioned from wagon boxes, warriors from Bear-Hunter's band, who had been following the party, fired on the miners as the last boat load was crossing. One man was killed and several others wounded. The whites hid themselves in nearby brush until night and then made their way to Richmond and told their story.

Arriving in Salt Lake City, Bevins appeared before Chief Justice J. F. Kinney, and swore an affidavit concerning the River, McGarry surprised and captured four Snakes, stragglers from Bear-Hunters band. When a message sent to Bear-Hunter for the return of the prisoners in exchange for stolen stock was rebuffed, the major decided to make an example of his captives that the Indians would not soon forget.

An account of his action was published in the Mormon *Deseret News* on December 17. ". . . the four Indian prisoners, when the time came for their execution, were tied by their hands to the ferry rope and in that condition were shot until they were dead, and then the cords by which they were fastened were cut and the bodies tumbled into the river. It is said that fifty-one shots were fired before life in all of them became extinct, which, if so, conclusively proves that the executioners were not good marksmen, or that the unfortunate beings who thus suffered were very tenacious of life." In the days to follow, the *News* reporter's tone would be more sombre in his accounts of the Indians in Cache Valley.

Reprisals for the executions started immediately. The first came with the theft of horses from valley farmers. Word filtered through the region that Bear-Hunter had held a war council with his fellow chieftains, Sagwitch, Sanpitch and attack. He placed a value of $2,000 on the animals, gold dust and other property stolen by the raiders. Hard on the heels of Bevins' statement came word from A. H. Conover, arriving with an express from Bannack City, that George Clayton and Henry Bean had left that community for Salt Lake City and had not been seen since. He added he had been told by Indians on the Portneuf River that two men had been killed by hostiles at the head of Marsh Valley near Franklin.

Judge Kinney issued warrants for the arrest of Bear-Hunter, Sanpitch and Sagwitch and placed the writs in the hands of Marshal Isaac L. Gibbs, who promptly asked Col. Connor for a military escort to protect him when he served the processes. The colonel informed Marshal Gibbs that an expedition had already been ordered and agreed to allow the lawman to accompany the troops although their orders did not include taking prisoners. The colonel was politely saying that a dead Indian couldn't be arrested.

ON JANUARY 22, 1863, Capt. Samuel N. Hoyt issued the order to march. With him were forty men of Company K, two howitzers under Lt. Francis Honeyman, and a train of fifteen wagons loaded with twelve days' supplies. Col. Connor and his cavalry would follow. On the 25th, the colonel started north with Companies A, H, K and M and, of course, Marshal Gibbs.

The stars shone clear and bright, but a biting north wind cut through the ranks with a vengeance. Icicles formed quickly on the bearded troopers as they pushed their mounts into the high country. Hour after hour they trudged on. Foam from the horses froze on the bits and only their movement in walking kept the animals from succumbing to frigid gusts which whipped from the mountainsides.

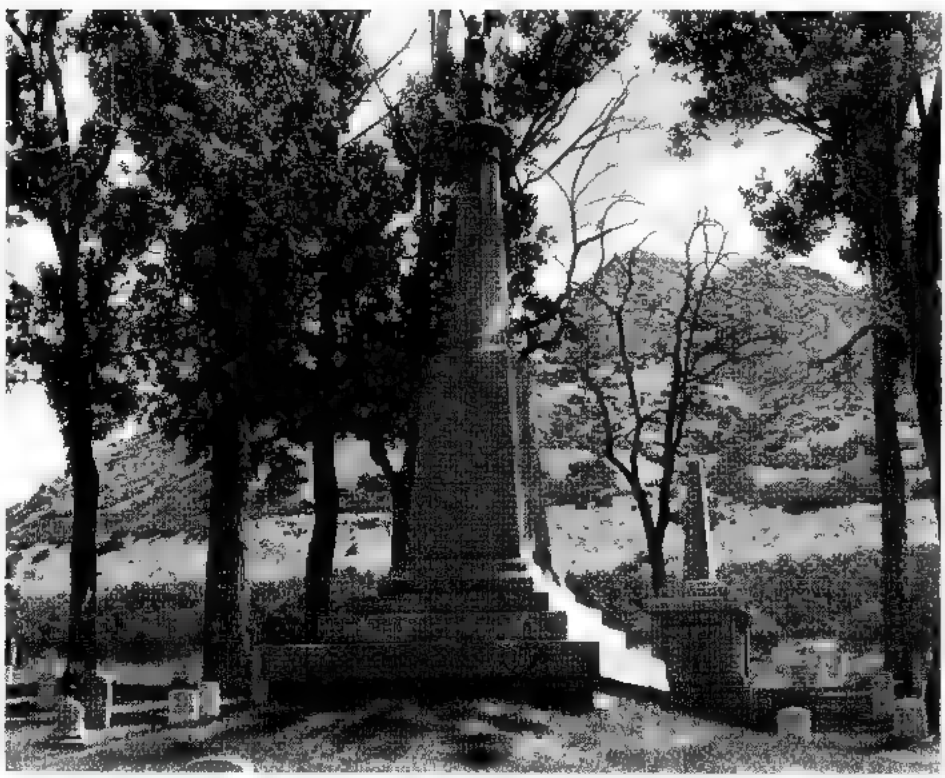
As dawn came, the procession entered Brigham City; the night march had taken them sixty-eight miles. The infantry was ordered out during the day, the cavalry at night, in an effort to hide the true strength of the Volunteers from their Indian enemy. Horses and men who were overcome by the numbing cold were left behind. The remainder forced its way farther north. The cavalry caught up with the infantry on the 27th. The infantry marched that night and reached Franklin at four o'clock in the afternoon. The men were rejoined by the cavalry on the night of January 28.

The weather had taken a hard toll. Everywhere troopers were nursing frozen fingers, rubbing their chins and stamping their feet to ward off certain death.

On the 27th, Bear-Hunter came into Franklin and demanded wheat for his band. When he failed to get all he asked for, the Snakes held a war-dance around the house of Preston Thomas, Mormon bishop of the community. Bear-Hunter returned the next day and renewed his demand for wheat, only to be greeted by the sight of the infantry approaching the outskirts of town. The appearance of soldiers gave new strength to the settlers, who had been fearing an all-out attack by the gathering tribesmen.

"Here comes the soldiers. You may get killed," shouted a Mormon to the angered Bear-Hunter.

(Continued on page 60)

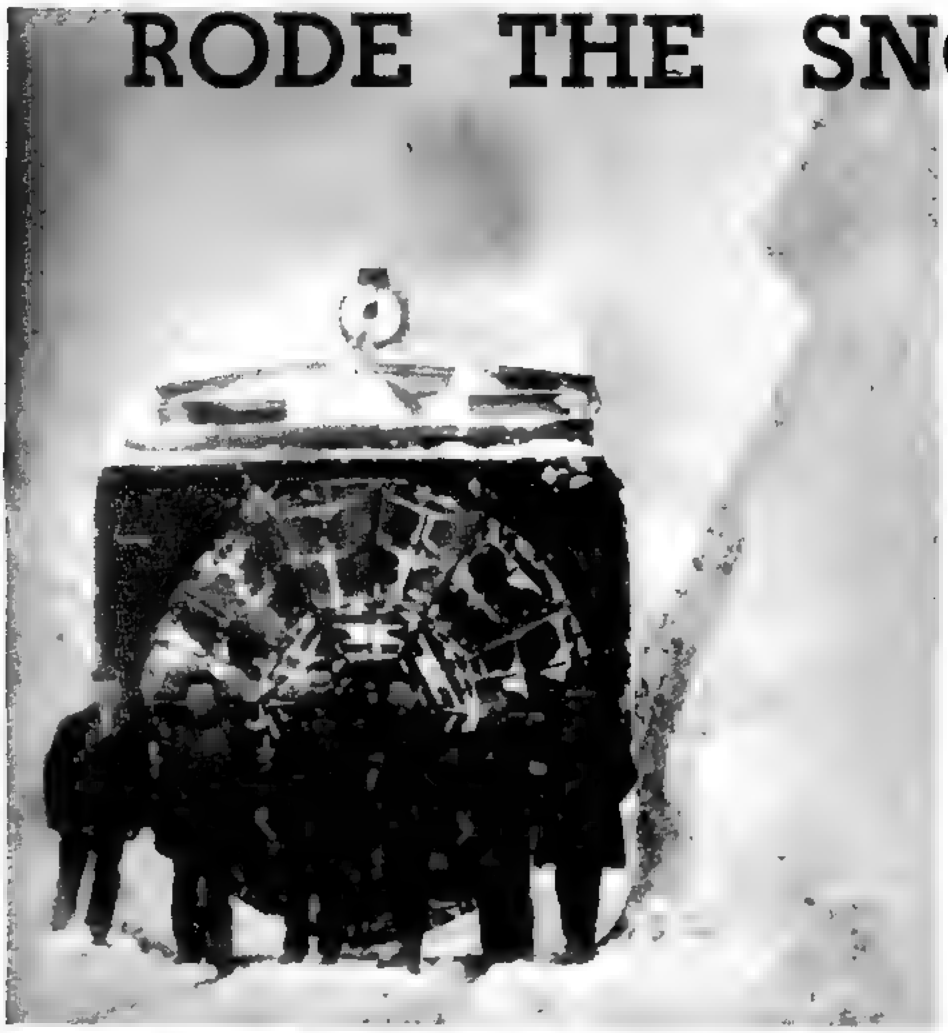


The large monument in the center of the picture (right) was erected to the memory of the California Volunteers. It stands in beautiful Fort Douglas Cemetery where the men who lost their lives at Bear River are buried.

DEATH RODE THE SNOWS

By ELVINA L. DUNCAN

Photos By Byron Harmon



The rotary snow plow and some of the men who help in rescue operations.

What is it like to live through a slide? This man was caught in a whirlpool of horror that took fifty-six lives

"I WAS BLOWN right out through the engine cab passageway," is how Fireman Bill LaChance, now retired and living in Vancouver, British Columbia, remembers the 1910 slide on the Canadian Pacific Railroad at Rogers Pass in the Selkirk Mountains of British Columbia. John Anderson, who passed away in Victoria in February, 1964, was the man who found LaChance. Mr. Anderson told his story to the author shortly before his death.

"At that time I was section foreman stationed at Rogers Pass," he said. "This was the worst snowstorm I had ever experienced. It lasted for ten terrific days and during those ten days neither I nor the men who worked with me had a full night in bed. If it wasn't a slide, trains would get stuck in the siding and sometimes derailed.

"The day before the big slide, I started out of Rogers Pass for Beavermouth with the rotary plough and went through to Revelstoke. On our way back, between 11 and 12 sheds, there was a big slide. We cut off the outfits in the 12 shed and were going to start the rotary when I noticed a fire in the watchman's shack. All his lanterns were cleaned and filled—but no watchman. What made me suspicious was that we weren't flagged for the slide.

"I started the men shoveling while I got in touch with Rogers Pass by phone. The watchman was not there. Then I wired Revelstoke for instructions—what to do? I didn't want to take the responsibility of putting the rotary into the slide in case he was buried in it. About 8 p.m. a man came from Rogers Pass with the watchman's dog. The dog sniffed around and ran down to an outside toilet that was half overturned. Here he started to whine and scratch furiously, sending the snow flying out behind him. We found the watchman half unconscious with cold. We revived him with some brandy and as soon as he came to, he lit into cursing us—me, in particular—for breaking into his shack!

"We soon cleared that slide and for the balance of the night we had a good rest. In the morning W. Miller, the Bridge and Building Master, came up from Revelstoke with a rotary. He asked if he could assist us but I told him everything looked good. The weather had cleared and the storm appeared to be over. The snow wasn't so heavy between Donald and Field and the tracks were clear with no new slides. Then I arranged for John Fraser, the assistant roadmaster at Field, to bring an extra gang and plow and come to Rogers Pass and clear the yard.

"Joe Daems, Snow Service Foreman, had already started west with a wing plow and I was following with a rotary to clear slides to Glacier and the loop that had not been plowed for several days. Miller, with the rotary, started back to Revelstoke with Alf McGregor's bridge crew. We cleared three sidings at Glacier and three at the loop and were just ready to leave when we got word of the Rogers Pass slide. We backed up to Glacier and put the outfits on the siding. Conductor Walter Bell got his orders to go back to Albert Canyon to turn and load up the rotary.

"REVELSTOKE received word of the slide before I did and had dispatched a train with rotary from there. The rotary I was with was behind the slide and headed west. We had our supper in the outfit and waited about an hour for the Revelstoke rotary to pick us up. We then went on to the slide. John Frazer was already there.

"It was a big, ugly slide from four to six feet higher than the rotary. This had to be shoveled out before the rotary could work. Frazer had started to do this and I followed up with the rotary. We had about sixty men working in that cut. We had plenty of gasoline torches and the slide was lit up like a city. The work was progressing very well.

"I had had orders to report to the dispatcher every two hours but we were so busy I had forgotten until 11:30. Then I went up to Frazer and told him I had to phone in a report and asked him what time he thought we'd get through. We both looked at our watches. It was 11:30 or 23:30 railroad time. Frazer said, 'At the rate we're going we should finish about 2 a.m.'

"I left him and went down to the watchman's shack and phoned my mes-

"Digging out" at Rogers Pass after the engine had been buried

sage to the operator at Ross Peak. The watchman had a nice fire on and, being in and out of the rotary all day, my feet were wet so I took off my Manitoba overshoes and boots and dried myself for about fifteen minutes. I was pulling on my boots when I felt a sudden change. I stopped and listened. The wind had started to blow. It had a blood-curdling whine.

"I grabbed my lantern, dashed out and ran back along the tracks. Everywhere broken branches of trees were strewn. The lights were all out and I knew what had happened. I ran to where the engine and rotary were buried. Smoke and hissing steam came up through the snow. I shouted, 'Is anyone alive?'

"Faintly I heard a voice, 'Johnny! Johnny!' I stumbled on in the direction of the voice. There was LaChance lying on the snow."

Bill LaChance took up the story from there. "I had just reached down and put in a fire. I had the fire doors open on the boiler when the slide hit us. William Phillips, my engineer, was standing by his window and he was thrown against the boiler-head."

Bill LaChance paused, lost for the moment in memories. Then he shook his head and went on. "It all happened so fast I could hardly understand what was happening. I saw the snow go into the boiler, and I didn't know if the boiler had blown up or what. The wind came down the smoke stack and blew the flame out. Right then, wind, snow and smoke came right in and scooped me up and out through the top of the cab passageway. When I came down, I knew I was in a slide. I put my hands up to my face and made a kind of a cup. I was going to fight it out.

"It was pretty rough. It turned me over and stretched me out as far as it could without breaking me in two and then it doubled me up again. My right leg twisted around at the knee. Then it all stopped—the snow stopped— but it seemed I had a hundred tons on me. It was just as though I was in a press. I was helpless. Suddenly the snow started a boiling action—just like water in a pot will boil. It churned me over and over but it brought me up. I threw up my hands and knocked the snow from my face. I was lying prone on top of the snow. I thought, 'Maybe I can get back.'

"I tried to stand but when I touched my toe to the snow, my knee crumpled up and I fell back. I took that leg and crossed it over the other and slid along. I went, oh, maybe about forty feet before I came to a steep place and I couldn't move any farther. I was stuck.

"I wanted to find Phillips and dig him out. Then I figured, Phillips would be dead. If anyone else was there on the snow they'd be making a fuss and there was only silence—deadly silence. I hollered a few times but I was getting hoarse. I thought, 'It's no use, them fellows are all dead. They're in luck. I'm going to sit on this snow until morning and I'm just going to freeze to death.'

"I realized then that I didn't have on enough clothes to flag a hand car. I'd been firing and only had on a pair of bib overalls. When I felt something warm running down my face, I spit on the snow. There was a big, dark spot, and of course, I kept spitting. I figured I was hurt inside and was scared to put my hand under my overalls for fear I was torn open. However, the cut was across

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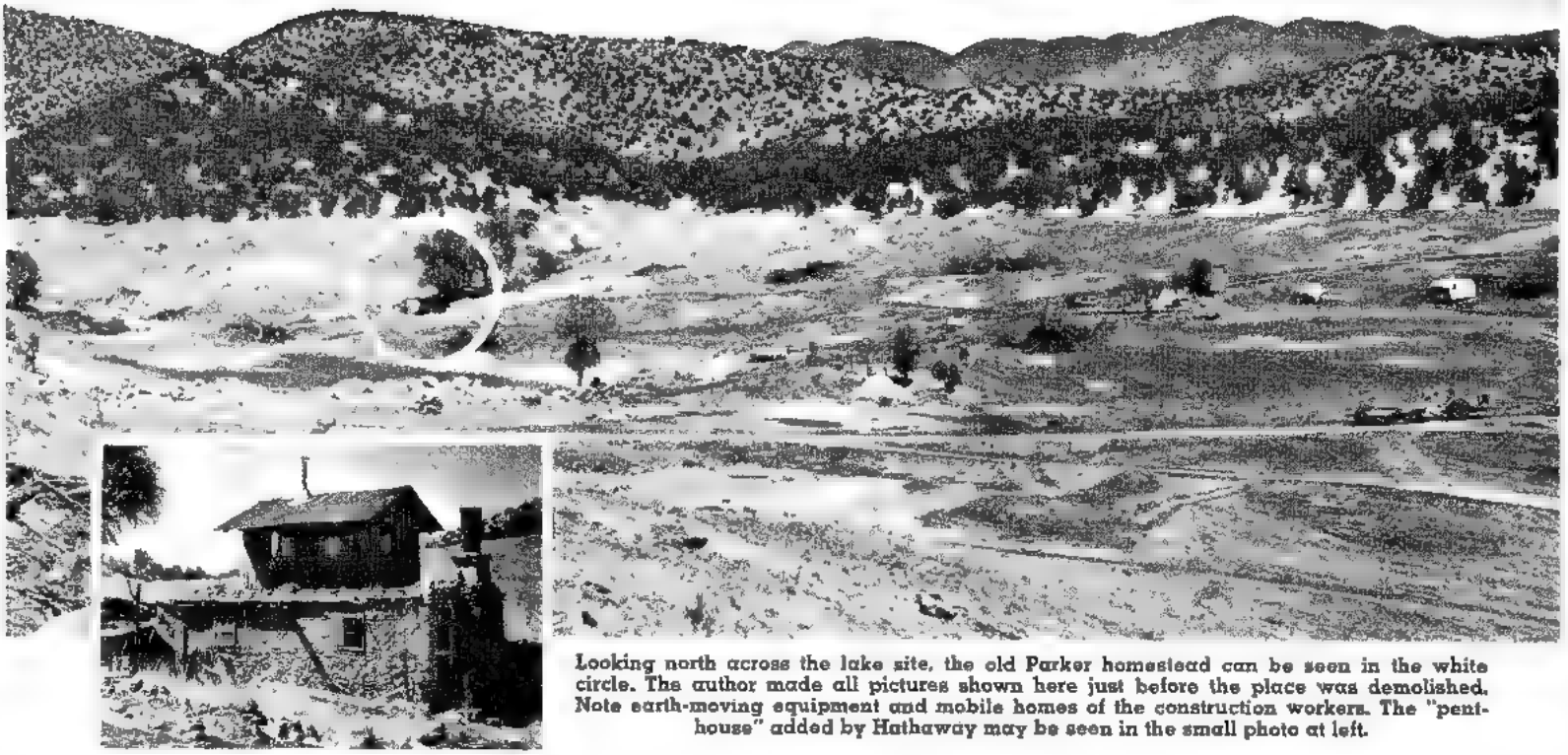


Looking north across the lake site, the old Parker homestead can be seen in the white circle. The author made all pictures shown here just before the place was demolished. Note earth-moving equipment and mobile homes of the construction workers. The "penthouse" added by Hathaway may be seen in the small photo at left.

Wild Old Days!

UNDERWATER HOMESTEAD

By Alma Ready

(Author's Note: John Parker built his house on a hill-slope to escape flood waters in the canyon. Eighty years later, his grand-nephew was instrumental in building a dam which placed the old homesite at the bottom of a lake—permanently.)

FEW ARIZONANS ever saw the remarkable house which was razed to make way for Parker Canyon Lake, for it was off the beaten path. Now that the place has been "discovered," how many fishermen on the new lake down near the border realize that their lures are dangling above the site of the old Parker homestead?

Three never-failing springs located in a lovely narrow valley among the Canelo Hills were the reason for John Parker's choosing the spot for a ranch and cabin site when he arrived from Missouri back in 1882.

That was the year following the famous fight in the OK Corral at Tombstone and four years before the surrender of Geronimo, last of the renegade Apache Chieftains.

Then as now, the region was isolated and a trip to Patagonia meant a wagon journey of two or three days. But there was plenty of wood and water; and the lush, green hills rolled southward as far as the eye could see.

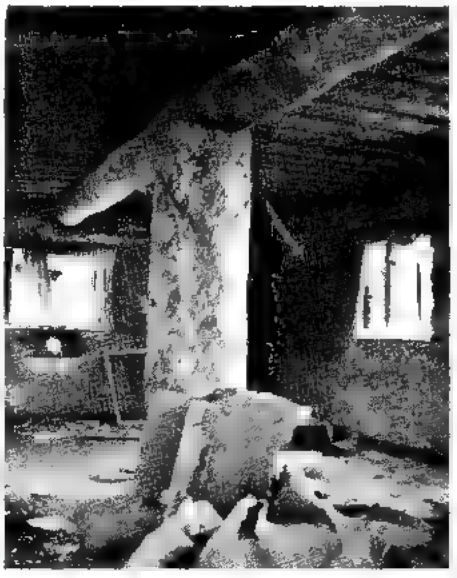
Near the turn of the century when John's nephew, Lee, took over the place, the trip to town for supplies was little less difficult. But Lee was a practical and ingenious man. Needing a roomier house than the cabin under the cottonwoods, he turned to what was at hand.

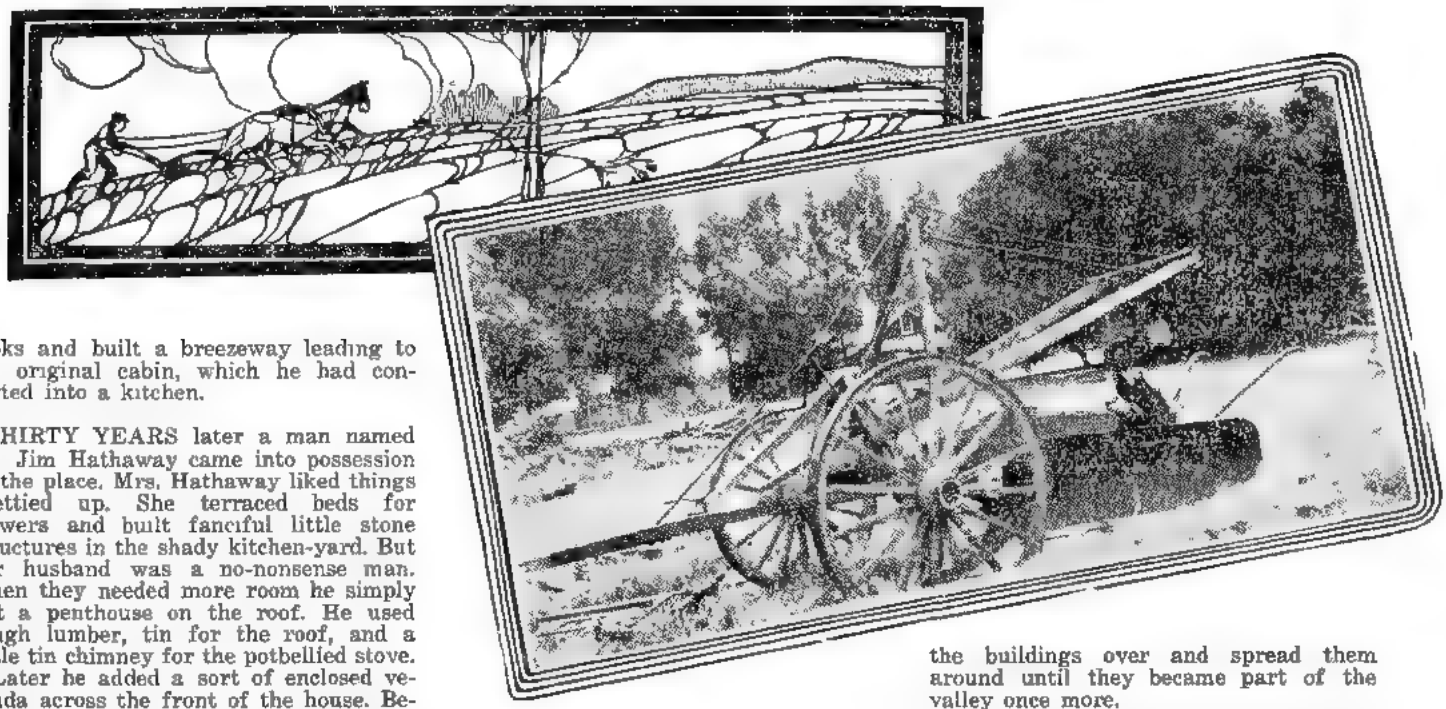
Backing it cozily against the hillside, he put up thick walls of native stone and handmade adobe brick. The small windows had deep sills. A rough stone fireplace nearly filled one end of the room.

To support the cedar-slabbed ceiling, "he adzed" out a forty-foot beam running the length of the building. He shored this up by a two-foot-thick pillar planted solidly in the center of the room. He had cut this pine post nearby, stripped the bark away, and rubbed it to a satiny smoothness.

The effect was one of shady coolness in summer. A fire roaring up the chimney intensified the fine woodsy smell in winter. Lee added slab-sided shelves for

Below left is the front door and the exterior of the chimney for the massive fireplace. Interior of the main house appears below right, showing the mammoth supports Parker used in building the cabin.





books and built a breezeway leading to the original cabin, which he had converted into a kitchen.

THIRTY YEARS later a man named Jim Hathaway came into possession of the place. Mrs. Hathaway liked things prettied up. She terraced beds for flowers and built fanciful little stone structures in the shady kitchen-yard. But her husband was a no-nonsense man. When they needed more room he simply put a penthouse on the roof. He used rough lumber, tin for the roof, and a little tin chimney for the potbellied stove.

Later he added a sort of enclosed veranda across the front of the house. Because of the hill-slope it was built at a lower level and was rather a slap-dash affair with a lot of windows and a tamped earthen floor. The place had begun to lose some of its charm, though none of its originality.

For corner supports, Hathaway used large tree trunks with the limbs whacked off. The door frame consisted of two whole trees, huge limbs and all. Since most of these pointed inward, it must have been a little risky to attempt an exit in the dark.

For the entrance to the property, he had used the same technique. The top of one dead tree was laid across the chopped-off trunks of two others with a gate hung in between. Perhaps by this time he was too busy for unnecessary carpentry, or just too tired. Or possibly he had a premonition that the whole situation was temporary anyhow.

For so it proved to be. Hathaway met sudden death in a brush with an enraged "wild" cow a few years ago. The property became part of the Parker estate once more and the solitary dwelling remained unoccupied. The stout chimney and sturdy beams stood proudly, but the rest of the place began to sag. The house stared stonily down the valley, only occasionally winking a ragged window-curtain at some stray animal or curious woodland creature.

Spasmodically, members of the U. S. Forest Service and the Arizona Game and Fish Department had discussed the possibility of constructing a dam and lake in Parker Canyon. In the fall of 1960, negotiations with ranchers in the vicinity were completed. George Parker, Amado rancher and big-game hunter (John's grand-nephew), agreed to a land trade, and eventually the earth-moving machines moved in. For a time, explosives were stored in the old cabin-kitchen.

In June, 1962, the dam was completed and the machines moved out again. One of the last things they did was to push the buildings over and spread them around until they became part of the valley once more.

The valley is now the bed of the lake and a few photographs are all that remain to show that the old Parker house in the canyon was, to say the least, a truly remarkable structure.

Two of the additions by Hathaway are shown below. Tree trunks supporting his veranda are shown at left, and the makeshift entrance gate on the right shows the approach from the south.

THE GREAT WESTERN PLOW

Courtesy Anna Koehn

Originally published October 26, 1902

ONCE the wonder of the West, now crumbling with age and half buried in the sand, the Great Western plow lies forgotten on the Greenfield Ranch, sixteen miles south of Bakersfield, California. Once it was believed that it would work a revolution in agriculture, and its moldering remains lie a memorial to an idea that failed.

The plan was conceived by W. H. Souther, at the time superintendent of the Livermore Ranch in Kern County. He had studied agriculture from the mechanical point of view, and noticed that plowing was the only process which had failed to keep pace with mechanical improvement. He went to work to solve the problem by constructing a giant plow, which, he believed, would economize in the labor both of men and beasts.

The plow as made under his directions stands eighteen feet high and was designed to cut a furrow eight feet wide and six feet deep. It was to be drawn by sixty yoke of oxen.

This size was the cause of its failure. On absolutely level ground it worked passably. But the country about Bakersfield is rolling. When the ox team, which stretched 300 feet, came to uneven ground, trouble began. The leaders struck a rise while the wheel oxen were in a hollow. The strain of the leaders lifted the trailers off their feet and left them suspended in the air by their neck yokes. In the same way, when the trailers came to the top of the rise, the leaders could exert no pull at all.

The inventor exhausted his ingenuity in attempting to remedy this inherent defect, and gave it up as a bad job. As the plow could not be used without the full complement of sixty yoke of oxen, it had to be abandoned. Subsequently Mr. Souther succeeded with a large plow built on the same lines, but smaller.

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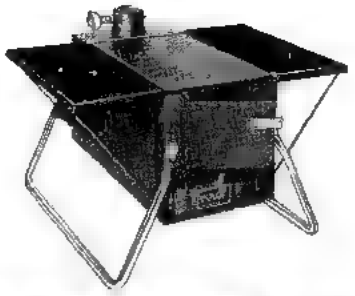

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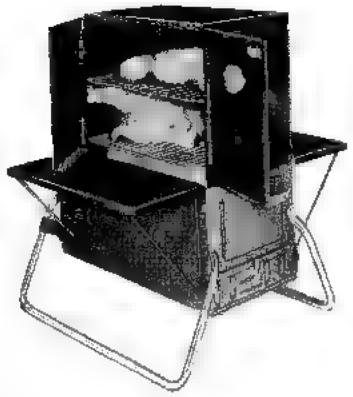

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Cavalryman Versus Cowboy

(Continued from page 29)

Here is the official time of both riders:

Allen

Friday 13	51.9
Saturday 14	61.6
Sunday 15	54.1
Monday 16	67.9
Tuesday 17	65.6
	301.1

Dunne

Friday 13	48.9
Saturday 14	64.3
Sunday 15	55.3
Monday 16	68.2
Tuesday 17	64.7
	301.6

"IT WAS decided by the promoters," General Allen told me, "that the riders should 'dash' the eight miles from the Remount Depot to the Alamo on the morning of the 17th. But I wouldn't agree to that because of the wet, slippery condition of the streets. I didn't want this race to end with either of those splendid horses sustaining a broken leg on dangerous pavement. So we cantered to the Alamo where hundreds of people thronged the streets. They were waving their hats, giving Texas-size yells and bravos. Young boys were whistling shrilly."

Both horses' being in good condition was gratifying to the judges. It had been a grueling, cold and wet ride. The judges examined each horse carefully, scanned the route sheet with miles and time of arrival at the Remount Depot, and then declared Major Allen the winner.

The cavalryman really got control of the race the first day when he rode 51.9 miles to Key Dunne's 48.9 miles. Dunne admitted, with a cheerful grin, that he had "underestimated the Major's riding ability."

"I didn't think he'd get so far along that first day, and I just took it too easy," Dunne said.

One amusing incident occurred on the second day of the race. The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* of December 31, 1922 recorded it.

"The Major had stopped in a restaurant for breakfast and had ordered bacon and eggs. While waiting for the cook to fill the order, the old gentleman proprietor of the restaurant stopped at the Major's table and remarked that the race between a soldier and a cowboy was surely on the lips of half the country.

" 'Course,' he drawled, 'Major Allen don't have a chance to beat Key Dunne. That cowboy will wear out the Army officer; he's too strong for him. That Army horse hasn't a chance to stick it out with a mustang in a 300-mile race.'

" 'Oh, I don't know,' Major Allen replied. 'I can't say as to the outcome of the race yet, but I'm Major Allen and I'm out in front at the present time and still in good condition. Up to the present, the joke is on you, so hurry on with the ham and eggs.'

" 'The joke is not only on me,' replied the restaurant owner, with a chuckle, 'but the ham and eggs as well. So go to it. Good luck and more power to you!"

The *Daily Eagle* also wrote: "The sportsmanship of Major Allen was shown in a fine open-handed gesture during the contest. Hearing that Dunne was having a hard time obtaining hay for his horse, and that it was a serious obstruction to his success, Major Allen shipped hay and oats by automobile to his opponent. That action of Allen's might have been the means of helping Dunne to victory. Being an officer and a gentleman and a true sportsman withal, he would not ride on without giving Dunne a fighting chance. That shows the type of Uncle Sam's officers —hard fighters but fair fighters."

The U.S. Cavalry was always famous for its fine polo teams which competed with each other and with many foreign countries. General Allen's long mantel is full of trophies from England, Mexico, Canada and other foreign lands as well as from the U.S.A.

During World War I, the Major, then a Captain, saw a great deal of front-line fighting, and was wounded three times, though not seriously. He received citations for his bravery, being cited for distinguished and exceptional gallantry at Aincreville, France.

After the war was over, Major Allen played polo with an American Army team against the best teams Britain and France had to offer. The men who played with him, and who won nine out of twelve matches and many beautiful trophies, were Colonel N. E. Margetts, Captain A. R. Harris, Captain J. H. Rumbough and Lieutenant Joe S. Tate.

The General's birthplace was Fort Douglas, Utah, but as the son of an Army officer, young Terry made his home in many posts across the nation before entering West Point where he won his commission as Second Lieutenant in November, 1912. His first assignment was with the 14th Cavalry Regiment on the Mexican border. During World War II, he was the commanding general of the 1st Infantry Division in North Africa and Sicily.

In spite of the General's many accomplishments in various fields, and his truly outstanding record of military service, he is the most modest man I have ever interviewed. And he still insists that he won the Southwest's most famous race because of "a lot of luck and Sgt. Linden's training of old Coronado."

Liver-Eating Johnson's Last Trail

(Continued from page 20)

sites long before the snows came, so it was easy for the Mountain Men to find them by the crude map he had left.

One day Del came in with something on his mind. He wasted no time. "I met one o' them Hudson Bay men today," he told the Liver-Eater, watching the latter closely.

"Wa'al, I guess ye hit it up wi' him," observed Johnston, "ye bein' a sort o' Frenchie yerself."

"Frenchie, hell," said Del, pulling at his longhorn whiskers, "them Assiniboines found thet Injin ye kilt. His liver wuz tuk out."

The Liver-Eater knew what was on his mind. Del had always abhorred his practice of eating raw Indian livers, and on one such occasion had threatened to "gag."

The red-bearded giant was dressing a beautiful otter pelt. He looked at Del and grinned. "I s'pose ye want ter know if I et up thet liver?" he asked, and his partner nodded.

"Naw," he said, "I never et it," and turned to his work again. Del wasn't satisfied, but he knew better than to continue the subject. Johnston held up the shining pelt.

"Prettiest otter I ever seed," he vouchsafed, giving it a final pat.

THE PARTNERS continued their work through the month of March. Mostly their catch was comprised of marten and otter, with a scattering of beaver, and now and then wolves and foxes. The back

room was heavy laden with valuable furs.

On nights when the wind howled outside and it was 45° below zero, the old partners did their work and reminisced. Del described what he called the coldest winter he had ever known. Johnston had been a captive of the Blackfeet, but escaped after cutting the leg from his guard. Naked to the waist, he had walked a distance of 200 miles to Del's cabin, using the leg as victuals.

"When ye opened the door thet night ye pretty nigh scared me to death," said the latter.

"Aw, thet wuzn't no cold winter," replied Johnston, "When I rode wi' Portygee Phillips ter Laramie Fort, thet war ther coldest."

They wrangled until Del changed the subject. " 'Member Leadville?" he asked, "an' ol' Ben Raymond? He kilt thet Cheyenne whut ambushed Yankee Judd, a likely lad."

"Yas, Wil' Ben, we called him," replied Johnston, " 'an the lad wuz a partner o' White-Eye. Wonder whar thet coon went?"

"He's down in Arizony," volunteered Del. "He's got him a gol' mine thar." They both agreed that a gold mine was a good thing to own.

"Beats trappin'," said Johnston, filling and lighting his pipe.

At the coming of the first thaw the two partners packed up their baled pelts and struck out toward the south. They had so much livestock that each horse carried a small load.

The last thing Johnston did before leaving had become a ritual with him. With a burning brand from the fireplace he set fire to Pete's cabin. Del knew what this meant; when Johnston burned a cabin it meant that he would never be back that way. He had watched many a cabin burn in the Rockies when the Liver-Eater was through with them. Especially he had seen Hatcher's home on the Little Snake River go up in flames. It was where the Liver-Eater's wife had been killed and scalped by the Crows, the event which had started his bloody vendetta.

The Liver-Eater mounted the black stallion and tied a sack to the saddle-horn. The sack contained Arkansas Pete Arnold's skull and bones and his old gray scalp, together with the topknot of the Assiniboine. The whole would be buried in country he had roamed in life, down on the Yellowstone. As Del looked at the sack he thought of that old sepulchre on the Little Snake, where the giant had buried the bones of his wife and papoose, together with the scalp of the brave who had killed them, his body ornaments and other little mementoes.

"I guess we'll take this ol' coon back home," said Johnston, rattling the sack. The stallion led the way southward for the little cavalcade, and neither man looked back at the blazing cabin. Mountain Men, once pointed, never looked back.

THE TWO partners, back on the Yellowstone, built a small cabin from which to fish and hunt. Something still seemed to bother Del, and one evening in the twilight Johnston said to him, "Speak up, ol' coon, an' say what's on yer min'."

Del stroked his monstrous whiskers, and blurted out, "Ye did eat that Injun's liver, didn't ye?"

"So thet's whut is botherin' ye?" asked the grinning Liver-Eater. "Look hyar, son."

Reaching up, he took his possibles sack from a peg on the wall. Del's eyes bugged out when he pulled therefrom the beautiful otter skin he had saved so carefully

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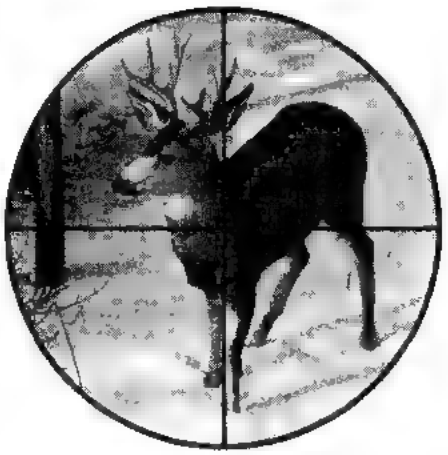

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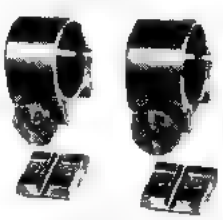

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when the other pelts had been sold. Johnston laid it across his knees. "I traded thet Injun liver fer this," he said, stroking it carefully.

"Hell-a-mighty," exclaimed the bewhiskered trapper, "ye baited a trap wi' it?"

"Done it fer ol' Pete's sake," the Liver-Eater told him. They both admired the trophy.

One day in the following fall, Del saddled his jughead.

"Whar air ye a-goin'?" Johnston wanted to know.

"Been wi' ye nigh onto forty y'ars," said the number two Mountain Man. "Thort I'd go down tordst ther Gila. Comin' along?"

"Guess I'll spend my days around' hyar," Johnston told him.

Del mounted and reached down and shook the ham-like hand of the red-bearded giant. Both had seen partners die under the hatchets and knives of red men, and even burned at the stake, but the parting was casual. Forty years was forty minutes to them.

Del rode down the riverbank and Johnston went into the cabin to get some tobacco. He never looked back. Behind his longhorn whiskers were secrets about the Liver-Eater that none other knew, and the day would come when he would spill them like rain on a parched desert, and Johnston's deeds would come alive.

As for the Liver-Eater, he would stay here and hunt and trap, and in time become the first marshal of Red Lodge. Even four years after Del's leaving, F. X. Beidler, the Vigilante Chief of Virginia City, would say of him, "He's of magnificent physique, and fit to take a hand with anyone that wishes to collide with him."

And, at the turn of the century, Johnston would be whirled westward by train and die and be buried at the Los Angeles Old Soldiers Home. That would be the last train of a man who had killed hundreds —but never a white man.

Fine Feathers Are For The Birds

(Continued from page 39)

boots. To complete this ensemble a red neckerchief was knotted loosely around his neck. One finger was curled in the ring of "something for my brothers"; a gallon jug of amber 'shine whiskey. This he carefully stowed on the back seat.

Beyond Broken Bow we left the main highway, followed a secondary for some miles, and turned onto an Indian Service Road. Such roads, known locally as "Service" roads, were maintained by the U. S. Indian Service. The surface of this one, like all the others, was gravel coarse as tennis balls. Maintenance, limited to periodic scrapings with a road grader, merely brought all the wandering chunks back to center. Over these we jounced and thumped. After awhile even this rubble succumbed to the encroaching forest vanguard of weeds and brush and we bumped and bucked in and out of long-abandoned fields.

In the midst of one retired cotton patch surrounded by the previous year's withered stalks, a neglected, slab-sided house leaned disconsolately against a pair of warped props. Three men, forlorn as the house they emerged from, walked toward us.

"There my doggoned brothers now," Jonio chuckled gleefully. "Hot damn, it good to see them fellers."

WE RUMBLED to a halt near the stolid trio, not one of whom was patchless. Below the knees their blanched overalls hung tattered on laceless broken shoes. Rusted safety pins held equally colorless work shirts to their backs where dark skin peeped through innumerable rents. Black hair that had forgotten the snip of barber's shears was strewn around the ears of each unhatted poll.

Jonio was bursting with cheery greetings. "Hi, you fellers, what you know?" he shouted and nimbly hopped from the car.

His brothers stood together glum and staring. Cold black eyes drank in the splendor of their errant kinsman.

Unaware of their ill-concealed antagonism, Jonio was happy to be with them. All the cordiality was on his side; the three brothers said little or nothing. They just stood looking him over sullenly. Not wishing to intrude in this family reunion, I stayed a dozen yards apart from them.

Jonio remembered his jug and around the circle it went with a gurgle. Each took a long pull resting it over a crooked forearm. I wasn't included in the ritual and was glad of it. I'd heard of the potency in each swig of belly-burning "mule." After the jug had swung between them a time or two, they warmed toward Jonio, just a little.

Zolon, a brother more scrawny than the others, moved over close to my friend, one arm raised high. I thought that here at last was affection, a brotherly embrace. Instead, without a word, he lashed out suddenly, knocking Jonio's new Stetson hat bounding over the furrows.

Startled by such an amazing reception, a frown spread across Jonio's granite features. "Damn you," he growled, "you pick up that hat."

Zolon didn't move, but Orem, the tallest brother, wabbled toward the hat. He paused once to look over his shoulder at Jonio, then deliberately lifted a toe-leaking shoe and booted the hat farther into the field.

Furious rage replaced the scowl and Jonio set his jug down, clenching his fists. "What's matter with you damn guys?" he shouted striding toward Zolon who didn't budge. "You gonna pick up that hat?"

The third brother, lean and lanky Tomas, who so far had remained motionless, swung at Jonio as he passed. The blow caught him behind the ear. Unprepared for it he went down on his knees stirring a cloud of brown dust. Up he bounced quickly, bellowed like a piked bull and flailed out wildly. One work-hardened fist dropped Tomas, but like a pair of alley cats the others were on him.

Long hours on the school farm stood Jonio in good stead; his brothers' poverty made them, individually, poor matches for him, but together they got in a shower of punches, gouges and kicks that had him reeling. When they could they tore at his clothes.

Between gasps Jonio let loose a torrent of epithets with each round-house swing. Those which I understood, while well beyond propriety, were at least appropriate. His vehemence and capacity held me transfixed in admiring awe. This was a new Jonio, one I hadn't known.

I WANTED to help him like any friend wants to help another. Several times I almost tossed caution aside. The essence of primeval conflict saturated the air and stirred my own primitive instincts. Like a firehorse I trembled with the need for action. The thin veneer of civilization tottered. Should I jump into the melee?

TO UNZ.O ODUCTION

I knew these people only superficially. The same blood flowed through the veins of all four brothers and Jonio's jug had rekindled dormant fires. Would they forget their grievances and, united, turn to rend the interloper? I was alone in a strange country; there was no other house of any kind nor help that I could summon.

While I deliberated, Jonio momentarily had the upper hand. Zolon and Orem rolled in the dust. Tomas staggered back, his hands cupped about his puffing face.

The two on the ground didn't stay down long and Orem picked up a discarded bois d'arc fence post. He swung it wildly by one end in a whistling horizontal sweep. Maddened, he apparently had selected no target, just anything that moved. Jonio's back was turned and I yelled frantically to warn him. He ducked just in time. His two brothers, weaving drunkenly, pulled down their own befuddled heads. If they hadn't, at least one tousled cranium would have joined Jonio's trampled hat.

Aware that all semblance of brotherly love had evaporated, I realized that common sense had to be the better part of valor. I ran for the car, and skewed it around in a wheel-spinning turn that churned new furrows through the old. The engine roared with too much gas and almost drowned my shouts to Jonio.

Scattering brothers like jackstraws, he tore loose leaving half his new shirt twisted in several hands. He flopped into the seat beside me and I let the clutch up hard. The old car leaped and bucked across the field like a rubber-tired kangaroo, almost putting us through the roof. Judging from the knot I sported next day, we must have come close to doing just that.

Jonio, his breath coming in racking spasms, slid all over the seat. In the rear view mirror I caught glimpses of the battle-scarred brothers staring wide-eyed at us while we vaulted from the field.

ONCE out of sight, I slowed the tortured old crate. Jonio cursed, pounding one fist into the other. "I kill those damn boys," he sobbed over and over.

After repeated rounds of solid vituperation he ordered me to turn back so he could do it, his anguished chest still heaving. When I refused he spun around on me like a tiger, yelling, "You stop this thing now and go back. I finish them quick."

Unheeding, I kept the car pointed out of the mountains and stepped on the gas. As furious as ever, Jonio shrieked, "You stop, you hear me? You want some too?" and tried to grab the wheel.

I held him off with one hand and hoped the over-strained springs would hold.

By the time we arrived at the Service road Jonio had calmed and, withdrawn into a shell, was huddled with his own thoughts. From the corner of an eye I scanned my combative friend. His gorgeous striped shirt hung in ribbons, the remnants supported by the intact neckerchief. In the very center of his dusky forehead, a greenish, egg-sized lump was maturing. His ten-gallon hat was lost on the field of battle, a trophy for his brothers.

Back at our quarters, without a word he went directly to his own room and shut the door. During the night I could hear him through the thin partition still swearing. At times I thought he wept.

Next morning before breakfast Jonio came to me, downcast in his simple, toil-stained clothes. For a moment he said nothing, then raised his brown eyes

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and they were full of pain not of the flesh.

"I sorry," his voice was very soft, very low as he extended his swollen right hand. "I sorry 'bout yestiddy. I do much wrong. Come near fight you too. Them brothers, they good boys, okay. Only trouble is they ain't got nuthin. I been plenty fool. Put on too damn much dog."

Al Wetherill Of The Mesa Verde

(Continued from page 25)

nest on a small ledge in the cliff back of the building. According to ancient mythology, anyone finding a buzzard's nest is in luck forever after. But their privacy invaded, the buzzards quit the nest and were never seen again.

"AS WE LOOKED at Cliff Palace, the immensity of the responsibility overwhelmed us. We appealed to the Government to take over. The Government replied it had no appropriations for such a project, nor was there any possibility of allowing any in the future.

"We then contacted Smithsonian Institution to see if that august organization could help. Smithsonian said it could not in any way give any assistance, but if the Wetherills would care to assemble a collection, they would be glad to accept it as a gift. Unfortunately, the Wetherills could not give the time and labor of six men as a donation to the Smithsonian and pay off a heavy mortgage on the ranch at the same time.

"Neither could we shake off the feeling that since Providence had seen fit to lift the veil from the wonder of the ages for us, it was somehow our responsibility to go through with it. So it all reverted back to the fact that no one told us we had to make long, difficult trips with pack animals over impassable trails, and then carry supplies on foot and swing over hazardous cliffs by ropes. The hardships were our own responsibilities completely.

"With no backing and no money, we worked the ruins when time permitted, excavating where it would not weaken the walls, giving support where it was required, but doing it as a labor of love.

"As the months went on, we believed we knew these ancient people and felt a kinship to them.

"Three rooms in Cliff Palace were especially notable. One of them was decorated in red on the walls at the west part of the building. Another had the careful construction of a round symmetrical tower about ten feet high, but unfinished. Near the center of the ruin and adjoining it was an unfinished, oblong-shaped room, unusually large in comparison with other rooms.

"A large open space well out toward the front of the building but under the protection of the overhanging cliff, was a sort of general milling ground. There were quite a number of grinding stones, *metates* bedded in mud and kept in place with other flat stones which formed a sort of a box. In back of the series of rooms was an open space the entire length of the cavern, filled with all sorts of trash as well as burials and hidden pottery. The pottery perhaps contained seeds originally.

"Although Cliff Palace is the largest building in the Mesa Verde, Long House in Navajo Cañon is considerably longer. All the outer rooms in Long House which had not been protected by the overhanging cliff were a mass of crumbling rocks. Many walls were decorated with drawings in groups of three, and may have represented pyramids.

"The Cliff Dwellers were a very superior race for their day and age. Their heads were well shaped, except for a slight flattening on the back from the papoose boards. They were of average height, with hair quite fine and dark brown, rather than coal black. There were a few albinos. Their teeth were not at all perfect, probably because of acid in the wild fruit and berries.

"The children evidently had plenty of toys and games. There were little hand prints that were made in the soft mud of the freshly plastered rooms as well as mud balls sticking to the arching roofs of the caves where the youngsters made their contribution to modern science.

"Special notice should be given to the very distinctive decoration and quality of the pottery used by the Cliff Dwellers. The shapes were such as would be most convenient for household use in cooking or containing food. There were drinking vessels, or mugs, spoons or ladles, and many oddly shaped vessels which may have been used for carrying lights around the pitch dark rooms.

"The largest vessels were of four-gallon capacity and are often called basket ware, coiled ware or corrugated ware. From their blackened and smoked appearance, these vessels were used for cooking purposes as well as for keeping a supply of water always on hand. They were also used for storing food and seeds. As many as thirteen were found buried in one row along the walls inside the rooms. The only decorations on these jars were a few raised spirals and indentations. The latter were made in the process of building up the jar to hold the coils of clay together.

"There was an unlimited variety of shapes and decorations found on the mugs, bowls, ladles, pipes and lamps. Designs were generally black with a white background, mostly geometrical-type drawings, with a few animal or bird pictures. There were very few perfect vessels of colored pottery in the Mesa Verde ruins, but fragments of it everywhere.

"The red specimens are farther west, such as in Cañon de Chelly at Chin Lee, Arizona. In the small vessels, there was usually an opening in the shape of a 'T'. The frequency with which it was used, as well as the Maltese Cross, serpent coils and other well-known symbols of ancient races, should eventually make definite connecting links in history.

"The Cliff Dwellers' pottery has a waterproof glaze on the outside and the inside. The markings were baked in this glaze and are as permanent as the pottery itself. It seems that each family had its own coat of arms—designs that were uniquely its own. Ancient pottery is far superior to any of the modern Indian ware. The Indians admit it, not verbally, but by pounding up ancient fragments if they can find them without digging, and mixing mud and sand to make their modern pottery.

"Spinning and weaving of cotton and other fine fibers is a closed book. There was no evidence of such loom work, although they most certainly must have done their own spinning and weaving. There did not seem to be any dealings with races farther south, yet there were quantities of cotton seeds mixed with the rubbish and they must have used it someway.

"Other materials were in evidence. Many spindle whorls were found and they used yucca fibre in spinning and weaving. Sandals were knitted, woven or plaited. Heavy cords of yucca fibre were the main part of the feather and fur rugs or robes

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which every family seemed to possess.

"Occasionally, heavy socks were made from human hair, whether their own long tresses, or those of a captured enemy, there is no way of knowing.

"The largest pieces of woven goods were mostly used in wrapping up the bodies of the dead for burial. For general use, buckskin was just as serviceable and most easily obtained. We found no sashes, such as are worn by the Indians now, but *cincas* for carrying loads were common.

"EVEN IF the Cliff Dwellers were driven out of their strongholds, they certainly lived well while they were in the undisputed possession of the territory they occupied. Wild fruits were plentiful. Buffalo berries, service berries, several varieties of cactus fruit, wild gooseberries, raspberries, currants and thimble berries abound on the hillsides. We found varieties of corn, showing care and proper cultivation, very unlike the small, round sort that the present Indians raise. They must have had quantities of rich piñon nuts. Beans were plentiful, two kinds being noted, white and brown. Eventually squash and perhaps pumpkins were cultivated because some of the dried shells were over a foot in diameter. Buckwheat grass seed was evidently used and was likely pounded up in the stone mortars, being too small to grind in the corn mills.

"For meat, they had wild game of all kinds—grouse, sage hens, ducks, prairie dogs, squirrels, beaver and turkey. There is evidence that the turkeys were domesticated. The mountain streams abounded in fish, although they may have been superstitious about eating fish as the present-day Navajoes are.

"It is likely that the potato was also an article of diet, for the whole country is overrun with wild potatoes.

"We were often asked, 'Have you tried to grow any of the corn, beans or squash?'

"We did, of course, just to be able to say 'Yes.' But the life germ of a seed is limited, and corn is good for probably not more than twelve years; wheat maybe twenty to sixty. Remember that when someone tells you that he heard of wheat being grown that was found in an Egyptian pyramid.

"IT WAS A LONG, hard road toward civilization from the rough stone age to the later date of heavy stone axes, and many ages afterward before the bow and arrow as used by the Cliff Dwellers came into being.

"Arrow points were often quite ornamental and in a variety of material and manufacture. There were many different combinations of silica in the rock formations from which they were made. Stone axes also showed advance in class, being made more with a view to correct weight and shape. Nearly all those found were rounded and ground down to symmetrical proportions.

"There was no indication that spears were used, but large points were used as knives, the handle being attached at an angle of about 45 degrees. The *atlatl*, a strictly American weapon also used by the Aztecs and the people of the Aleutian Islands, was found occasionally, The large points mentioned were attached to a short shaft to be used when the weapon was in service. Boomerangs were also used, probably to kill small game such as rabbits and birds. Village Indians still employ a boomerang for that purpose. Bone implements as well as wooden ones were used for sewing and weaving.

"There were many wooden implements,

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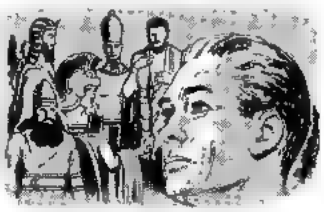

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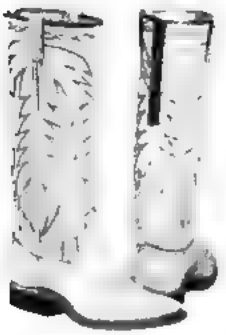

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evidently used in agricultural work, and some, perhaps, for protection. Of course there were loom sticks and fire sticks. Snowshoes were necessary for traveling over the mesa tops and the Cliff Dwellers used the webbed variety in order to get around in the brush and timber more easily.

"Burials were in the trash heaps, or in rooms. If you shudder and wonder why—perhaps it was to keep their loved ones from being molested by wild animals or to prevent other tribes from detecting a burial mound.

"With but few exceptions, they were rolled in a feather robe, cotton or yucca fibre cloth or mantles. In the majority of cases, they had a mug and bowl with them, unless the body belonged to a really important individual. In that case, he had his bows, arrows and other equipment along with him.

"In one instance, the man had evidently been killed by a bear, which in turn was killed in the encounter. The bear's claws were buried with the man where the animal had almost ripped him in two.

"There was no such thing as having them always face the east or any other specific direction. The bodies were doubled up and placed in position. If the burial was in a room, it was closely sealed up. If not in a room, then a rough wall of rock was used instead and a large basket and willow matting covered the grave with a large, flat rock to finish the job. Numbers of graves were found outside the caves in a well protected spot, and in mounds some distance from the buildings, easily distinguishable by the heavy growth of black sage.

"I believe there were three major collections assembled: one for the Peabody Museum in Massachusetts; one for the Colorado Historical Society; and the largest for Baron Gustav Nordenskijold of Sweden, who was an internationally known scientist.

"We had started taking parties of tourists, well supervised, to the Cliff Dwellings to supplement the ever-present money shortage. There are some distinguished names in the old Alamo Ranch guest book: John Hays Hammond and family . . . Fred Hyde . . . Alice Eastwood . . . Ales Hrdlika . . . Doctor Prudden . . . and many others besides the one about whom there has been much controversy—Nordenskijold.

"Nordenskijold saw the struggle we were having, saw the letters in which the Government refused aid of any kind, and decided he would like to finance a collection for permanent exhibit in Sweden and that he would also write a book. He wrote the book. I have a copy.

"The collection was stopped in New York briefly by the customs officers and passed on as being of no value. That was in 1890.

"In 1893, the museum at the ranch was completed. In the meantime, in our excavations we found an older people than the Cliff Dwellers. Richard named them the Basket Makers, and the name has stuck.

"THE BASKET MAKERS were wild, nomadic people who made unbaked pottery and wonderful baskets which were found in the tombs and in the open caves where they made their homes. They were skillful in weaving feather cloth, and beautifully figured burial robes were the inside wrappings for the bodies. In all burials in either group, pottery with the bodies would have a small piece chipped off, apparently to allow the spirit of the pottery to go free with the spirit of the owner.

"Those were hard-working years, intensely interesting years. The scientists who came to the Alamo Ranch were impressed, but unable to get any Government aid.

"As my brothers married, they sold out their interests in the ranch to me and went on to places of their own, coming back to the Alamo to help out as they could.

"Our father died on November 18, 1898. In December of 1899, Mary Tarrant, a little Kansas schoolteacher from Atchison, came to Mancos as Mrs. Al Wetherill of Alamo Ranch. Two of the richest years in experience and the poorest in material wealth any bride ever had, followed.

"There was a drought and no feed. The cattle had to be practically given away. The St. Louis World's Fair took all the tourists. There just wasn't any money. The first baby died. There wasn't water for anything except bare necessities for household use. The mortgage on Alamo Ranch was foreclosed.

"The Cliff Dwellings—with all the hopes and dreams—was a closed book."

AL AND MARY WETHERILL loaded what they could get of their possessions in a wagon and left the Mesa Verde forever. John Hays Hammond and Fred Hyde, learning of the tragedy, tried to help. Mr. Hammond sent a wire: "Save Alamo. What is needed?"

Fred Hyde, with millions at his disposal, mailed a signed check with the amount blank. Al Wetherill wouldn't take advantage of friendship, and felt he could not accept their offers.

The Ranch Museum had been given to the Colorado Historical Society. The contents are currently in the museum at Denver.

It was the one hope of the Wetherills that the Government would take over the Cliff Dwellings before vandals took advantage of the lack of protection.

The Al Wetherills left Mesa Verde in 1901. It was about ten years later that a friend of the family, Mrs. McClurg of Colorado Springs, brought the pressure of the Women's Clubs of Colorado Springs and Denver to bear upon the Government to such an extent that the area was made into a National Park. But now, any vandalism that was committed during the intervening years is blamed on the men who gave the twenty best years of their lives trying to make archaeology a science in the United States.

When the Al Wetherills left Mancos and the Alamo Ranch, they drove to Farmington, New Mexico. Al sold the wagon and team for enough money to take them to Atchison. Al went to work for the Santa Fe Railroad, but his heart wasn't in the flat plains of Kansas. He and Mary longed for the mountains and the desert. As soon as they could, they once more turned westward.

At that time, wholesale houses in Gallup and Albuquerque acted as suppliers for Indian traders, backing them up if reliable men wanted to start a store and send the wholesalers blankets, wool, piñon nuts and silver jewelry as they traded for it. So it was that Al "teamed up" with Mr. Horabin for the trading post at Thoreau, New Mexico.

It was a lonely spot in an unattractive setting. Mary, ill and lonely during the long hours Al was in the store, thought of the houseful of Tarrants in Atchison, her father's rose garden, and the trees with mockingbirds and robins. She kept her longing to herself, knowing that Al, too, was making the best of a difficult situation. It was only in her delirium,

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when Martha was born and she almost died, that Al found out how hard the preceding months had been.

So Al sold out to Mr. Horabin and they moved to Gallup where Mary could associate with other women, move a part of the Atchison flowers to the yard in Gallup, and once more be part of a busy world. Al went to work for the Santa Fe in the air brake division and by studying at night, became foreman.

BECAUSE of his integrity and ability to get along with people, as well as his good general knowledge, he was appointed postmaster during the latter part of Teddy Roosevelt's administration. He served under Taft and was the only Republican who retained his position as postmaster under Wilson.

In 1915, his health broke from the constant confinement. The family doctor told Mary if she wanted to keep Al, she'd better get him out of the office. So once more they "Indian-traded," and an older, more adjustable Mary loved it. Mary taught Martha up to her senior year in high school, then they decided she needed the companionship of other young people her own age and a final year in an accredited school preparatory to college. So a rebellious young reservation maverick was taken back to Gallup, where they still owned a home.

Al once more went to work on the railroad as night foreman. The Arkansas land boom started after World War I, so the investment was made in a scenic section of the Ozarks as an old age retirement haven.

Al's separation from the railroad came unexpectedly. A boxcar had been hauled back and forth between Albuquerque and Los Angeles with defective air-brakes. None of the regular mechanics had been able to fix it. One night, Al ordered it pulled onto a siding. He made the necessary repairs and put it back into service. The Union demanded his dismissal because he performed an ordinary mechanic's repair job when he was the foreman, thereby doing work outside his category. There was no recourse against the all-powerful Union. About the same time, their savings were lost when a local bank failed. So they sold the home in Gallup and went to the Arkansas farm. Farming in Arkansas was nothing like cattle ranching in Colorado, and in five years the land was clear of any mortgage, but there was no money.

Martha and her husband were in Sand Springs where he was employed as a civil engineer for the Oklahoma Power and Water Company. Al, nearing seventy, went to work as night watchman at Shell Creek Dam, which was where I met him.

Al Wetherill, the last of the five brothers, died January 5, 1950. The week before he died, he looked into a future with fearless blue eyes that had never been afraid.

Of the past he said, not with any bitterness, only regret, "I wish I could look back and think of one time I had been a success."

But to those who knew him and loved him, he was always a success. When a man lives truly, cleanly, honestly—what more can he do? And he gave to his family unfailing understanding and love—high ideals, unquestionable integrity, and strangely enough, constant optimism about the future.

He had written in some of his last notes, "The snow-capped La Platas beckon, but I cannot answer." But he did.

The night he died, Mary Wetherill, in her blindness, called Martha into her

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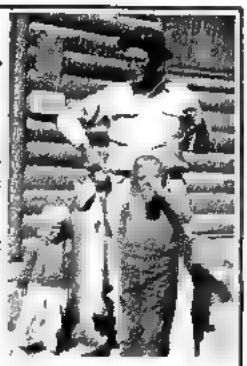

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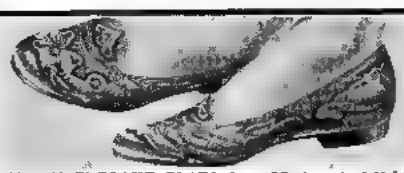

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room. She said, "Martha, Richard came for Al. They rode off together and as they went over the mountain, Al turned and took off his Stetson and waved goodbye."

In March, 1955, the little Kansas schoolteacher joined her beloved Al. They are both buried at Sand Springs, Oklahoma.

The Magic Island

(Continued from page 41)

ordered the same for the men at the mess house and gave Yamato, their cook, some brandy for a plum pudding sauce.

Evidently Yamato thought this too good to waste on a mere pudding, for he came to our house in the middle of dinner and burst into the room demanding "cash money." My brother and one of the guests jumped up and grabbed him, propelling him outside by the seat of his pants. They were no sooner seated again than Wan appeared in the opposite door with the beloved butcher knife in his hand and his most beguiling grin on his face.

"You letta me ketch 'im. I flix 'im," he said.

It was quite evident to all of us that he would be happy to do just that, but my father assured him it was not necessary and ordered him back to the kitchen.

IT WAS eighteen months before everything was in readiness to start the mill rolling and set in motion the round-the-clock business of working a mine. This seemed a long time to the impatient stockholders who were not on hand to witness the delays, the blasting through rock to make the necessary roads, and the laying of the big pipes. The mules that had to haul the machinery would often balk at the job and refuse to budge.

When three of the stockholders came down for the big event, a shipment of coal that my father had expected on the same steamer did not arrive.

Of course, the men were entertained in our home during their stay. My stepmother outdid herself planning meals that would please them, and Gee Wan dug out his one quilted satin jacket to impress them. But all this was the wrong approach. The visitors immediately jumped to the conclusion that my father was too extravagant for the job.

After the men left the island, Father realized that his position was serious. We had a definite impression that before long a new manager would arrive.

Using most of his money for operating expenses that he did not want to charge to the company, my father's San Diego bank account was too low to take care of the payroll and other expenses that had to be met before he could turn his job over to another.

There was a Mexican law that a manager of a mine (or probably any other business) who did not pay his workers on the regular pay day could be thrown into jail. At that time, the Enseñada jail was not a place one would even care to visit, let alone occupy.

Father had $50,000 worth of ore, by careful and expert assay, ready to run through the mill, but only enough coal to run about ten days. Our shipment of coal had not come down on the steamer's last trip either. The temperature on the island had dropped to its very lowest.

FATHER started the mill. It was a beautiful piece of work, and heartbreaking for the man who had accomplished it to realize that he was not going to be allowed to continue. Then an unexpected difficulty arose in the slippery quality of the ore. This might have dismayed a less experienced man, but Father had met the same problem years before in Georgia. It was only necessary to stop and "clean up" the plates much more often than normally so that the gold, and the mercury which had absorbed it, would not slip off into the tailings.

When the coal was exhausted, there was enough gold to make three small bricks (about $10,000), and it was amazing how heavy those small bricks were. This was enough to meet the payroll and show the stockholders that the mine could be profitable—but it was too late. With the arrival of the next steamer came the letter telling Father there had been a meeting of the majority stockholders and a new manager would take his place. We left in the spring of 1900.

It developed that Father's replacement knew nothing about running a mill and we learned later that an ore pile worth about $40,000 had slithered over the plates and down the canyon and into the sea.

The next report we had from Cedros was that the mines had been sold and all the gold mining apparatus was being scrapped. And later we heard the island referred to as having had a "famous copper mine."

The island was brought to our attention again when President Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins drove through Laguna Beach en route to San Diego. From there they were to go by boat to Cedros Island for a fishing trip.

The last word was that there was a canning factory, with a camp of Japanese abalone gatherers, on the island. But be it gold, copper, fish or abalone, the island still spells MAGIC.

Two Minutes To Live

(Continued from page 33)

crank the bucket to the surface. When the bucket was half way up, he saw a man walking up the creek bed toward him.

"Then I knew I had been right before," Sanderson said to a reporter for the El Paso *Inter-Republics*, in a story repeated by the *Golden Globe* of September 17, 1887.

The intruder was an ugly-looking customer, big and brawny, with a flat, Scandinavian face. He carried a Winchester in the crook of his arm. John suddenly realized that his gun was in the cabin. He picked up a small stick, used to chock the windlass, slipping it into the windlass handle near the axle, which prevented it from turning backwards. Leaving it suspended half way up, he started for the cabin. The newcomer threw up his gun and ordered him to stop right there.

"What are you doing on my claim?" he asked, in a rasping voice.

"I reckon you can see," John said, trying to put up a good front.

"You mean you've jumped it, you lousy thief!" the newcomer snarled.

John shrugged. He tried to think up something to placate this fellow. Before he could come up with anything, the stranger continued.

"Did you ever pray?" he asked.

"Yes." John said, thinking it had been a long time.

"Then pray now! I'll give you two minutes."

Sanderson had no doubt that the surly fellow intended to murder him in cold blood. He tried "another rock."

"If you kill me," he said, "my partner will return and see that you hang for it."

The man laughed. "I'll fix your partner the same way."

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"No need to shoot. I'll leave. You can have the claim."

"Two minutes to pray," came the terse reply.

Then the stranger moved to the shaft, stooped slightly, resting the gun barrel on the windlass handle.

"One minute."

In the next instant, there was a crash, an explosion and a loud cry, all mingled in one. As the gun went off, John dropped to the ground instinctively, watching the gunman cartwheel head over heels down the embankment, the Winchester flying through the air. He was conscious of a loud, whirring noise like an alarm clock going off.

IT TOOK Sanderson a full minute to realize he wasn't dead, in fact hadn't even been shot. How could the man miss at such a short range? He stood up and glanced down the slope. The stranger lay motionless. He moved quickly for the gun, but it was broken, beyond use. By then Sanderson realized what had happened. When the stranger laid the gun across the windlass, he had knocked out the stick which held it, allowing the bucket, weighing 150 pounds, full of ore, to drop. The large iron handle had struck the man full in the face, smashing the gun and discharging it into the air, and sending the stranger somersaulting down the slope.

Sanderson picked up the unconscious man and carried him to the cabin. The stranger's face was so busted up that the prospector could do little for him.

It was a week before Charley returned. The partners took the unconscious gunman to a doctor in Silver City. The doctor did what he could but it was not enough. On the night he died, he came out of his coma for a few minutes. He recognized Sanderson and a puzzled look came over his features. Since he couldn't talk, he motioned for a slate to write on. Weak, unsteady, he laboriously scrawled his message.

"Who hit me?"

But before they could supply the details, he died. They never learned his name, and he had no identification. Burke and Sanderson went back to The Treasury claim. Within a couple of weeks, their vein "pinched out." Sanderson sold his interest to Burke. His partner worked on the prospect for a year before he gave up in disgust.

Sanderson summed up his story. "No mine is worth fighting over," he rationalized.

"They Shall Perish From The Earth!"

(Continued from page 27)

ed; the Mexicans had not suffered any casualties. The disabled Apaches were finished off by *coup de grace*. Three small children, who had suffered wounds while strapped to their Mother's backs, were taken as captives.

Mora ordered his men to gather wood with which to burn the dead and, in so doing, a posseman moved a bushy top of a dry tree. An Indian ran out of the brush for freedom, but was felled by a shot from Mora's rifle. The victim proved to be a girl of fifteen, and took her place on the fire along with the others.

On the eleventh expedition, this tribe of nomadic Apache Indians, admirable for their determination to resist civilization and noted for their extreme cruelty, had been completely exterminated by the triumphant Mora and his possemen warriors.

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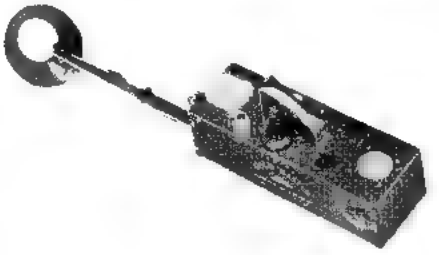

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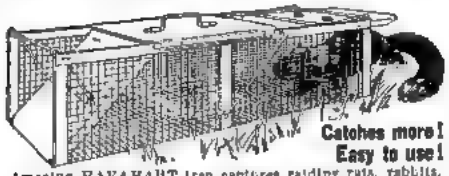

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

University of Oklahoma Press has released another top cowboy autobiography, *From the Pecos to the Powder*, ($5.95) by Bob Kennon as told to Ramon F. Adams, collector of books on cowboys, writer and bibliographer. Originally from Cedar Hill, near Dallas, Texas, Bob Kennon cowboyed and ranched from west Texas to Montana, and facts about his rambles provide a clear account not only of the last of the northern trail drives but numerous other phases of cow country living. Bob knew the Ketchum gang, Kid Curry and brothers and met several rough characters while serving as a Montana sheriff. He cronied with Charlie Russell and has added some new material about the famous cowboy artist.

In 1896, Kennon was punching cows for prolific Don Luis Terrazas, cattle king of Chihuahua, when he hired out to help drive 2,000 Mexican steers to Montana. He spent the remainder of his life in this state and tried many jobs besides ranching, including that of stock inspector, rodeo operator, forest ranger and CCC superintendent. All cattle collectors and Russell fans will need this one. The illustrations are particularly good. Some are clear photos of old-time cowboys and ranch scenes and several snappy drawings by cowboy artist Joe Beeler really put life into the story.

The Raw Edge (Tascher Associates, 715 Beverly Ave., Missoula, Montana, $1.90) is the first in a series of books by J. B. Armstrong covering his life on the range. In this one he tells how he became a cowboy—along with some family history. J. B.'s father was the first justice of the peace at Tascosa—Cape Willingham was the sheriff and Henry Brown, former pard of Billy the Kid, was the constable. The Armstrongs moved to Indian Territory in 1892 and J. B.'s training in cow work followed close behind. A move back to the Texas Panhandle enabled J. B. to get some schooling in Amarillo and then, when J. B. was sixteen, came the move to the "Big North." Mike Kennedy, Director of the Montana Historical Society, wrote the foreword and he liked J. B.'s straight talk about pioneer life and range riding—we think you will, too.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

Historical Atlas of Oklahoma (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95) by John W. Morris and Edwin C. McReynolds represents a style of format that could well be used in elaborating many kinds of instruction. The Oklahoma story is set forth in a series of key maps accompanied by sharp informative narratives about each subject. Seventy maps with meaty legends cover important Oklahoma resources and historical events. Maps include land forms, drainage, precipitation, early exploration, the Five Civilized Tribes and other Indians, land settlement, institutions, cattle trails and political subdivisions. The reader can't help but be impressed with the simple cartography and accurateness of historical detail. There is a cracking good index and the bibliography will be helpful to Oklahoma fans.

HIGH COUNTRY!

Len Schoemaker, sage of some of Colorado's tip-top country, has come up with another chummy book about his mountain acquaintances called *Pioneers of the Roaring Fork* (Sage Books, $5.00). An ex-forest ranger, Len's latest is a collection of thumbnail sketches of friends and neighbors in the Roaring Fork Valley, a picturesque winter ski resort and playground for summer vacationers and trout fishermen. The book will appeal to hundreds who have lived or visited Roaring Fork, and dozens of photographs from family albums add historical value to the volume. We are sorry that many of the photos are too small or blurred to serve the purpose intended. A list of contributors to the manuscript is useful but Len missed a chance to help his readers locate names of old friends because he failed to include an index.

DISTINGUISHED REPRINTS

Traders to the Navajos (University of New Mexico Press, $2.00) by Frances Gillmor and Louisa Wade Wetherill is a nostalgic story about the Wetherills of Keyenta. This is the second printing of the 1934 first edition. We knew and admired the Wetherills, Christian-hearted traders at Keyenta in the canyon and rimrock homeland of the Navajo tribe. John Wetherill, first white man to see the unique Rainbow Natural Bridge, guided tourists and archeologists over remote trails better known to him than Indians. Louisa Wetherill mothered, doctored, nursed and advised countless Navajos who returned her kindness with generosity and respect. This is a first class history of Navajo life and culture—simply and accurately told.

FIVE GREAT ARTISTS

Five Artists of the Old West (Hastings House, $3.95) by Clide Hollmann is an attractive, well illustrated little volume. In it the author provides brief biographical sketches of George Catlin, Karl Bodmer, Alfred Jacob Miller, Charles M. Russell and Frederic Remington. She also comments on their art and their contributions to the pictorial record of Western people and events. Four of the five—Bodmer being the exception—have been given the full book-length treatment in recent years. Yet this 128-page book manages to pack in many of the facts about these famous artists, plus a frontispiece in color by Russell, twenty-nine other illustrations and an index. And the price is right.

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Walt Coburn's Tally Book

(Continued from page 13)

hair cut, he looked kind of outa place on a street in town. But his new hat was cocked at that jack-deuce angle and a half-smoked cigarette hung from his twisted grin. He had a big heavy-set, red-faced man with him. He looked like some cowhand that had got hisself a job tending bar and had gone paunchy. I never paid him much attention; I was too tickled at seeing Bill Lorne. Prideful that he'd looked me up.

"This is Dutch Shaw. This is on me. It's my night to howl, eh, Dutch?"

Bill Lorne said my money was wooden. We ate the best. Took in the picture show. Wound up in one of the boxes that overlooked the stage at the old Stockholm Beer Hall. I was drinking small beers. Bill Lorne and Dutch Shaw drank whiskey. Between acts, the honkytonk gals would come into the box and Bill Lorne would buy the drinks. I could handle my beer all right for a kid. But I was getting a little tipsy. I thought I saw Bill Lorne sluff a few whiskies into the brass cuspidor when nobody was looking.

I remember one of the girls, that did a song and tap dance, was drinking sour wine. She was making up to Dutch and they were swapping drinks. It was right after that Dutch sorta dozed off. Bill Lorne let him sleep a while, then tried to shake him awake. But he wouldn't wake up. I saw Bill Lorne slip the girl a ten-dollar bill.

Then he called a bouncer and they carried Dutch out the back door. A cab was waiting out in the alley. The driver never left his seat. Bill Lorne and the bouncer loaded Dutch in. Lorne told me to ride up with the cab driver. I thought Bill Lorne was smart-aleck drunk when he told the driver to take them to the jail.

Then he grinned that twisted grin that closed his left eye.

"Jail's the safest place for a drunk. Nobody kin roll him."

A cop on night duty helped Bill Lorne carry the still-unconscious Dutch inside. Bill Lorne was gone for quite a while. He told me to sit in the cab with him while we drove around to grab some fresh air. I sat alongside him, and for the first time I noticed that Lorne packed a gun in a holster shoved inside his pants and fastened on to the suspender buttons.

Bill Lorne asked the cab driver what time the eastbound train left. He said it was due in half an hour. If he wanted to be on it he'd have to whip up. We had driven out to Black Eagle Falls. We made the train just in time.

"I left the Corbett roan in the Circle C horse pasture," Bill Lorne told me as we neared the depot at three in the morning. "He's all yourn, button. Take care of him."

I tried to thank him for showing me a good time. But he just grinned that twisted grin that winked his left eye, his hat cocked at a jack deuce angle on his black head.

"The honor," he grinned, the laughter showing in his eyes, "is all mine. So-long, Kid. You and that Corbett pony take good care of one another."

BILL LORNE caught the last car as the train was pulling out. He straddled the iron railing of the observatory car like he was sitting a horse, half-rumped, his weight in one stirrup, as he waved his hand.

That was the last I ever saw of the man who went under the name of Bill Lorne when he worked for the Bear Paw Pool.

I was in school next morning when I was called out of the classroom and into the principal's office. Tom Cook, the chief of police, was sitting there. Alongside him sat Dutch Shaw. Dutch's red face was mottled and he looked sick. He pointed a fat finger at me.

"That's the same kid. He was there when my drink was doped. Like as not he helped swipe my gun and badge and papers and my wallet. What's become of that feller you called Bill Lorne?" His voice sounded thick.

"I don't know. I had too much beer to drink. I went home to bed." I hadn't told any direct lie. But I wouldn't tell the truth if they locked me in jail for the rest of the school term.

Chief of Police Cook had known me since I was this high. He never asked me a question. But he said a few caustic words to Dutch Shaw about upholding the dignity of a law officer. Then they left. And after the principal had lectured me for a while on the evils of drink and so on, I was sent back to my classroom.

I found out later that Dutch Shaw was a deputy sheriff from Wyoming. Bill Lorne was a member of a notorious outlaw gang that Dutch had picked up in Montana and was taking back under arrest to the Wyoming penitentiary. Lorne had used me for an excuse. He'd swapped identities with the deputy sheriff in the taxicab.

I had the roan horse, Corbett, for three years before a man showed up to claim ownership, and I had to buy the cow pony for a highway robbery price.

I got a picture postcard that same year from the Argentine Republic. It was a picture of a big herd of fat cattle on the Pampas. "Don't hold no hard feelings towards old Lorne. These cattle are all mine. We'll paint Buenos Aires a shore red color if you ever git down this way." —Walt

Blood For Blood

(Continued from page 43)

"Maybe-so soldiers get killed, too," he snapped and headed for his encampment at Battle Creek Ravine.

As the troops headed for the Bear River, Porter Rockwell scouted ahead and returned with a report of the Indian position at Battle Creek. It was not encouraging. Their stronghold was a ravine which ran south into Bear River; it was from thirty to forty feet wide and from six to twelve feet deep. The Snake and Bannocks had cut steps into the bank on the east side and had interwoven willows along its length, leaving loopholes from which to fire without exposing themselves. They even had fashioned forked sticks for rifle rests.

An open plain flattened to the east about a mile to the river, which in turn made a large bend westward and received the waters of Battle Creek southwest of the Indian redoubt. To the north and west were hills. The ravine afforded an avenue of escape to the northwest and the bank of Bear River allowed escape to the south.

Col. Connor ordered Maj. McGarry to begin encircling the encampment before the attack was to be launched, but the cavalry had scarcely started crossing to the river's north side when shouts of the waiting Indians cut through the early dawn. A chief rode up and down the crest in front of the ravine and waved a spear in the face of the volunteers. A brave

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shouted clearly to the troops, "Fours right, fours left; come on, you California S-o-b's!"

Spurred on by this unexpected greeting, the Volunteers pushed hard into the attack. Company K and M first reached the bank on the north side, followed closely by Companies A and H. They were slowed considerably by ice jamming the river, but managed to form a line of battle and were dismounting when the first volley from the redoubt raked their ranks.

Meanwhile, Maj. McGarry, believing it impractical to surround the camp, attacked frontally. The braves laid down a devastating fire. Lt. Darwin Chase, with elements of Co. K, was mounted on a horse whose attractive trappings sealed his doom. He was mistaken for Col. Connor and drew the fire of every enemy rifle. The Lieutenant was struck in the wrist, and moments later was shot through the lung. But he kept his saddle for nearly twenty minutes spurring his men on before falling mortally wounded.

When Col. Connor discovered it was impossible to dislodge the Indians by frontal attack, he ordered Maj. McGarry with twenty men to turn the enemy's left flank. He was joined by Capt. Hoyt with a company of infantry and together they succeeded in driving the Indians into the central and lower portion of the ravine. Then the troops on the east moved in. This was a key maneuver.

Up to this stage of the battle the Snake and Bannock warriors had been at an advantage and were cutting deeply into the ranks of the weary, bone-cold Volunteers. But now the braves were being assaulted on both sides as well as the front. Troops near the mouth of the ravine shouted the first alarm: the braves were making a break in that direction!

As the Volunteers closed the jaws of their trap, the Indians, realizing retreat was useless, turned to fight their enemy hand to hand. Col. Connor galloped among the troops shouting encouragement as the fight neared its climax.

CAPT. G. F. PRICE watched with horror as eight men in his Co. K fell dead before the furious Indian onslaught. But as other Volunteers stepped forward the Indian surge was broken and forty-eight warriors met their death in a space of minutes. Here and there braves were flushed from hiding in the willows and killed. Some tried to swim the icy Bear River and were shot. Bear-Hunter, who was huddled over a fire, making bullets, was struck by a rifle shell and fell face down in the flames. Lehi was found dead among the bodies of his warriors. Sagwitch escaped only to be shot the following July. Sanpitch was not among those involved in the battle. Only twenty-two warriors escaped the carnage.

A count of the dead on the battlefield showed 224 Indian bodies. Another 48 were found at the Co. K sector and scores were believed killed attempting to swim the river. When the squaws and children saw that the volunteers had no desire to kill them, they came out of the ravine and walked to the rear of the troops where they sat and watched the soldiers mop up the surviving warriors. They subsequently were issued provisions and turned loose by the soldiers, who gathered up 175 Indian horses and then took stock of their own situation.

The Californians had lost fourteen dead, forty-nine wounded and seventy-nine to frostbite. Col. Connor marched his men to the south side of the river and camped for the night. Only one officer and twenty-five men were fit for guard

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duty that January 29, and one of them was Corporal Tuttle who spent his watch treating his wounded comrades.

He later recounted, "There we camped on the bank of Bear River with our dead, dying, wounded and frozen 2 feet of snow on the ground nothing for fire but green Willows which would burn about as well as snow oh! the groans of the frozen it seems to ring in my ears yet the poor fellows some lost their toes some a portion of their feet I worked near all night bringing water from the river to wet cloths to draw frost from their frozen limbs I had not slept any for two nights before it was a dreadful night to me but managed to get through the night while some never saw morning."

Porter Rockwell had gone to Franklin and obtained ten teams to haul the wounded back to Camp Douglas and they arrived in Salt Lake City during the first days of February. Col. Connor's victory was complete; he had defeated the Indian menace to Cache Valley, had made the emigrant route comparatively safe, and had made a great many friends among the Mormon population who looked upon his success as an act of God.

In later days historians would ask themselves what might have happened if Bear-Hunter had seen a large body of cavalry that January 28 instead of a company of infantry. And what if the chief had protected that left flank?

The soldier dead were buried with the highest honors their comrades could bestow and were laid to rest in the small Camp Douglas Cemetery. As for Col. Connor? His victory brought his promotion to the rank of Brigadier General.

The Colt Forty-Five

(Continued from page 21)

mite mystified at the resurgence of the old-time type single action revolvers. Said one, "It's as though Americans, sick to death of newspaper talk of atomic warfare and military space satellites, have reverted in fancy to the simple, valiant, straight-shooting days of frontier times when a man packed an equalizer on his hip that enabled him to stand up to any bully that came along and defend himself and his rights without recourse to courts and lawyers."

Other revolver manufacturers, both domestic and foreign, have latched onto the bonanza represented by the upsurge of popularity of the old-style single action. But none of these upstarts possesses the adventurous aura that over the long years has attached itself to the magic name "Colt."

Death Rode The Snows

(Continued from page 45)

my forehead.

"Then, off in the distance, I saw a light bobbing up and down. I shouted again and Johnny Anderson ran up to me.

"He said, 'They're all gone?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I've been here for quite a little while and there hasn't been a sound or sign of anybody.'

"Johnny knew he couldn't carry me over the rough snow so he covered me with his mackinaw and went for help. He sent the watchman and the cook back with blankets. The cook car had been farther down the track and was not wrecked. Finally they got me out and in a bunk in one of the outfit cars."

AFTER THAT, John Anderson went to give the alarm. Mr. Anderson continued with the story. "First I phoned from the watchman's shack to Glacier and had the agent send out a telegraph report. Conductor Bell and Joe Daems were there and we all went to the slide and started scratching around the engine and rotary. I noticed a glove sticking out of the snow. There was a hand in it. I tore off my own gloves and dug frantically. I found a man's head in blood-soaked snow. It was conductor Bill Buckley. He was unconscious but still alive. We tried to revive him with brandy, and started back to Glacier but he died within an hour."

"You have a wild Saturday night or are you just learning?"

Tears came to John Anderson's eyes, "My youngest brother, Charley, died with those fifty-six men that night. Thirty-two of them were Japanese, but that made no difference. They were all good men.

"It was all over. The next day was warm and sunny. The slide had come from the south on the right-hand side facing east. It was the first and only time a slide has come from that side of the tracks since the railroad was built. But there are those who believe it will happen again."

Mr. Anderson sat with bowed head for several minutes. Then he straightened his shoulders and, as though to lay aside his sorrow, he said, "That slide of 1899, it was a bad one, too. I know, for I was at Albert Canyon at that time. On the morning of January 31, 1899, we got a report of bad slides between us and Rogers Pass. The rotary plow and all the extra gangs and snow service gangs from Revelstoke started out and picked up all the section men as they went along. My section gang and I were picked up about 11 or 12 o'clock. We cleared some slides between Albert Canyon and Illecillewaet and arrived at Illecillewaet shortly after dark. There we heard of the tragedy at Rogers Pass.

"Frank Corson was our engineer and his son had been killed along with the entire Cato family. Mr. and Mrs. Cato had run the lunch counter at the station at Rogers Pass. We worked madly all night, pushing the old rotary for all it was worth to clear the slides between Illecillewaet and Rogers Pass and arrived about daylight.

"The section foreman at Rogers Pass, Tom Wilson, took me to see the bodies and told me how it happened. For days snow had fallen continuously, fallen as it can fall only on the mountain peaks, and it was followed by frosty weather. Then howling winds loosened the snow

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and it plunged in a dry, powdery mass racing the whistling wind down the mountainside. The slide hit the station house and turned it over. Mr. Cato just had time to grab his two children from the station platform. They were all killed and a Chinese cook as well.

"Fate played an odd hand that day, for upstairs asleep young Corson, night operator, was killed and in another upstairs room, a waitress, Annie Burger, was trapped but had only her leg broken. A canary and a little wire-haired terrier were saved, too. The dog searched for days, whining and sniffing for its little playmates who never returned to play with him."

Mr. Anderson leaned back and closed his eyes. He had told his story of those terrifying avalanches of 1910 and 1899.

King Of The California Wilderness

(Continued from page 32)

six weeks after the encounter with the bear, he was back in the mountains, hunting meat for the miners. Searles was horribly scarred, but lived for many years, and became rich when he discovered a vast lake of pure borax in the northwestern corner of San Bernardino County.

Some of the grizzly stories seem too fantastic to believe, but they happened. One truth that shows up very clearly in the hunting experiences of the pioneer Californians—their rifles, small bore muzzle-loaders, seldom delivered a killing shot, causing the numerous savage struggles that have been reported. The larger bored revolvers were much more lethal, the last and best resort being, of course, the Bowie knife.

When high-powered, large bore weapons came in, the grizzly bear went out fast. Some of the great bears made their last stand near the grave of Peter Lebeck, their most famous victim. As late as the year 1893, during a hunting expedition near Grapevine Canyon, Dr. William F. Edgar described the locality much as Major Reading had described it forty years earlier. "This has been a slaughter-house for bears, as evidenced by the great number of skulls lying around, for within a hundred yards of my tent I collected and threw into a pile a dozen or more in one day after arriving."

As many as two thousand visitors now visit this spot each month to look at the ancient oak and the grave of the man "killed by an X bear," a man whose certain identity has never been traced. The great north and south Ridge Route, Highway 99, runs along this memorial to the might of the California grizzly, and the old tree stands, its leaves shivering to the snarling roar of great Diesel trucks climbing the *Canada de los Uvas.*

Vinegarroon

(Continued from page 12)

The Dons, however, were satisfied. Plainly they saw Roy's feet swinging clear of the ground. Glad to get away from the scene of the party, they departed in a run.

Unknown to them, there had been a frightened witness to their festivities. Before the sound of pounding hoofs had died, this comely witness appeared from behind a nearby redwood. In her hand she grasped a long-bladed dirk. Without hesitation she dashed up to the dangling victim, stood on tiptoe, and severed the rope directly above his bulging, throbbing neck.

Roy thudded to the ground, out of breath and temporarily out of senses. The rescuer grasped his head, kissed his bluish lips. "Señor, my Roy, wake up!" she cried.

Minutes later Roy's eyelids flickered. Slowly his senses came back. "Thanks, Señorita Donna. I thought you was an angel. And, by gobs, you are!"

He walked back to the garden of the hacienda with her. Next day he was scheduled to make another trip into bandit country. He clasped her close to him. He kissed her with a fervor that made her gasp. "Hasta la vista, Señorita," he muttered.

His neck was more severely strained than at first indicated. By the following morning it was so swollen that he was unable to take the trail. Complications set in and it was weeks before he was able to ride long distances. The injury left his neck slightly stiff and bent a little to one side. This episode in Roy Bean's life always was a touchy subject to him; no doubt for the reason that he considered the injury a mar to his appearance.

Before Ranger Bean was able to take his place on the trail again, the bandit Joaquin Murietta had been killed on the edge of Tulare Valley by a band of six rangers led by Captain Harry Love. Along with Murietta they also captured Three-Finger Jack, notorious lieutenant of the bandit. With Joaquin's head and Jack's hand severed and preserved in alcohol, the bandit trail lost much of its glamor for Ranger Bean. He developed a dislike for California; and perhaps the necktie episode had something to do with it. Anyway, he left.

A few months later he showed up in New Mexico. Here, when the Civil War broke out, he organized the Free Rovers and joined the Confederacy. Later he became an embargo runner and made considerable money smuggling cotton into Mexico and supplies out of Mexico for the Confederates.

After the war, he drifted back to San Antonio. There he married a cultured Spanish woman of Canary Island ancestry and set up housekeeping. He entered the dairy business and prospered for awhile; but eventually a customer found a minnow in his milk bottle and had the temerity to complain to the authorities. Confronted with the evidence of watered milk, Bean blandly explained the presence of the minnow by declaring, "Why, the cow must've drunk it while waterin' herself in the creek."

WITH HIS sign up and the forty-rod bar functioning normally, "Judge" Bean now was ready to open the "bar of justice" at the other side of his Vinegarroon shack. With some impatience he awaited the first accused. Of course he had not received his appointment from Fort Stockton; but that was a mere technicality, and Roy Bean never worried about technicalities.

A professional cattle rustler and smuggler whose name, since coming west of the Pecos, was Red Eye Smith, christened Judge Bean's brand-new court; tested the Bean authority. He rode into Vinegarroon with three cronies. He and his friends became well "lickered" at the spiritual end of the Bean emporium; and, as was the typical outlaw's wont in those days, they became unnecessarily boisterous. Red Eye drew his two Colts and fired three or four times through the mildewed tent top. His three cronies followed suit.

Bean squinted his blue eyes a little and merely grinned at this show of western exuberance. After all, a fellow did have a right to break over the traces now and

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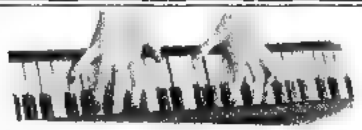

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then, especially if he had bought his wherewithal from the Bean establishment at fifty cents a throw.

Red Eye then drew down on Sanchez, helper at the bar. The Sanchez sombrero sailed crazily against the back of the tent and came to rest, a gaping hole in front and back of the crown. Bean laughed heartily at this, because the dive Sanchez made behind the row of boxes was one of the most graceful under fire he had ever seen.

But even before the smile on Bean's round face had disappeared, Smith turned his attention to the row of whiskey bottles on the crude backbar. He fired twice more. Two bottles crashed. Cheap liquor splashed against the tent and trickled down the dirt floor.

This was more than Bean could stand. Any paying customer might shoot a few holes through the tent, or take a pot shot or two at Sanchez if he wished; but when he started wasting that precious red-eye, in ready demand at fifty cents a drink, the thing had gone beyond the point of innocent fun.

"That's enough!" Bean said evenly. As he spoke his two ancient pistols flew up to shooting position. "Drop them shootin' irons, 'fore I get mad. And that goes for you three hombres, too." He cut his eyes across at the three henchmen.

"Sanchez!" he yelled, "crawl outer there and relieve these polecats of their artill'ry."

Red Eye blinked incredulously. His eyes had a cunning look, but they had a wise look, too; wise enough to show that he had no wish to test the trigger-pull of the glint-eyed man before him. He permitted Sanchez to take the guns from his hands. "It's a helluva note," he mumbled, "gettin' a feller drunk, then takin' his guns away fr'm him!"

"You're under arrest," Bean commented casually, ignoring the caustic comment, "for disturbin' the peace and tranquillity of this here law-abidin' town of Vinegarroon. All of you."

"The hell we are!" Red Eye stormed. "Why, you—I'll——"

"An' for usin' abusive language," Bean added. "Sanchez," he instructed, "set up the bar o' justice. These gents are hankerin' after bein' tried right now, so's they can be gettin' out of town."

"What sorter kangaroo court you pullin' on us, anyhow?" Red Eye, now genuinely insulted, demanded.

"—And for contempt of this here honorable court," Bean added, as if he had not finished his original charges.

By now, attracted by the gunfire in the Bean establishment, most of the citizens of the village had collected either inside the tent or near the entrance, the latter preferring to retain a free foot space in case expediency suggested sudden departure. They viewed the turn of events with varying degrees of concern; some laughing; some making egotistically humorous remarks; others looking on gravely.

Jesus Torres was among the latter. This, he felt, was a test of Roy Bean's strength and authority. If Red Eye Smith, notorious for his nerve and gunplay, stood for a trial in Bean's court, then things would look gloomy indeed for the future of the Torres fortune.

Sanchez ended up an empty whiskey barrel. He placed an empty canned goods box back of that. Then he laid the *Revised Statutes* atop the barrel. "The courtroom is feex," he announced with due respect.

"Cover these here three gents," Bean instructed his helper. "All right, Red Eye, stand over there before the bar of justice and be tried accordin' to law!" He prodded the outraged prisoner in the back with the barrel of one of the guns.

Rustler Smith blustered and stamped the hard dirt floor. He called Bean names. But he stood where he was told to stand.

Bean walked around behind the whiskey barrel. He laid his two long pistols on top of the barrel beside his prided law volume and intoned with the dignity of an English court bailiff: "Hear ye, gents; hear ye! This honorable court now's in session. And any dam' coyote what makes any noise durin' the proceedin's will be arrested and tried for contempt."

He shifted his position on the box, cleared his throat and stroked his cropped graying beard. He opened the book with due dignity and thumbed through several pages. Finally his eyes came to rest upon a certain page, and he laid the book down before him.

"Red Eye Smith," he intoned, "yore charged 'afore this here court with disturbin' the peace, to wit: shootin' up two valuable bottles of forty-rod. And with abusive language, to wit: Callin' me—well, you know what you called me, you goldarn—*! And with contempt of this honorable court, to wit: usin' the word kangaroo in connection therewith. You plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, you * !——"

"Yore guilty plea accepted. Fined ten dollars for disturbin' the peace. Other two charges suspended on good behavior. You can pay the ten now."

Rustler Smith sputtered speechless.

"Sanchez," Bean called, "seems the prisoner don't understand. So, poke yore hand in his right-hand pocket and remove a gold eagle. I'll keep my eye on the other gents."

Sanchez did as instructed. The ten-dollar gold piece clanked atop the whiskey barrel; and thus Judge Roy Bean levied and collected his first fine and established himself as the Law West of the Pecos.

Half an hour later he ordered drinks on the house, restored their guns to Smith and his compadres and the outlaws left in due dignity and respect for the amazing new law of Vinegarroon.

News of Bean's bold stroke of authority filtered through the sagebrush of the wild Trans-Pecos country to sundry haunts and was received in various degrees of predilection, depending upon the inherent motives of those who heard it. Outlaws of the district naturally resented it. They had come a long way—from every section of the country—to find asylum in this naturally lawless country; and logically they resented the intrusion of any form of law or order, no matter how crude. Who was Roy Bean, anyway, to decide what was right and wrong out here? The more passive ones merely shrugged their shoulders; and some even saw the humor of the situation.

There were a few ranchers in the territory, men who had braved the elements, the insatiable hunger of the desert, the raids of smugglers and killers, to establish new homes in this far outpost—men like Melvin Ferrar from Virginia, whose cattle ranged ten million acres with headquarters at Fort Davis; Milton Favor, whose "F" brand was known from the Pecos to Guadalupe Mountains; J. D. Jackson, E. L. Gage, whose extensive holdings centered at Marathon; William Russell and his father-in-law, Dario Rodriguez, with headquarters at the foot of El Capitan Mountain. The whole range was open, with herds roaming hundreds of miles from headquarters when drought cut down the growth of huajillo and grama.

These ranchers keenly recognized the need of some sort of law west of the Pecos. Although they were aware of certain shortcomings in Bean's method of dispensation, they welcomed his efforts in general. Gradually they began to cooperate with him, to the disgust of Jesus Torres and the inconvenience of the outlaws.

The Trans-Pecos region at that time was ravaged by such famous outlaw leaders as Sam Hill George, Barney Gallagher, John Boyd, Jesse Evans, the Graham brothers; and now and then Billy the Kid made a foray from his New Mexico haunts into this lower territory. They were a hard-bitten lot—men who would kill at the drop of a hat and who valued life as dirt cheap. Yet the coming of Roy Bean and his curious brand of frontier justice worried them.

Outwardly they tried to ignore Judge Bean and his court. They laughed when they mentioned his name; but secretly they experienced a growing uneasiness. Stories of Roy Bean's prowess with two shooting irons reached the innermost haunts of the Trans-Pecos, properly distorted and magnified. He had killed several men; he was known to be not only quick on the draw but utterly unconcerned about sudden death. They could not laugh off these cold facts. So, as news continued to filter back that Bean was arresting offenders, large and small, with the same contempt of the reputation of the accused, vague uneasiness grew into outright fear.

BY NOW all Vinegarroon, except Jesus Torres and his hands, accepted Judge Bean and his court as a matter of course. He kept order, after a fashion; and the average squatter was appreciative of such a check upon the exuberance of wild cowboys, drunken Irish railroad hands and the idiosyncrasies of wandering outlaws.

Bean longed for an opportunity to impress Torres, who now operated a little trading post at Vinegarroon, with his authority and ability to cope with any legal situation. A tenderfoot from Mississippi quite suddenly provided that opportunity.

This tall, blond-headed boy rode into Vinegarroon, his mind filled with thoughts of the wild west, where men were men and six-guns were the law. He wanted so much to be a man; and he had brought his six-guns along with him. And his mail-order cowboy outfit, too.

He strolled into the Torres establishment, made some simple purchase and eyed the place minutely. Suddenly he threw his guns down on Torres and his helper and backed them into a corner. He walked behind the crude counter and rifled the cigar box serving as a cash drawer. With due threats, he backed out of the shack and dived for his horse.

Torres yelled for help. Bean and other citizens heard the call and rushed outside.

Bean gripped both his ancient pistols, ready for use. He took in the situation at a glance. As he noted the excited gesticulations of Torres, running toward the boy, he smiled faintly.

Bean pulled one trigger. A bullet whined directly above the fleeing boy's head. "Better stop, son, or I'll have to pull down on you!" he shouted. The young fellow hesitated; glanced wildly back at the judge. Bean advanced. "Yore under arrest, for robbery; and you done a helluva pore job!" he went on commandingly.

He led the would-be robber into the combination saloon and courthouse and opened court without delay.

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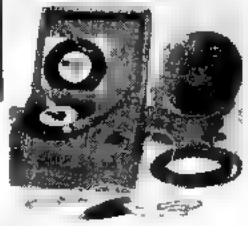

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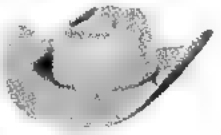

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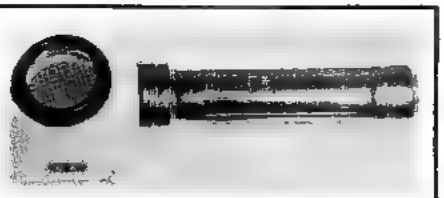

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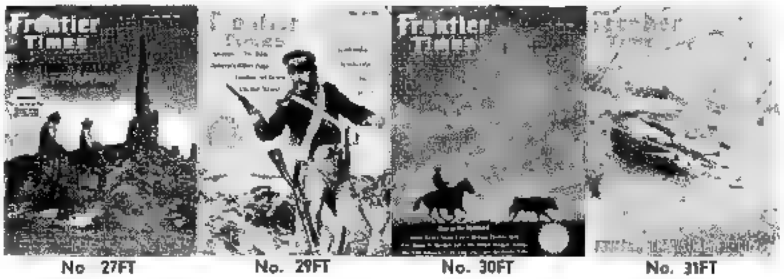

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"This here maverick's charged with robbery by shootin' irons," he announced solemnly. "Torres, how much money'd he take from you?"

Torres shifted uneasily. To him, his position was one of delicacy indeed. If he testified as a witness against the boy, he would thus acknowledge the authority of Judge Bean's court; and he felt keenly that if he refused to testify, he might not get back his money.

"Two hundred and thirty pesos—American," he finally muttered sullenly. "Ever' centavo I owned; every centavo!" He waved his hands in sudden Latin excitement.

"Order in the court," Bean commanded sourly, banging on the top of the whiskey barrel with the butt of his pistol. "Sanchez, search the defendant and see if you can find that there dinero."

Sanchez methodically ran his hands over the boy's body. His right hand came to rest on a bulge inside the prisoner's brush jacket. He reached in and extracted a leather pouch and several pieces of silver and gold. He placed these on the barrel. "That ees all," he announced.

Bean methodically counted the money. When he finished, he looked through squinted lids at Torres. "Two hundred nine dollars; not a cent more," he commented evenly. "You said two thirty!"

Torres wet his lips. "I thought—"

"I'll do the thinkin', if any, in this court!"

The judge cleared his throat and straightened. "Robbery with shootin' irons is a grave offense," he intoned, his eyes boring into the quaking, spindle-legged prisoner. "It's a hangable offense; and we ain't hangin' enough folks out here." The boy's face blanched.

"But," Bean continued, "I find extenuatin' circumstances. On these premises I fine you fifty dollars and costs; and since there ain't no costs, you owe me only fifty bucks. You can pay now."

The prisoner cringed. "But I haven't fifty dollars, your honor. I haven't fifty cents!"

"Aw, that's all right, son. We'll just take the fine outer this here loot." He counted out fifty dollars from the Torres cash and handed it to Sanchez. "Put that in some safe place," he instructed.

"You—you, robber!" Torres exploded.

Bean smiled, almost benevolently. "Perj'ry is a very grave offense, Señor Torres," the judge went on. "And you perjured yoreself before this court. You said the boy stole two hundr'd and thirty smackers, when he got only two hundr'd an' nine. I fine you ten bucks for perj'ry. An' be cautious you don't place yoreself in contempt, else I might lose my temper!" He counted ten dollars more from the pile and handed the rest over to the outraged Torres.

Torres stormed out of the establishment muttering expletives to himself.

Bean called the relieved boy over. "Say you ain't got any dinero? Well, here, take this. It stinks, anyhow." He handed the boy the ten dollars taken from Torres. "An' better get yoreself back across the Pecos, till you learn how to hold up a joint proper."

AS THE TWO railroad points drew together, business boomed in Vinegarroon. The Canadian-Irish were faithful customers of the bar, and red-eye frequently incited them to express their contempt for the hazel-eyed Chinese who witnessed life in Vinegarroon with characteristic resignation. This contempt often expressed itself in physical action. A fight, whether engaged in by only one or both of the parties involved, always provided a finable case—so Judge Bean did a thriving business at the legal bar, also.

Killings were frequent in Vinegarroon, but they drew little or no legal attention, except when there was an opportunity for Judge Bean to hold an inquest and earn an extra fee.

Every man went armed. The average person was afraid of contracting a severe cold if he appeared outside the protection of his shack without wearing his guns. Usually when Americans had personal differences, it was a matter of the quickest draw. These were considered strictly matters of private honor; and so long as one man did not take undue advantage of the other, such as acting on a hip-pocket move or shooting in the back, Judge Bean's law permitted nature to take its inexorable course.

It was life in the raw. Any man who came to Vinegarroon and the Trans-Pecos region, and remained, knew exactly what he was up against. He either was prepared to stand his ground or he was a fool; and Judge Bean didn't care for fools.

Once in awhile, however, there was a killing in which Roy's rare legal talent was taxed to formulate a satisfactory adjustment. There was, for example, the Irish railroad foreman who lost his temper while in a hilariously drunken mood and killed a Chinaman.

The Irishman claimed it was an accident. He explained that he pulled his gun, merely for a little innocent fun, and yelled for the Oriental to duck. The fellow failed to duck; and thus he met with an accident. That certainly was no fault of the Irishman.

But there was murmuring, especially from the American foreman of the Oriental crews. Judge Bean felt, too, that the thing might have exceeded somewhat the normal bounds of innocent fun; so he arrested the Irish foreman and hailed him to court.

Not all prisoners facing Bean's bar of justice, however, were convicted. The judge reserved the right to make his own charges and hand down his own decisions. And he had no notion to convict this defendant. What was one Chinaman, more or less? Weren't there millions and millions of others where that one came from?

The prisoner stood before the bar. Judge Bean looked down upon him with severe dignity. He turned slowly through the dog-eared law-book, halting here and there to scrutinize some passage.

"Paddy O'Rourke, you stand before this bar of justice, charged with the murder of one Chinaman. Murder, Paddy, is a serious offense, especially serious to the pore bloke who's murdered," the judge began.

"This *Revised Statutes of Texas* says plain right here—" he pointed to a paragraph in the open volume "—that murderin' a citizen is indeed a serious offense and may be punishable by death. But I'll swear it don't say a goldang thing about murderin' a Chinaman. Case dismissed and the drinks is on Paddy O'Rourke!"

He stepped down from his legal pedestal. "Hell," he muttered to a nearby spectator, "Paddy's a friend of mine. I cain't convict a friend in my own court. And, besides, he's a powerful good customer at the other end of this business." He walked behind his improvised liquid bar, donned a dirty white apron and comment-

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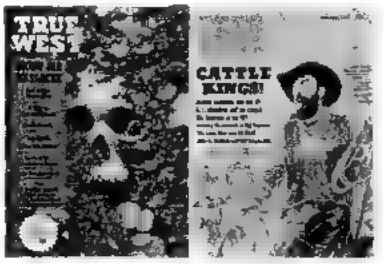

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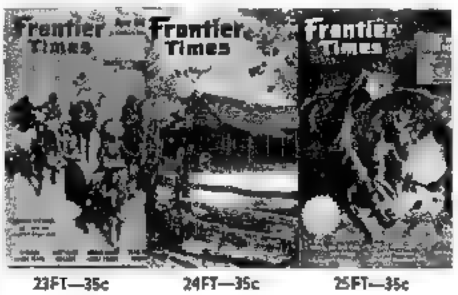

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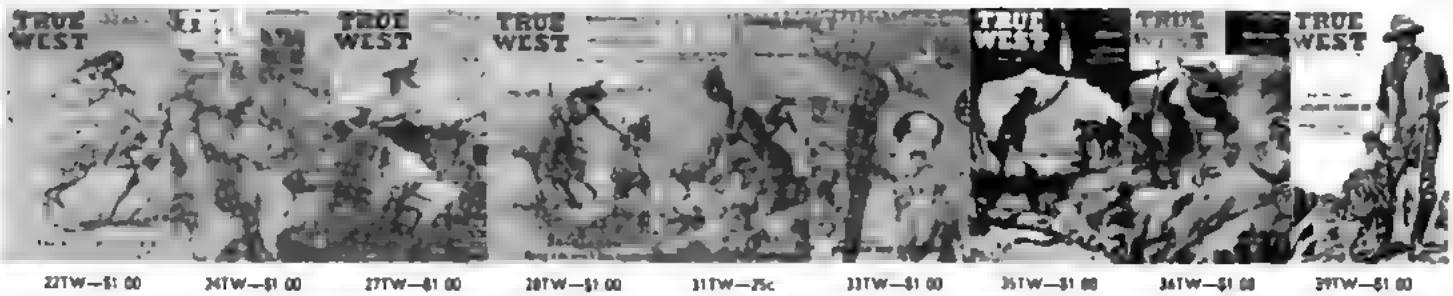

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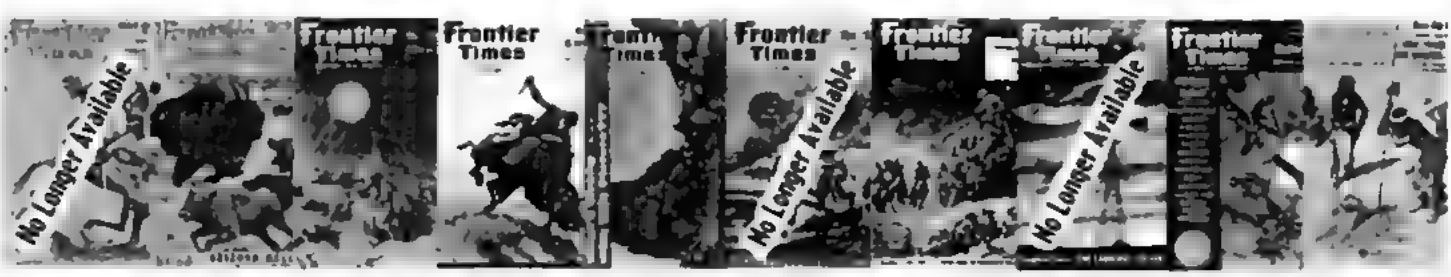

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ed, "Red-eye or white mule—what'll it be, gents?"

JUDGE BEAN'S business was thriving and he was proud, in his quaint vanity, of his success and standing in Vinegarroon. But Vinegarroon was destined to be short-lived. Bean and the others who had squatted on the desert out there and established Vinegarroon had guessed wrong.

Instead of the railroad's building to this spot, as had been expected, it took a course some miles northwest, leaving Vinegarroon high and dry, so to speak, with no plausible reason for being. There was a scramble for a location on the new route as soon as it was established.

North and west of Vinegarroon Jesus Torres and his father owned several sections of land, granted to them by the State for services rendered as surveyors of school land in the territory. It happened that the new course of the railroad led through Torres land.

Jesus Torres went to railroad officials and offered them half ownership in a section of land if they would establish a station and lay out a town on the land granted, every other lot to belong to the railroad and similarly every other lot to remain the property of Torres. It was agreed. The station was named Langtry, honoring a civil engineer by that name who had charge of the surveying crew in that sector.

There was only one reservation made by Torres in the contract he entered with the railroad in granting the 640 acres. "At no time, now or in the future, will said railroad sell, lease, grant, or give to Roy Bean, self-appointed Law West of the Pecos, any lot, plot or tract of land within the limits of Langtry townsite," the reservation read.

Following acceptance of this stipulation of the contract and closing of the deal, Torres went around with a smug smile on his thin lips, especially when he discussed with Bean the passing of Vinegarroon and the coming boom at Langtry.

Bean, realizing that Vinegarroon's star had set, went over to Langtry to arrange for moving his combination courthouse and saloon there. Here he learned of the contract.

He said nothing, but went back to Vinegarroon and immediately set about packing his belongings and dismantling his establishment. He hired a wagon and two teams of oxen and loaded on his supplies. Torres looked on with increasing misgivings. Bean did not look and behave at all like a man who had met defeat. Instead, he waxed enthusiastic over the future of Langtry and commented vaguely upon his plans in the new town.

Finally curiosity got the upper hand with Torres, and he asked, "Don't you know the railroad won't sell you or rent you a site in Langtry?" Real anxiety registered in his voice, for he had experienced too much of the Bean cunning to trust even an ironbound contract with a big railroad company.

"Oh, I got some rumor of such," bewhiskered Roy replied, "but it didn't bother me a powerful lot. I figger they'll make room for me when I git there." He went on with his loading. Finally he climbed up to the spring seat with the Mexican driver.

"Well, come over to see me sometime, Señor," he yelled as the heavy wagon groaned under the load.

Judge Bean had not worried, for he had an ace up his sleeve, as usual. The foreman of the construction gang working on the link of right-of-way at Langtry was none other than Paddy O'Rourke. Before pulling up stakes at Vinegarroon, Bean had gone to the foreman and explained his predicament.

"Begorry," O'Rourke spat, "it'll be a year, mebbe longer, before we lay the track through Langtry. Ye jest come on up and set yore tent on the right-of-way; and I'd like to see the color of any spick's eyes who can make ye move!"

Both the foreman and Bean agreed that such an act would in no manner violate the contract between Torres and the railroad, for the right-of-way was not a part of the town plot; and nobody was either selling, renting or leasing it to Bean.

And so, squarely in the middle of the railroad right-of-way, directly in front of the plot set aside for construction of the depot, the new Bean emporium set up for business. Torres fussed and fumed; but there was nothing he could do legally, and there was nothing he dared to do personally.

A little more than a year later, the steel-laying crew reached Langtry. It was Judge Bean's move. Again, however, he had not permitted cobwebs to grow in his brain. He had looked forward, all along, to the time when he must vacate the right-of-way. Six months before, he gave a friend $100.

"Go to Jesus Torres and buy that lot straight across the track from the depot. Buy it for yoreself, and don't mention my name," he instructed. The transaction was duly recorded. Then the purchaser "sold" the lot to Bean.

Again Torres fumed; but it was his own lot he had sold, and there was nothing he could do about it.

With such technicalities as Torres had thrown up now out of the way, Roy Bean set about materializing elaborate plans for the finest liquor emporium "west of the Pecos." No more mildewed tents; no more dirt floors. Langtry was going to be the metropolis of the Trans-Pecos country; and the new saloon and courthouse should be in keeping with the importance of the city.

He hauled in boarding and shingles; he bought rich pine lumber for flooring. He even painstakingly constructed a bar out of the best grade oak available.

The new building was about fourteen feet wide by twenty feet long, with the long side fronting the railroad. He built a porch in front to provide relief from the torrid summers. He ordered a cast-iron stove and constructed a stovepipe up through the roof for protection against the biting winter.

There was no ceiling in the building, nor siding on the walls. It was only a boxed house; but it was the most elaborate business structure in Langtry, and the most conspicuous; so Roy Bean was pardonably proud of it.

Across the west end he erected the bar. In the center, near the stove, he placed two poker tables. At the east end, well apart and aloof from the disturbing and worldly influences of the bar and gambling tables, he arranged the accoutrements of a courtroom. These consisted of a crude table, designed from left-overs from the building, and a beer keg set upon a platform two feet high. There were three or four roughly-built benches for spectators, and one for a jury, in the event the judge ever considered a jury essential to a trial.

One of the first prisoners to face the new-fangled court was a tramp signpainter. He made the fatal error of

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boasting, under the influence of white mule, of his prowess with a paint brush. Bean, tending bar, smiled queerly. When the boisterous customer concluded that he had had enough, Roy insisted that he have one on the house. The customer did, with gusto; and another.

Eventually he became extremely drunk and slightly disorderly. Bartender Bean removed his apron, walked around from behind the bar and touched his erstwhile customer on the shoulder. "Yore under arrest for disturbin' the peace and tranquillity of this law-abidin' community. Sanchez, tie him over there in the corner till he sobers up."

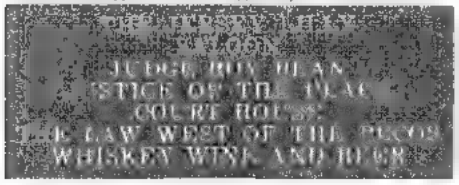
Late afternoon brought sobriety and a severe pain in the head to the prisoner. Promptly he was hauled before the bar of justice.

"Hombre," Judge Bean spoke in dignified tones, "yore charged with disturbin' the peace. Guilty or not guilty?"

"I didn't do nothin'; and I gotta get back to Del Rio," the prisoner pleaded.

"This court accepts yore plea of guilty, and it assesses you two days' hard labor. Sanchez, hand the prisoner that brush and paint!"

And so came into existence the signs which for years adorned the Langtry headquarters of the Law West of the Pecos. It turned out that the prisoner's boast was better than his craftsmanship. But the signs were legible, as follows.



(Conclusion in December True West)

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

Rind, the Miller boys, Pawnee Bill, Sun Chief, Tom Mix and Buffalo Bill. Cole Younger I met later.

When I worked at the 101 Ranch, many times I found shelter from the rain and cold in a tepee; these Indians were true friends and great Americans. Dad made and repaired boots for the 101 cowboys and others. I have watched him peg the soles on boots with wooden pegs and remember the handmade shoes he made for the family.

I will never forget the time I slept with a horse thief. I am not too sure of his name. Charles Milam, a tall Texan, and I had about 400 head of cattle and our boss had bought several acres of corn stalks which were standing in the field for feed. I had ridden until 12:00 p.m. and was about to retire as Charles Milam had taken over, when here came a fellow with about seventeen head of horses. He asked me if he could bunk with me, and I said yes. So we went into an old barn where we had an iron bed, a feather mattress and two blankets. He hung up his Colt .45 and I did not think much of it as we carried a gun in our saddle bags for coyotes.

Next morning the marshal and several men came by looking for a fellow who had been stealing horses. I identified him. The marshal said I was too young and he could not deputize me, but that I could go along for the ride, which I did. They caught him where the Cimarron River empties into the Arkansas.

These, and many other memories I will never forget.—Colonel Frank S. Giles, 2634 South Winston, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Howdy, Folks:

Ten years ago I could hardly believe my eyes when I first saw TRUE WEST on the stand at the drug store. I knew at a glance that it was what I had been searching for for a good many years. My first thought was that I would never part with this magazine and when I read inside that you thought it might someday become a collector's item, I knew that you were right.

I was glad to have the full story on the Indian captive and the story of Ezra Meeker, as I remember his trip very well. I agree that you should have more stories of this part of the West. The people who made the stories are getting mighty few. Your magazine is particularly valued by the people who saw some of the history of the West being made, but I wonder if the younger people will ever get the feeling that we had.

For instance, I stood in some of the old buildings at Virginia City, Montana, and while all the old-time items were there in the stores, homes, and livery stable, I missed the smells that went with the hay and burned hoofs of a newly shod horse; the smell of warm whiskey, the stomping of horses, the creak of saddle leather, the hitching rail where horses stood with their front end downhill because they had pawed the dirt away from under the rail. Mr. Dobie came pretty near to recapturing the old-time feeling when he told of his early home life, but how can we tell the stories so the young people will know and appreciate what it was really like?—Fred Landt, W. 3827 Longfellow, Spokane, Washington.

"All That Glitters—"

Dear Pat:

FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST are doing much toward disseminating information and sparking popular interest in subjects that have been long dead. I refer to diamond hunting.

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When I was with the Michigan Geological Survey during the summers of 1940 through 1942, many people in that Upper Peninsula were interested in the subject and undoubtedly since then the tremendous increase in the number of rockhounds should result in more diamond finds than ever before.—Burton J. Westman, 3496 Pueblo Way, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Wild Old Arkansas

Howdy, Y'all:

I don't know how "Truly Western" are my remarks, but I was some sort of pioneer in the southeast tip of Arkansas at the turn of the century (1901-10). And I witnessed a few hair-raisers before I was tall enough to look over a row of cotton. Let me say right now that TW and FT are the best doggoned magazines of true America in this blessed land of ours.

Scipio, Arkansas, was the name of the post office in Drew County where my

(Continued on page 72)

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father, Carl T. Taft, was postmaster for a spell. When it was closed, we got our mail out of Lacey via rural delivery. It was not until I returned on a visit about forty years later that I realized what a wild reputation Prairie Grove had throughout the entire State of Arkansas.

Prairie Grove consisted of a one-room school with as high as 125 students taught by one teacher. Nearby was a Baptist church. It is a farming community between Hamburg and Monticello, thirty miles apart. Some four or five people were killed on our 400-acre farm during my early boyhood, one of which tragedies I witnessed as a lad of six or seven years. If any old-timers from Arkansas and Colorado read these lines and care to write, I will be most happy to reply.—Dewey Taft, P. O. Box 15065, Tampa, Florida.

Comments on Stories

Dear Mr. Small:

I have been reading TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES ever since you have been printing them and my son gave me both for two years for Christmas.

I enjoyed reading "Spirit of La Placuela" by Robert Graham in the April TW. I knew lots of Mexicans who worked at Shafter when it was booming. But the author sure did get old Pascual Orozco lost in his story.

In the fall of 1921 I went to Hudspeth County and got to know most of the men who were in on the killing of Orozco; I worked for a good many years on the ranch where the fight first started, and rounded up cattle out of the black hills. When I first went into that country the story was still fresh in the memory of the people and the way they told it to me, Orozco unloaded his horse from the train in Newman, New Mexico, and started across country. He stole two horses from a railroad pumper west of Sierra Blanca, Texas, killed a beef on the George Lore Ranch, went on to the Dick Lore Ranch, then ran into a cowboy riding the range. They held him up, and Orozco and one of his men made him take them to the ranch. There they made the cowboy shoe their horses, and had an old fellow cook them some food, but while they were at the ranch, the T. O. remuda and chuckwagon came along and Orozco and his men ran.

There was a phone at the ranch and they called Sierra Blanca. A bunch of fellows came down and took up the chase and when they neared the black hills, Orozco and his gang opened fire at them and shot one fellow's hat off his head. As the posse didn't know how many men were in the hills, they ran, but they alarmed the country. The next morning there were better than thirty men on hand.

They split up into three groups—one along the Rio Grande, one along the south side of Eagle Mountain, and the third taking up Orozco's trail where he had pulled out in the night. Going around Frenchman Canyon and over Eagle Mountain, they caught up with the Mexicans near the mountain they call "High Lonesome."

Orozco and his men had ridden all night and were sleepy. One man was on guard and he went to sleep, so the Americans slipped up on him and disarmed him; then they surrounded the others and asked them to give up. Instead, the Mexicans put up a fight and were all killed, including the guard as he tried to escape. The body was sent to El Paso and that was when they found out that it was Pascual Orozco; as far as the money that Orozco had with him, that has always been a question. He didn't have it with him when he was killed.

Keep up the good work.—John E. Hill, Route 4, Hereford, Texas.

Gentlemen:

I enjoy TRUE WEST very much. I was born and raised in South Dakota and worked for a time for the South Dakota State Historical Society. Your accounts are refreshing and have the good ring of truth; for instance, in the February issue, "The Two Faces of Sam Strayer." I am familiar with the area Fred Root writes about, and even some of the people and buildings. I am hopeful we will see more of his work.—Mrs. John N. Paulson, 4638 Brenda Circle, Concord, California.

"So that's the Cherokee Strip!"

Dear Sirs:

I think you have a great magazine. As I was reading the story, "The Quiet Men," the picture of that group of surveyors, with the big fellow on the left side, looked very familiar. I knew I had seen him before. Finally I found a snapshot taken in 1913 when the F & V branch of the Soo Line was built from Fairmont, North Dakota, to Veblen, South Dakota. The head man with the survey crew is the same fellow. An old-timer here, one whose land the line went through, said he had talked to the surveyor many times and that the man's name was Thomas.—Fred Frende, Rosholt, South Dakota.

My Dear Sir:

The article in TW for April, "The Bull Hill Savages," brings back memories. Some time around 1905 I had a distant relative, Dwight Woodruff, who operated a store in Gillette, Colorado. The Abe Lincoln Mine was located there and it was a fair-sized mining town. I had been working in Wyoming and stopped off there on my way south to escape the cold winter.

The great mine strike had just been ruthlessly suppressed. Miners and their families in the various communities effected were rounded up and put into railroad cars. These were taken to the New Mexico border where the men, women and children were put out on the desert to shift for themselves. It was the most despicable, ruthless, and inhuman act ever perpetrated in a civilized country.

Railroad men and others had been helping themselves to some of the worthwhile pieces of furniture. Some of the homes were in very much disorder. Others looked as though the families were just away for the day. There were a few rats in evidence and some ground squirrels or chipmunks had entered. One skunk at least had taken up a residence.

The Woodruff family and a lone bachelor (I have forgotten his name) who was the postmaster and mayor of the town were the sole inhabitants of what had so recently been a thriving little community. The place never recovered and was soon entirely deserted.—Burr H. Mallory, 3 Mitchell Place, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Dear Sir:

I am an old fan of TW and FT, and enjoyed the story, "Roughneck." I was in Drumright during the boom as a long line skinner for Claude Jeffries, Billie Bridges, Al Spangler, Captain Welsh and Captain Pierce. I drove a boiler team (ten horses) that moved boilers from one location to another. I hauled many a one from Cushing to Drumright over Euchee Creek where a man had a restaurant and bootlegging joint. We always stopped to "eat" there.

I also drove a nitro wagon. We used to load up at Red Fork and drive to various oil fields around Tulsa—Cleveland, Hominy, Oilton, Jennings, Hallett, Yale. I worked also for the Tri-State Livery Stable just down the street from the Morrow Hotel in Drumright. Our favorite morning pastime was to go to the furniture store at the rear of the hotel (also the undertaker's parlor) and see if we knew anyone who had been bumped off the night before.

Captain Welsh had about 300 head of fine dapple grey horses working out of Cushing. A friend of mine, Red Stewart (whom we called Muley Red) was a line rider for Welsh. Only around various circus tent shows have I seen such wonderful horses. Too bad tractors ever appeared.

I remember one incident at Sand Springs, Oklahoma, when Harry Hill was blown up by a load of nitro. It happened just south of Fisher. He and I left Red Fork the same time but I had to wait for Bill Bridges to put a shoe on one of my horses. We heard the explosion and rode to the scene on horseback. There was nothing left but a big hole in the road and two white horses blown in half. Harry was picked up in a basket, piece by piece.—Jack McCracken, Box 37, McArthur, California.

Dear Joe:

"Mr. Arbuckle's Coffee" in TRUE WEST took me back—away back. Arbuckle's Ariosa, and later the 4X, were always in the house and served black, strong and hot. I was raised on that coffee.

I have found it in Nevada and Colorado lead mines, on the old S-Lazy-S Ranch in Wyoming, and when sheepherding along the Divide down along Provo and Soldier's Summit and Colton way in Utah.

Thank you a lot for the memories and for taking me back. Keep up the good work. Your magazines make me feel like I'm among friends and real people.—F. R. Charles, Pouch A, Rochester, Minnesota.

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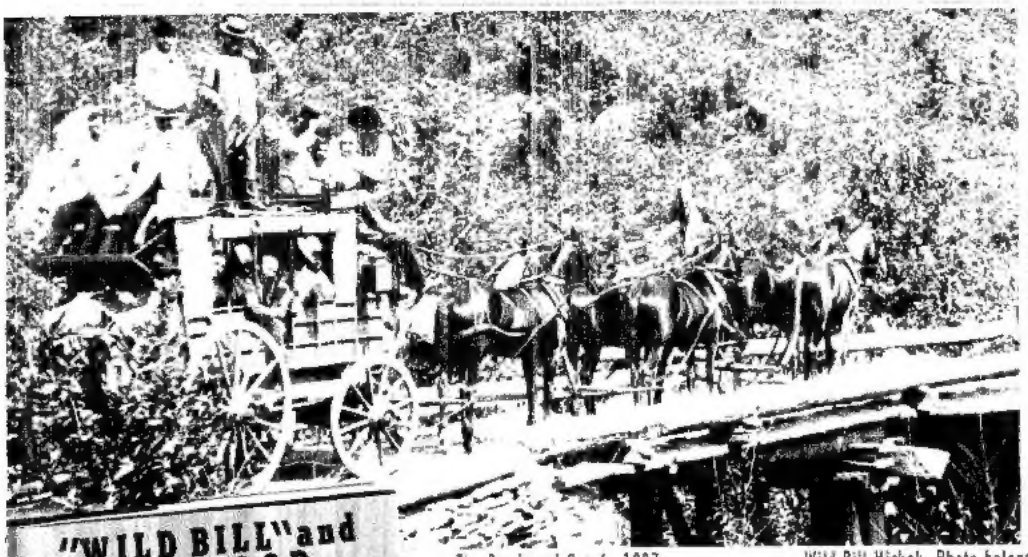
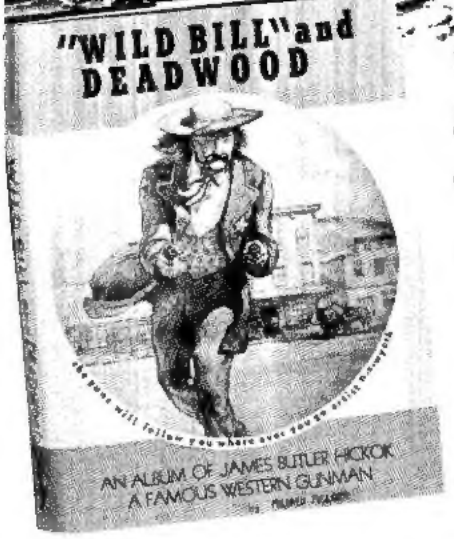


The Deadwood Coach, 1887.

Wild Bill Hickok. Photo belonged to William Cody. (State Historical Society of Colorado)



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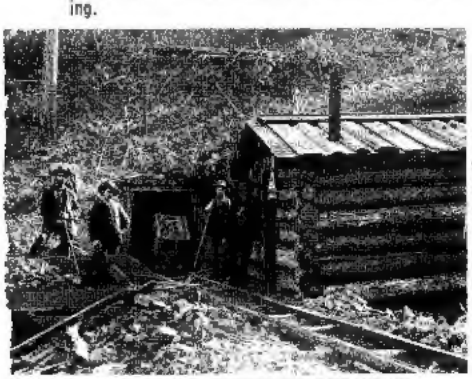

Left, miner's shack, ore dump car in the tunnel of his claim, in the Black Hills.

Below, Wild Bill's grave and monument, Deadwood, S. Dak. (Adams Memorial Museum)

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